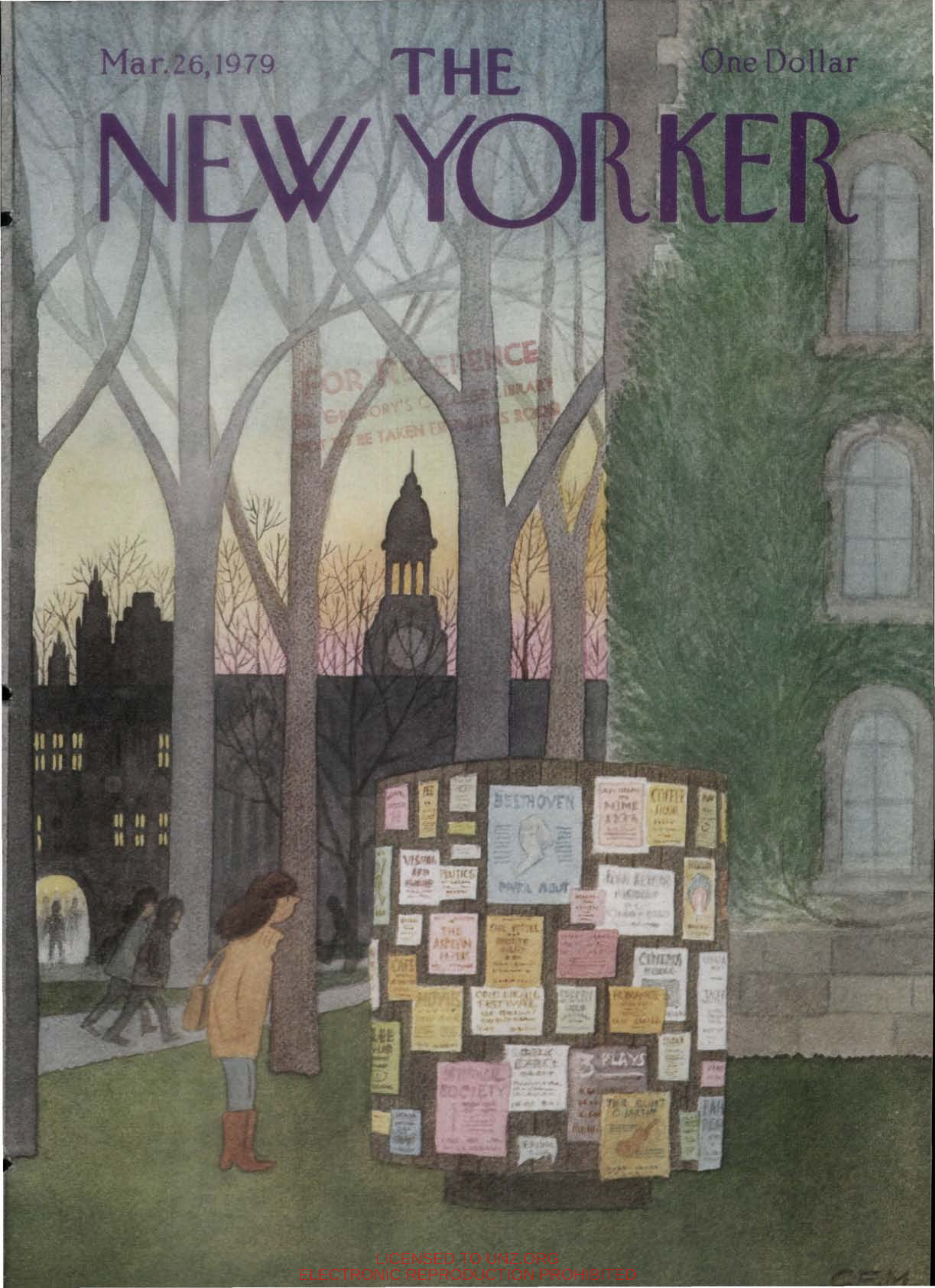
Mar. 26, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

One Dollar


BEETHOVEN
MIME
COFFEE HOUSE
VISUAL AND
POLITICS
THE ASPERN PAPERS
CAFE
FESTIVAL
CINEMA
GLEE CLUB
SOCIETY
3 PLAYS
C.E.M.

FOR REFERENCE
ST. GREGORY'S COLLEGE LIBRARY
NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

ISN'T IT TIME YOU CHANGED THE PATTERN OF YOUR LIFE?

For a catalog of Minton patterns, please send 25¢ to Minton, 400 Paterson Plank Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

MINTON

Born a classic.
The new Signet Edition by Mark Cross.

Strictly speaking, a classic isn't born. It evolves. But a perceptive collector can spot a future classic early. Like the Mark Cross Signet Edition for men and women. The styling is timeless. The leather, unique. And the workmanship superb in the best tradition of Mark Cross. Of course, we don't presume to call our new Signet Edition a classic. But we won't mind if you do.

MARK CROSS
ESTABLISHED 1845
645 Fifth Avenue,
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Atlanta Bal Harbour Boston Colorado Springs Costa Mesa Detroit Houston San Francisco Troy, Michigan

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ballroom—The burden of this commonplace musical is that middle-aged people can be happy, though not easily. With Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 24.)

Bedroom Farce—A London import by Alan Ayckbourn, with Michael Gough, Joan Hickson, and other members of the National Theatre Company of Great Britain. Directed by Peter Hall and Mr. Ayckbourn. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Harold J. Kennedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Circle Repertory Company—A tiresome, limp triangle play, WINTER SIGNS, by John Bishop, whose work is usually of good quality. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1. . . . ¶ The final late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is THE DESERTER, by Norman Beim. Tuesdays through Fridays. Closes Friday, March 30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of Jean Erdman's adaptation of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," with music by Teiji Ito—and one song by Joyce. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elocution of Benjamin—Gordon Chater in a one-man play by Steve J. Spears. Originally seen in Australia and London. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The E.L.T. has unearthed a buried treasure in MARY, a little 1920 musical, with a score by Louis Hirsch and book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. The show includes a couple of delightful, enduring hit songs, a delightful, silly script, and a few agreeable performances (though the performance as a whole is somewhat disappointing). Charming costumes and scenery by Jack McGroder and Wade Giampa, respectively. (3/19/79) (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funeral Games and **The Ruffian on the Stair**—Murderously funny one-acters by the late Joe Orton. The performance is barely so-so, though. (3/19/79) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Jacques Brel Is . . .—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell return to their original roles in four performances (the first performances since Jacques Brel's death) of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, and Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. JULIUS CAESAR, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others. (2/5/79) Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. . . . CORIOLANUS, with Morgan Freeman, Michele Shay, and Gloria Foster. (Reviewed in this issue.) Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Kingfisher—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, March 25: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Wednes-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

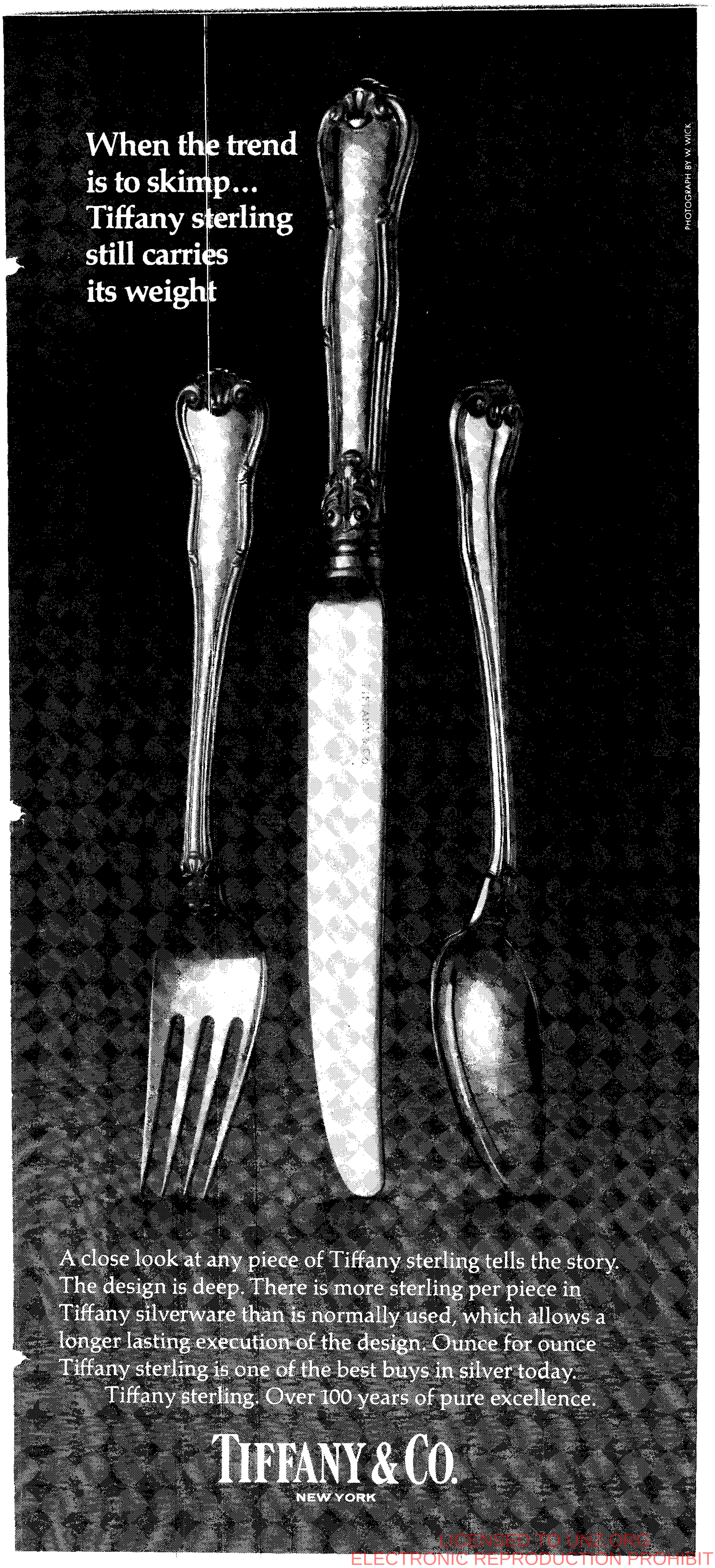
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE IRIDESCENCE OF MRS. PULSIFER" . . . . . *Peter De Vries* 32
"YEARS" (POEM) . . . . . *Robert Mazzocco* 34
"THE WARM SAND" . . . . . *J. F. Powers* 37
"KNOCKING AROUND" (POEM) . . . . . *John Ashbery* 40
PROFILES (GRAHAM GREENE) . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 43
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 53
OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 54
LETTER FROM MANILA . . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 56
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . . *Andy Logan* 102
DANCING . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 110
THE AIR . . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 115
"SNOW" (POEM) . . . . . *David Malouf* 125
MUSICAL EVENTS (POPULAR RECORDS) . . . . . *Douglas Watt* 126
BOOKS . . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 131
BRIEFLY NOTED 134
COVER: *Charles E. Martin*
DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Warren Miller, Saul Steinberg, George Booth, Everett Opie, Joseph Farris, James Stevenson, William Steig, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Edward Frascino, Marc, Charles Saxon, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Tom Funk, Sidney Harris, Boris Drucker, Stan Hunt, Mischa Richter, Niculae Asciu*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 840-3700

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LV, No. 6, March 26, 1979. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1979 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.



When the trend is to skimp... Tiffany sterling still carries its weight

A close look at any piece of Tiffany sterling tells the story. The design is deep. There is more sterling per piece in Tiffany silverware than is normally used, which allows a longer lasting execution of the design. Ounce for ounce Tiffany sterling is one of the best buys in silver today.

Tiffany sterling. Over 100 years of pure excellence.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

ARIZONA GRUNEWALD AND ADAMS, JEWELERS, Phoenix, Tucson

CALIFORNIA BULLOCKS, Southern California; BULLOCKS WILSHIRE, Southern California; GEARY'S, Beverly Hills; GUMPS, San Francisco; KAWASAKI TRADING CORP. IN LA PETITE GALERIE, THE NEW OTANI, Los Angeles; J. HERBERT HALL, Pasadena, Santa Ana, Glendale, San Diego; TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco

CONNECTICUT M. A. GREEN, INC., Waterbury; HOAGLAND'S AT MARY BARLINT, INC., Greenwich; LUX BOND GREEN & STEVENS, INC., Hartford, West Hartford; REUTERS LTD., Greenwich

DELAWARE CARL A. DOUBET, JR., Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA GALT & BRO. INC., Washington; MARTIN'S, Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington

FLORIDA CARROLL'S JEWELERS, Coral Gables, Fort Lauderdale; LEBAR JEWELERS, Sarasota

GEORGIA MAIER & BERKELE, JEWELERS, Atlanta; TIFFANY & CO., Atlanta; CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta

IDAHO ANGLETON, 107 N. Ninth, Boise

ILLINOIS TIFFANY & CO., Chicago

KENTUCKY BUSCHEMEYER & CO., Louisville; FULLER & WILDER JEWELERS INC., Lexington

LOUISIANA JAY ARONSON, LTD., New Orleans; COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, INC., New Orleans

MAINE CARTER BROS., Portland

MARYLAND A. H. FETTING CO., INC., Baltimore, Towson; MARTIN'S, White Flint Mall, N. Bethesda

MASSACHUSETTS SHREVE CRUMP & LOW, Boston, Chestnut Hill; SHARFMANS, Worcester Center Galleria; THOMAS LONG CO., Boston, Peabody, Braintree, Burlington, Wellesley

MICHIGAN ARTISANS INC., Ann Arbor

MINNESOTA PARKER HANLEY, INC., The Galleria, Edina

NEW HAMPSHIRE WARD AMIDON, INC., Hanover; DESJARDINS CO., INC., Manchester

NEW JERSEY HAMILTON JEWELERS, Lawrenceville, Trenton; LAVAKE JEWELERS, Princeton; REUSSILLES', Red Bank, Sea Girt

NEW YORK FORSYTHE JEWELERS, INC., Pittsford; MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady; TIFFANY & CO., New York

NORTH CAROLINA ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte; THE GUILD HOUSE, Greensboro

NORTH DAKOTA ROYAL JEWELERS, INC., Fargo

OHIO ARGO & LEHNE JEWELERS, Columbus, Kingsdale, Bexley; H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland; DANFORD-LOWELL & SON, Cleveland; PETER DANFORD, INC., La Place, Beachwood; POTTER & MELLEN, INC., Cleveland; ROETTELE'S, Dayton; SHULAN'S FAIRLAWN, Akron

OREGON FRIEDLANDER & SONS, INC., Washington Square, Portland; ZELL BROS., Washington Square, Portland

PENNSYLVANIA APPEL-JEWELER INC., Allentown; WM. H. DILLER, INC., West Reading; HARDY & HAYES CO., Pittsburgh

RHODE ISLAND TILDEN-THURBER, Providence, Midland Mall, Wayland Sq., Newport, Watch Hill

SOUTH CAROLINA CROGHAN'S JEWEL BOX, Charleston; HALE'S JEWELERS, Greenville; SYLVAN BROS., Columbia, Richland Mall, Dutch Square Mall

TENNESSEE MICHAEL CORZINE & CO., INC., Nashville

TEXAS HALTOM'S JEWELERS, Fort Worth, Arlington; TAYLOR BROS., JEWELERS, Corpus Christi; TIFFANY & CO., Houston

VERMONT WARD AMIDON, INC., Brattleboro

VIRGINIA BOWEN JEWELRY CO. INC., Lynchburg; FRANK FORD CO., INC., Norfolk, Virginia Beach; SCHWARZSCHILD JEWELERS, Richmond, West Cary, Regency Square Center

WASHINGTON FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Northgate, Southcenter, Bellevue Square, Everett, Tacoma Mall, Bremerton; ZELL BROS., Vancouver

WISCONSIN GEORGE WATTS & SON, INC., Milwaukee

BERMUDA A. S. COOPER & SONS, Front St. Hamilton, Somer's Wharf, St. George, Southampton Princess, Hamilton Princess, Castle Harbour, Bermudiana Hotel

PUERTO RICO AMBIANCE, Old San Juan

PATTERN SHOWN IS PROVENCE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

day through Sunday, March 28-April 1: **RUDDIGORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A Meeting by the River—Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy have collaborated on a play based on Mr. Isherwood's 1967 novel of the same name. In the cast are Keith Baxter, Simon Ward, Siobhán McKenna, and Sam Jaffe. Directed by Albert Marre. Previews through Tuesday, March 27. Opens officially Wednesday, March 28. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, March 29, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 28, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Ode to Mariah—A play by Beth Turner. Opens Thursday, March 22, and will run through Sunday, April 1. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Re-Arrangements—This celebration of life—a collaborative effort of the remarkable Joseph Chaikin (director) and his nimble company of actors-writers, with additional material by Sam Shepard and Susan Sontag—is as exhilarating as any show in town. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

Ride a Cock Horse—Yet another acrid comedy about a North Country Englishman of low origins misbehaving in London. The playwright is David Mercer, and Kenneth Welsh gives a fine performance in a role that has become somewhat trite by now. Veronica Castang is also very good, as a mistreated young woman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Saravá—Sex and death in far-off Brazil, or perhaps in far-off Belascoland. Tovah Feldshuh is the hardworking star. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spokesong—A comedy with tragic overtones, laid in contemporary Belfast. The author is Stewart Parker, a native of that troubled city, and the excellent cast includes John Lithgow, Joseph Maher, Virginia Vestoff, and Maria Tucci. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald as singer in an enchanting one-woman show. (3/5/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Sweeney Todd—Many remarkable songs, by Stephen Sondheim, and two remarkable performances, by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, are reasons enough to attend this grisly melodrama. Harold Prince directed, with a bucket of blood in each hand. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—All the action of Thomas Babe's witty, probing, and ultimately mysterious play takes place in a church basement, where five women—a bride, her family, and an entertainer—wait all day for a wedding rehearsal that never comes off. The performance, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is distinguished. Meryl Streep, Elizabeth Wilson, Kathleen Quinlan, Nancy Marchand, and Dixie Carter are the fine actresses. (3/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

They're Playing Our Song—Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tip-Toes—George and Ira Gershwin's 1925 musical, revived by the Goodspeed Opera House. Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson wrote the book. Georgia Engel and Russ Thacker head the cast. Opens Wednesday, March 21, and will run through Sunday, April 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Whoopee!—A woebegone disinterment of a musical that cannot have been all that wonderful back in the nineteen-twenties. Charles Repole stars. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Worth seeing for an awesome performance by Constance Cummings as an old lady suffering from, and learning to survive, aphasia. The author is Arthur Kopit. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zoot Suit—A play by Luis Valdez (who also directed), with Daniel Valdez, Edward James Olmos, and Charles Aidman. Previews through Saturday, March 24. Opens officially on Sunday, March 25. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,856 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her

Designed by Lulu Roody

Leon Levin
498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3).

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Five hundred performers and animals from around the world will arrive in forty double-length railroad cars for the opening performances of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey hundred-and-ninth year on Wednesday, March 28. They will be here through Sunday, June 3. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 28, and Friday, March 30, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, March 29, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Saturday, March 31, at 10:30, 3, and 8.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Coquelico—A program of theatre, film, music, and dance, created and performed by the National Theatre of Prague. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hasty Pudding Show—A musical, "Overtures in Asia Minor," is this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 617 495-5205, Wednesday through Friday.)

DANCE

Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet—In a program entitled "Homage to Diaghilev": "Petrouchka," "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 1.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Life," "Petrouchka," "Teak," and "Gaîté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2: "Amor di Poeta." . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Life," "Duo," and "Gaîté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Life," "Petrouchka," and "Gaîté Parisienne.". . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Gaîté Parisienne," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 7:30: "Life," "Petrouchka," "Verdi," and "Bolero." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550.)

Pearl Primus—With her company. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, March 21-24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2 and 8.)

Louis Falco Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30: "Escargot," "Imago," and "Saltimbocca" (première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8: "Escargot," "Early Sunday Morning" (première), and "Tiger Rag.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8; Saturday, March 31, at 2; and Sunday, April 1, at 7: "Hero," "Imago," and "Saltimbocca." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Jean Erdman—With her company and others in three programs. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Program A, Wednesday, March 21; Program B, Tuesday, March 27; Program C, Monday, March 26, and Wednesday, March 28, all at 8.)

Yakshagana—An all-male troupe of thirteen dancers and musicians from South India. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER,** who played electric guitar with Ornette Coleman a while ago, is heading up a quartet that features saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT** and drummer (and proprietor) **RASHIED ALI.** Through Saturday, March 24. On Tuesday, March 27, bassist Juma Sultan will arrive with his quintet, the Aboriginal Music Society. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** leads the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **DARDANELLE,** a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The stage is turned over to a comedienne named Pudgy (her offstage name is Beverly Wines) through Saturday, March 24; on Tuesday, March 27, singer Karen Mason will come in. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his sextet, the Rising Sun, perform through Saturday, March 24; on Wednesday, March 28, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his trio will begin a four-night visit. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. Oregon, a quartet, plays jazz, rock, ragas, and meditative music on guitar, oboe, bass, and tabla opposite dancer Margaret Beals on Wednesday, March 21; Thursday, March 22, will belong to two local jazz combos, Spyro Gyra and Double Image; on Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, the Babys, an English outfit, will play rock; on Monday, March 26, Sad Café, *another* English rock band, will drop by; on Tuesday, March 27, Michael Franks, a West Coast singer and songwriter, will be here; on Wednesday, March 28, a rock group named Desmond Child & Rouge will perform; Thursday, March 29 (at nine only), has been reserved for country singer **LYNN ANDERSON;** and on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, Poco, a rock band, will be present. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—One of the few places where one can find tunes by Bud Powell, Barry Manilow, David Amram, Billy Joel, and Dave Frishberg all on the same jukebox. A live New York appearance by **DAVE FRISHBERG,** who plays piano and writes songs with titles such as "Peel Me a Grape" and "Van Lingle Mungo," is almost as rare as finding his recordings on a jukebox: he'll be here with bassist **BILL TAKAS** through Saturday, March 24. On Monday, March 26, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will arrive with bassist **RED MITCHELL. JIMMY ROWLES** is the Sunday musician. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The Carnaval in Rio may be over, but one can hear jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist here every night but Monday. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

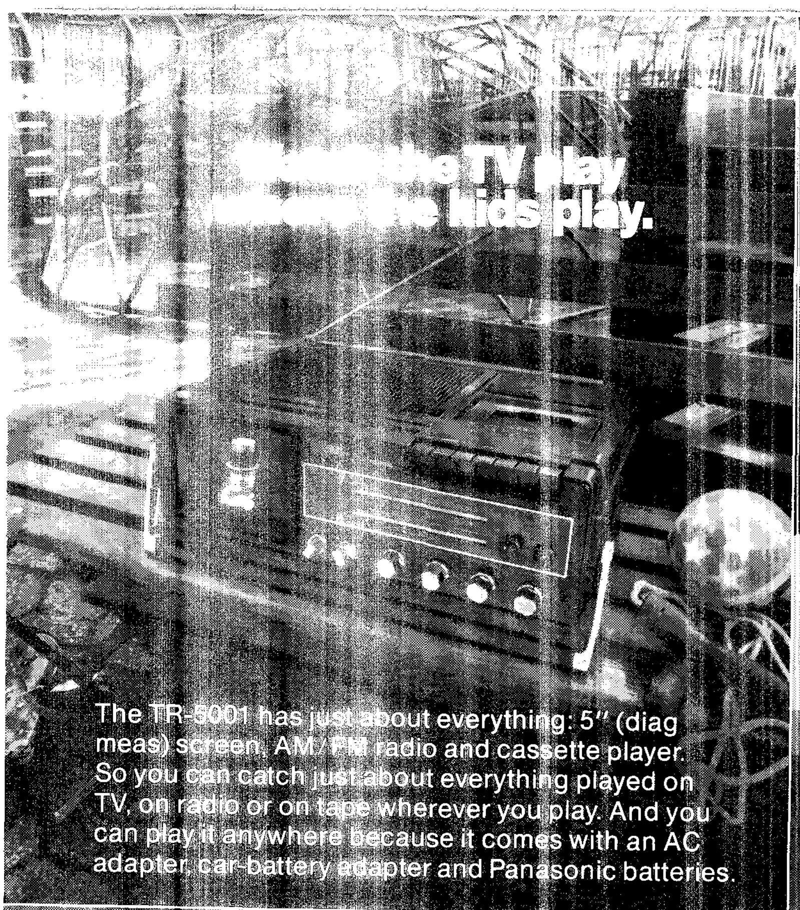
Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and singer Monty Alexander winds up his stint in the Café Carlyle on Saturday, March 24; he goes on with his trio at nine-thirty and eleven-forty-five. On Tuesday, March 27, **BOBBY SHORT** will return home, with his aides—drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER.** Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS** slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause, for a brief self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by admirers of new-wave, formerly known as punk, rock), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and new-wave outposts have given new life to the area at night. The Feelies will be onstage on Wednesday, March 21; Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24, Richard Lloyd will lead his quartet; and Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, the Shirts will perform. Mondays and Tuesdays tend to be showcase nights. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

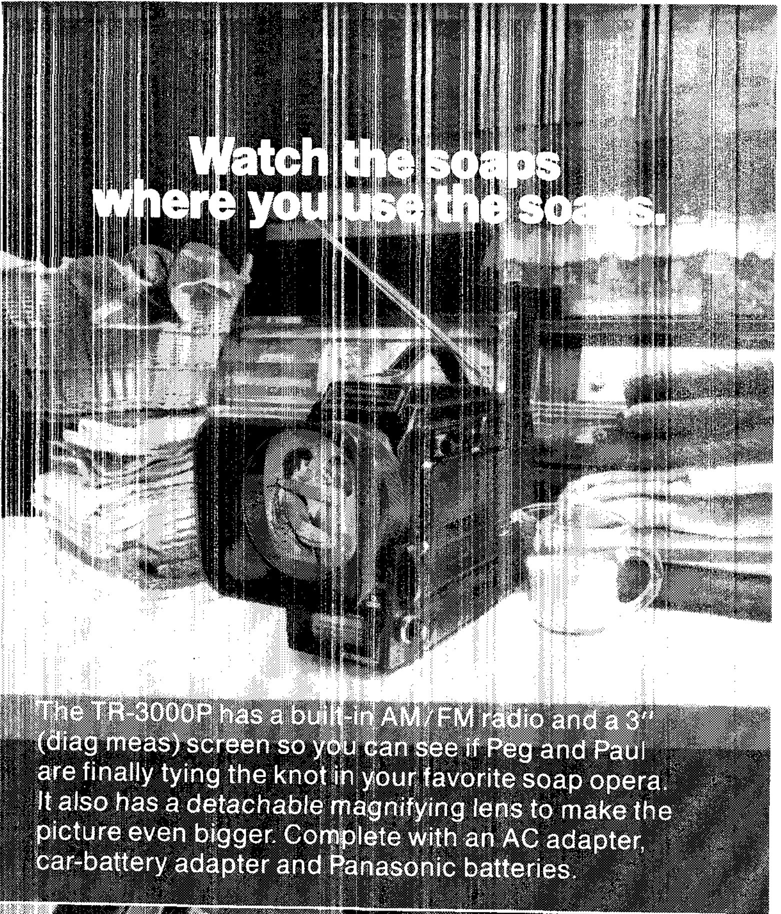
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays starting at eight-thirty with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis, and she sings her own compositions, some of which are recent and some of which go back to 1922. Stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL,** claim the Sunday and Monday slots, and begin at eight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his trio finish up on Friday, March 23; on Monday, March 26, clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE** will bring in his trio, which will feature bass-



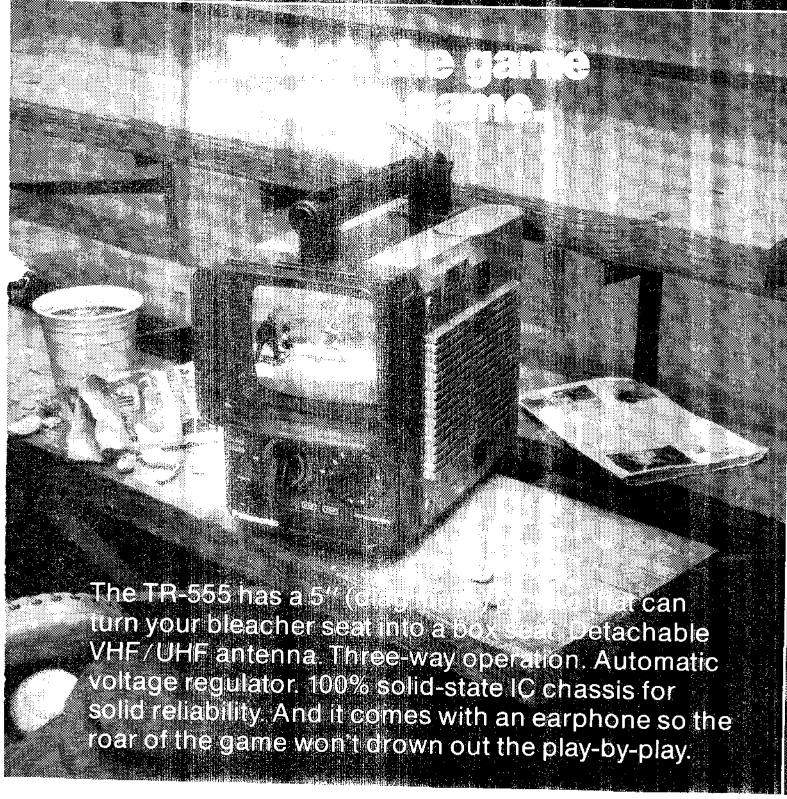
Watch the TV play where the kids play.

The TR-5001 has just about everything: 5" (diag meas) screen, AM/FM radio and cassette player. So you can catch just about everything played on TV, on radio or on tape wherever you play. And you can play it anywhere because it comes with an AC adapter, car-battery adapter and Panasonic batteries.



Watch the soaps where you use the soaps.

The TR-3000P has a built-in AM/FM radio and a 3" (diag meas) screen so you can see if Peg and Paul are finally tying the knot in your favorite soap opera. It also has a detachable magnifying lens to make the picture even bigger. Complete with an AC adapter, car-battery adapter and Panasonic batteries.



Watch the game at the game.

The TR-555 has a 5" (diag meas) screen that can turn your bleacher seat into a box seat. Detachable VHF/UHF antenna. Three-way operation. Automatic voltage regulator. 100% solid-state IC chassis for solid reliability. And it comes with an earphone so the roar of the game won't drown out the play-by-play.

Watch the starting gate from the tail gate.

The TR-545 has a 5" (diag meas) screen and a built-in AM/FM radio. So you can not only watch the winner's circle from the traffic circle, but you can listen to your favorite disc jockey after you watch your favorite race jockey. Complete with rechargeable Panalloid™ batteries.

Your second TV should go places your first set can't.

The Outsiders™ Battery operated black and white TV's from Panasonic. They're compact, rugged, and can go just about anywhere and still deliver crisp, sharp pictures. They all come with batteries. Either heavy-duty Panasonic batteries or rechargeable Panalloid batteries. They all work inside on house current and on your car battery with our adapter (optional on TR-545).

The Outsiders from Panasonic. They should be your first choice for a second TV.

All TV pictures simulated.

the Outsiders

Panasonic®

just slightly ahead of our time.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 25, from eight-thirty, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be in charge of a quintet—bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** saxophonist **BOB WILBER,** drummer **CONNIE KAY,** and guitarist **CAL COLLINS.** Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA,** pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** and bassist Marc Johnson play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **DON FRIEDMAN,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NAPOLEON'S** trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—Probably the most comfortable place to hear—and dance to—new-wave rock bands. Taped rock and roll—*never* disco—is played between sets and before eleven-thirty. (Sneakers are more in than platform shoes here.) Live music every night from eleven-thirtyish; taped music from about nine.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, some are established veterans, and others are downright famous—turn up to jam in this (for the most part) mainstream jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers will be alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** on Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK** on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Wednesday through Saturday, March 28-31, **RUBY BRAFF** will replace Eldridge. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** who can play fiery or flowery—either way, he's a powerhouse soloist—has settled in with bassist **SAM JONES** in this pleasant corner Village restaurant. They work Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—For those hankering to escape a current local phenomenon known as "Texas chic." This place is *not* Texas chic, but it does have a genuine Texas feel to it. The schedule includes Kinky Friedman on Sunday, March 25; Richie Havens, Monday through Wednesday, March 26-28, and on Thursday, March 29, the South Side All-Stars—Chicago bluesmen **HUBERT SUMLIN, JIMMY DAWKINS, JUNIOR WELLS,** and **EDDIE SHAW.** Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, a picture-window view of a garden, and, through Saturday, March 24, pianist **TEDDY WILSON** on the bandstand. On Monday, March 26, singer **JOHNNY HARTMAN** will arrive with his backup crew. Sets begin at nine and eleven weeknights. Dining.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll from, for the most part, the extremist fringe. (See also CBGB and Hurrah, above.) Shows begin usually long after ten.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Fran Warren is in charge of the current tribute—it's to lyricist Sammy Cahn. Miss Warren is supported by pianist Michael Renzi and a sextet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—**STUFF**—bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and drummers **STEVE GADD** and **CHRIS PARKER**—is a rhythm-and-blues band that is, all by itself, an alternative to disco music. Stuff's music has all the danceable attributes of disco with none of the mechanized, synthetic, overproduced disco effects that often draw disdain from rock purists. Stuff will be here Sunday through Wednesday, March 25-28. It's likely to be so crowded that there will be only standing room, but anyway it's hard to sit down when Stuff plays. Music from ten to two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-(3434)—**AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** takes over. Dining.

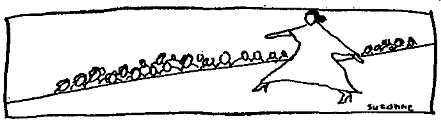
Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. Singer Esther Satterfield is here Thursday through Saturday, March 22-24; on Monday, March 26, Grover, Margret, and Za Zu Zaz, which is a quartet, will play swing and jump tunes; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28, bassist Glen Moore (who usually plays with Oregon) and cellist David Darling, who both used to be in the Paul Winter Consort, will renew their collaboration; and on Thursday, March 29, Josh White, Jr., will start alternating with sixties folkie **TOM PAXTON,** whose non-protest songs are still enjoyable. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight. Closed Wednesday, March 21.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Music for dancing Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—sing satirical songs at the eight-thirty show; singer Barbara Cook does the eleven-o'clock show. They're all here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** and his very fine Latin-jazz quintet perform here Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25; on Thursday, March 29, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will bring in a quintet. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

StoryTowne, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Two of the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**—and their quintet, including pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** are here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine.



Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK** and trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN** co-pilot a hard-bop quintet through Saturday, March 24; on Sunday, March 25, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quartet will perform; and on Tuesday, March 27, trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER** will bring in a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN** works with some talented soloists—trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** and saxophonist **RON BRIDGEWATER**—Thursday through Sunday, March 22-25; another good drummer, **BEAVER HARRIS,** will lead a quintet from Friday, March 30. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY,** a neo-vaudevillian duo that performs slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime, has returned to this pleasant club to perform Thursdays at nine and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **COMMUNICATIONS JAZZ TRIO**—bassist **RED MITCHELL,** pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** and tenor saxophonist **NILS SANDERSTROM** are the communicators—performs through Sunday, March 25; on Tuesday, March 27, trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** will arrive with eight other trombonists and a rhythm section. The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, March 21-22, baritone saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch's combo; Friday, March 23, guitarist Snags Allen; Saturday, March 24, trumpeter Franc Williams's quartet; Sunday, March 25, Jazz à Cordes; and beginning Tuesday, March 27, the **COUNTSMEN.**

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Sarah Vaughan—Wednesday, March 21, at 8 and 11:30: With Mel Tormé and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: With Betty Carter and Eddie Jefferson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: With Count Basie and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459.)

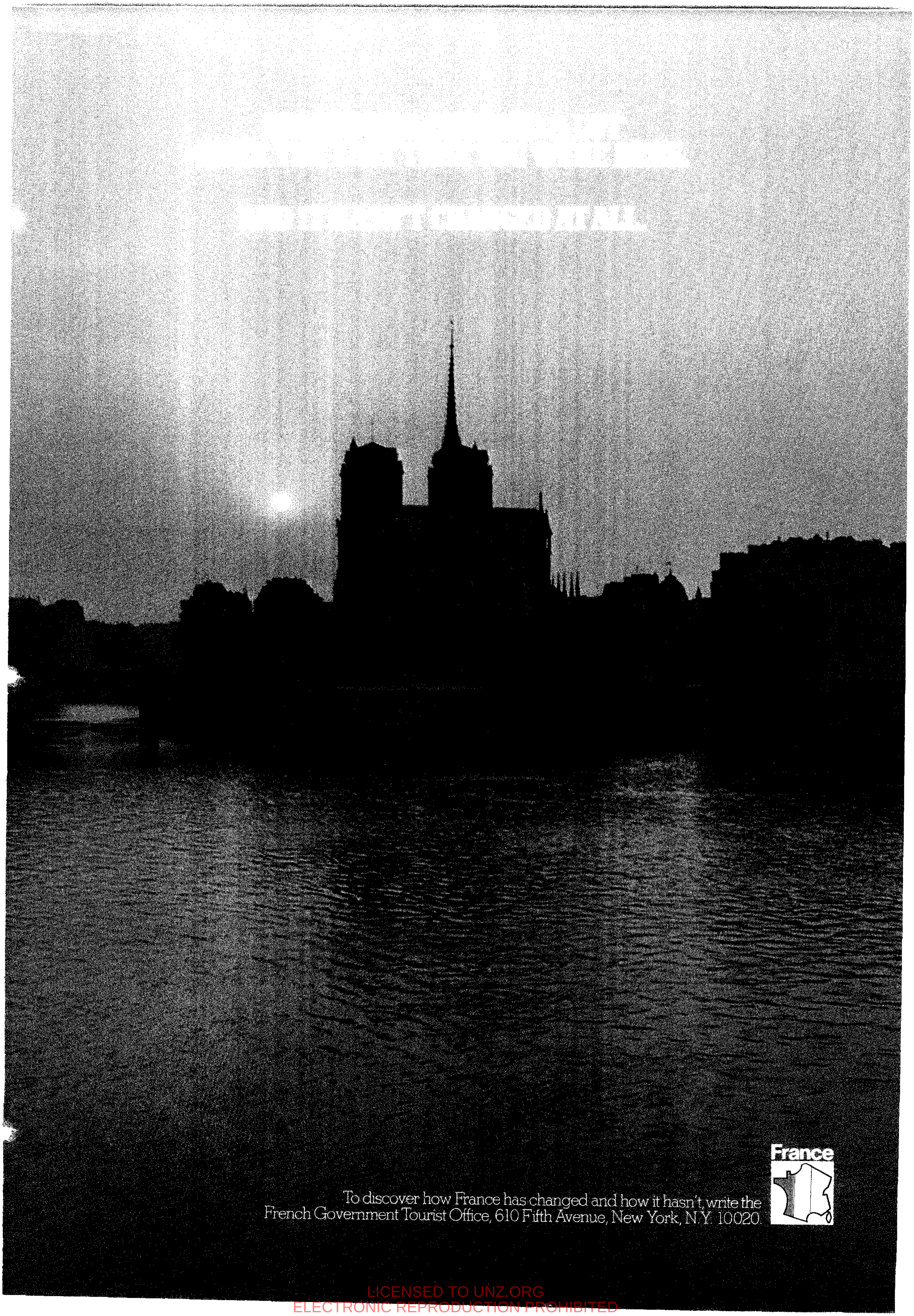
Kenny Rogers, the Oak Ridge Boys, and **Dottie West**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.

U.K. and **Sad Café**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Old and New Dreams Quartet—Ed Blackwell, Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, and Dewey Redman. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 11.)

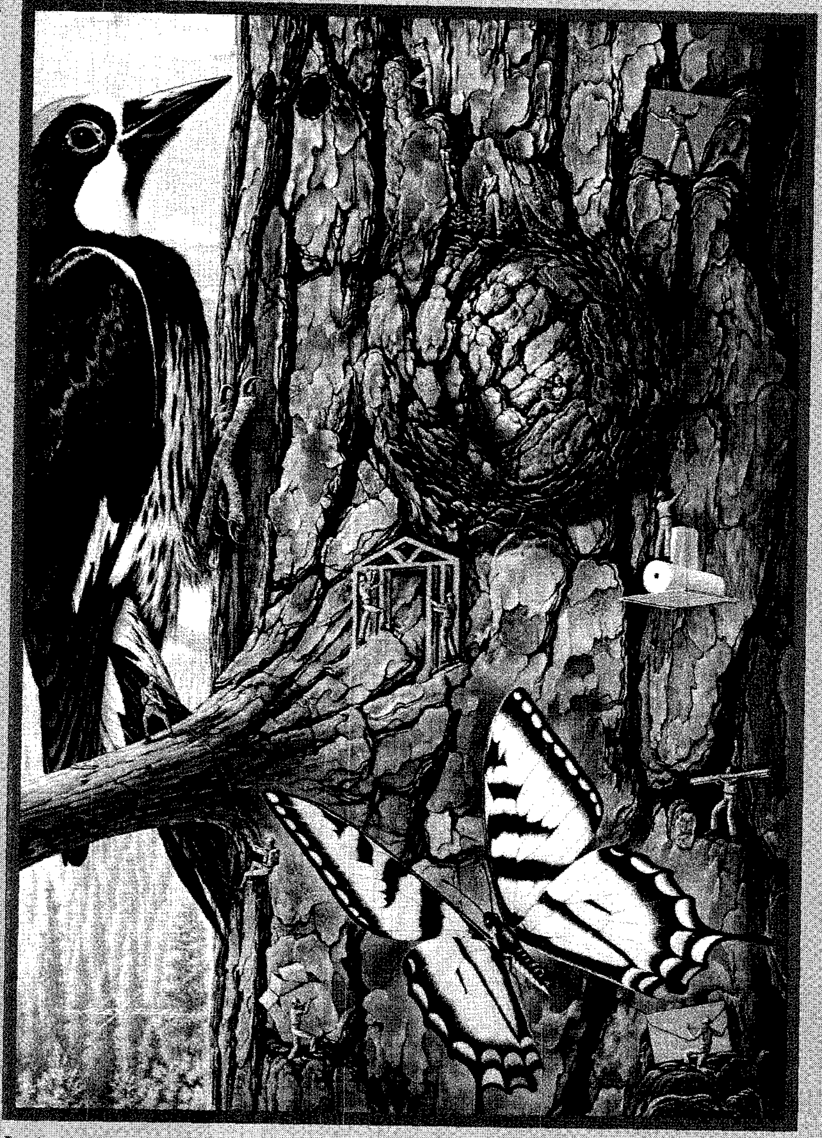
Benny Goodman and His Sextet—A benefit concert, with Stéphane Grappelli. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

Dannie Richmond—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the


[illegible]
AND IT HASN'T CHANGED AT ALL.
France

To discover how France has changed and how it hasn't, write the French Government Tourist Office, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020.

What do you see when you look at a tree?



It depends on your perspective. You might see a source of jobs.

You might see a source of lumber, plywood, paper, packaging—"need" products as opposed to "want" products.

You might see an ideal base for a growth business, a natural resource that, managed properly, renews itself perpetually.

You might see a splendid example of Nature's artistry.

When we look at a tree, we see all these things, and more. We see our life's blood. Much of what we do depends on trees. So we take care of ours.

We strive to manage them in a way that reconciles your perspectives and ours, so they'll provide jobs, products, profits and splendor forever.

If we succeed, everybody wins. You the worker, consumer, investor and citizen. And we the employees and shareholders of Boise Cascade.

Reason enough to try, don't you think?

Boise Cascade Corporation
A company worth looking at.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fourth floor. 477-3077. Sunday, March 25, at 3.

Roxy Music—Palladium. Thursday, March 29, at 8.

Nazareth and **TKO**—Palladium. Friday, March 30, at 8.

Manhattan Plaza Jazz Composers Orchestra—Slide Hampton conducting. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tahuantinsuyo—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Friday, March 30, at 8.

Muhal Richard Abrams Septet—With Chico Freeman. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 11.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Benny Andrews—Another set of his "Women I've Known" collage paintings. Through Thursday, March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Nieves Marschaleck Billmyer—Abstract charcoal drawings done in a Hans Hofmann class in the fifties. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Harvey Breverman—Figures seated in directors' chairs seen from the back are done over and over in paintings and drawings of various sizes. Through Saturday, March 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St.)

Harold Bruder—Filling stations in Queens and the Bronx by a realist. Through Tuesday, March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Tony DeLap—Shaped canvases painted a solid, muted color and enclosed in unobtrusive, handsomely carpentered frames. Through April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Herbert Ferber—Bronze, copper, and Corten-steel sculptures in a range of sizes. Through Thursday, March 29. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

James Grashow / Henry Chodkowski—Sculptures made of polyester-resin-coated fabric in which trees are dressed up like people and seated in chairs in the middle of a circular grove of naked trees. / Precise oils and gouaches in which foreign railway cars and the back ends of foreign trucks are arranged in colorful, almost abstract, patterns. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—Semi-abstract drawings and collages. Through April 7. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Michael Heizer—Massive abstracts painted roughshod on unstretched canvas, which is later stretched. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures. Through Saturday, March 24. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a Russian modernist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Watercolors and drawings, chiefly, in a centennial show of more than fifty works spanning his career. Starts Thursday, March 22. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Julio Larraz—Realist still-lifes, for the most part, whose sardonic titles add a metaphorical significance. Through Saturday, March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Leo Lionni—Forty movable bronze sections fitted together and entitled "Project for an Imaginary Garden." Also drawings and other sculptures. Through April 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Oil paintings of creatures of the imagination—birdlike things and people from nightmares—painted in carnival colors by a Danish artist who is a member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, March 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Katherine Porter—Large new abstract paintings in which the artist has freed herself from the restrictions of her usual grid pattern and has established an order of her own, based on architectural forms. Through April 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes of Mexico, the Cape, and New Jersey. Through Saturday, March 31. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Edith Schloss—A series of cheerfully colored semi-abstract watercolors and oils called "Sunsets." Through April 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Sibyl Weil—Neat pencil drawings, made with compass and straightedge, that look like problems (or maybe the answers) in plane geometry, plus long columns of straight pins creeping along the gallery walls and ceiling—this artist's hallmark. Through Saturday, March 31. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **Arsenal Gallery**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: A loan show, selected from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty-five black artists, among them Alma Thomas, Alvin Loving, and Gordon Parks. Through Friday, March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.) . . . **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. The works were chosen by Alejandro Otero, a Venezuelan painter and sculptor. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **Knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Works by ten artists include a frieze of paper strips twenty-nine inches long and six inches wide on each of which a progression of seven strange faces has been drawn with colored crayons (by David Middaugh), and a lively urban landscape in which, among many other events, an airplane crashes into a rooftop and furnishings come flying out of the building (by Phyllis Bramson). Through April 4. . . . **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

William Allan—Watercolors, chiefly piscatorial in subject. Through Saturday, March 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings devoted to the centered square, which in each case occupies half the total canvas area. Sometimes it is seen against a solid-color background and sometimes against beams of color radiating from the center of the composition. Through April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siah Armajani—Architecture in its purest form is represented in "First Reading Room," a carpentered installation of Shaker-like plainness in which the visitor makes his way through a sort of maze to a dark, quiet, restful bench in a corner. Models of covered bridges and open trestles are also in the show, plus related drawings. Through April 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Helane Aylon—This artist's "Formations" are made by pouring linseed oil onto heavy brown paper backed with Plexiglas. Finished "Formations" are on view at Parsons, 24 W. 57th St., through Saturday, March 24, and works in progress are at 112 Workshop, 325 Spring St., through April 10.

Beck & Jung—These two Swedish artists (Holger Bäckström and Bo Ljungberg) have been painting as a team since the mid-sixties. They do acrylic paintings in which a large form (a disc or a triangle, say) seems to have been cut out of the heart of the picture and placed somewhere else in the composition. Through April 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidice Beneš—The handwritten word is a tool of drawing for this artist, who fills in large patterns of blank labels with words—"penpoint," "glass bead," "button," "stamp"—or transcribes passages from his Aunt Evelyn's letters on the insides of broken eggshells. And so on. Through Saturday, March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—This San Francisco artist, whose paintings constitute a sort of diary, has stopped dwelling on her Alcatraz swim and is now telling us about her trip to South America, where she saw a jaguar in the jungle, sailed on a cruise ship, and flew in a plane. A couple of California daydreams are also in the show. Through April 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Reginald Case—Collages made up of clippings from various publications—advertisements for Oriental rugs, an exhibition announcement for a Balthus show, and so on. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Abstract patterns resembling a varicolored kite's tail brushed onto a highly polished neutral gesso background. Through Thursday, March 29. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—A retrospective of drawings from the past quarter century, ranging from child-like abstract scribbles to his familiar compositions made of ruled parallel vertical lines drawn with colored pencils. Through Saturday, March 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—New additions to his "Théâtres de Mémoire" series, these being oils on canvas and black-and-white drawings. Through April 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Norris Embry—Oils, gouaches, and collages by this American artist who lived abroad for eleven years and carries on the tradition of the German Expressionists. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sam Gilliam / Robert Murray—Large, thickly painted abstract oils based on a grid pattern, with canvas insets in the main canvas, and sometimes insets within the insets. / Sculptural pieces made of heavy-duty aluminum plate crumpled and twisted into abstract shapes and covered with a high-gloss red paint. Through Saturday, March 31. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Instead of using brush and paint or chisel and stone, this Catalonian artist expresses himself in sticks and in hanks of wool, jute, and silk, weaving and lashing them together into shaggy wall pieces or into freestanding sculptural works held up by a framework of poles. He mostly celebrates peasant life (like Bruegel), and the pungent smell of his raw materials reinforces his artistry. Through April 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward—Canvases done in simple black-and-white patterns—stripes, half and half, all white, all black. The surface in every case is as taut and polished as a drumhead. Through Saturday, March 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Heller—Abstract paintings from the past ten years. Through April 30. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Daily, except Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Functional sculpture, so to speak. For instance, a huge fibre-glass frog has a recess in his back that serves as a seat. Through Saturday, March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Rex Lau—A series of small wall constructions made of painted wood and relating the artist's efforts to hold his own against a mountain near his upstate studio. The title of the show is "Pranks of Nature," and one sees the mountain struck by avalanches, stung by lightning, swept by rainstorms, and enmeshed by forests. Through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Ninety bronzes and two dozen drawings make up this survey of the artist's small works. Most of them depict mythical figures. Through Tuesday, March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Wall pieces of wooden mosaics in complicated frames, which strike a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

note somewhere between Mexican primitive and Graustarkian. Through Friday, March 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—Landscapes and drawings of the Penobscot Bay area. Through Thursday, March 29. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—A two-gallery exhibition: paintings and drawings of New York women and shoppers, dating from the late twenties to the forties, at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. (open Mondays), and etchings and drypoints—again, mostly of women—at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Saturday, March 31.

Margaret Miller—Sculptures that double as games. A version of hopscotch, for instance, involves chalk lines and ceramic markers. Also drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Small bronze sculptures, drawings, and graphics, including a lithographic analysis, dated 1973, of the wrinkles on Auden's face. Through April 6. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Large flower paintings dating from 1964 to the present. Through Saturday, March 31. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Stephen Pace—Semi-abstract watercolors. Through April 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper / Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Cast-steel sculptures made from antique industrial molds that the artist ran across in an Italian foundry and adapted to her own uses, plus some forged-steel oddments and preparatory drawings. Through Wednesday, March 28. / A show of the pictographs (1941-53) for which the artist became famous. Through April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Reginato—Five freestanding abstract sculptures made of varying thicknesses of industrial steel cut into a wide variety of forms, creased and folded, and fitted together. Through Thursday, March 29. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Pilasters and lintels are the current interest of an artist who has previously shown ladders and seesaws. Through April 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—An exhibition of drawings never shown before. Through Saturday, March 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored interiors drawn in crayon with childlike naïveté by an artist who has a highly idiosyncratic sense of perspective. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Colorful wall pieces made of carved Styrofoam mounted on plywood and decorated with modelling paste, paint, and shellac. Through Saturday, March 24. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Crayon and pastel drawings by an artist who catches with equal facility a fashion model at her makeup table or barnyard pigs nuzzling up against a wire fence. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Wave-tossed sailboats and frozen forests in Maine, plus an intimate glimpse into a herring smokehouse by a watercolor stylist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge realist landscapes portraying the rugged quality of interior Maine, with its bright groves of birch and its boulder-strewn white-water streams. Through April 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Small works on paper by a pioneer nonobjective artist. Through April 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Early Russian nonobjective art dated 1912-25. A two-sided Malevich pencil drawing on graph paper, a large gouache by Vesin, and a watercolor by Rodchenko are three of the works. Through April 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Joseph Beuys / Richard Long—Black-and-white drawings by this influential German artist, a member of the Fluxus group, who uses felt and sometimes fat in his sculptures. / A circular arrangement of slender slabs of Tennessee stone, twenty-one feet in diameter and laid out on the floor. Through Saturday, March 24. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Jon Borofsky—New paintings on canvas, including self-portraits, combined with paintings and notations on the gallery walls. Through April 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Howard Buchwald—Five large oils. Through April 5. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

David Budd / Nancy Genn—A review of his monochromatic paintings of the past three years. / Handmade paper works. Through Saturday, March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Fran Bull / Alan Dworkowitz—Large watercolors, done in vertical strips about two inches wide, of scenes at Versailles and Lincoln Center. / Details of bicycles—the handlebars and sections of the front tire, usually—in five pencil drawings so precisely executed that it took the artist two years to complete them. Through Saturday, March 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Joan Gardner / Emily Fuller—Collages of painted-linen cutouts suggesting interiors. Also hand-colored pages from a printed book of the artist's drawings. / Abstract paintings, works on paper, and small wood houses that are lined with sewn-and-colored paper. Through April 7. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

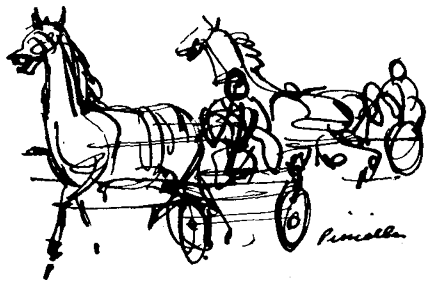
Bernard Kirschenbaum / Ed McGowin—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through April 7. / Two large maquettes for much larger outdoor pieces. One is a pyramid with an exterior mural tracing the life of a metalworker, and an interior room—a sort of shrine seen through windows—showing some of his tools and things he made. The other piece is a sort of kiosk, fifteen feet tall, with an interior tableau commenting on the aging process. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—A two-gallery show at 420 West Broadway: At Castelli, on the second floor, are six handsomely constructed mirror works that look like advanced telescopic gear but are really just descendants of Coney Island distorting mirrors. One flight up, at Sonnabend, are some felt wall pieces and a set of chilling black-and-white drawings of imaginary places for confinement and torture. Through Saturday, March 24.

Judith Neaman / Dennis Whitcopf—Large abstract watercolor-and-ink works divided into panels. / Nonobjective floor and wall sculptures in carved wood and stone, and in combinations of these. Through April 5. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—This artist has installed three new sculptural works, including an outdoor (in the street) four-story miniature elevator on which a small car rides, and (indoors) a three-hundred-pound glass house suspended from the ceiling by a cable. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Joseph Raffael—Paintings from nature, especially ponds, water lilies, and fish. Through April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)



Art and Margo Rosenbaum / Adolph Rosenblatt—Two Georgia artists who describe themselves as folklorists. He is showing paintings, she is showing photographs. / Clay sculptures, one set representing Miami Beach denizens taking the sun. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Charles Ross—Six sculptural pieces in which the viewer looks through a Plexiglas prism eight feet tall at a spotlighted, bright-colored column of the same height and is subjected to spectacular, even alarming, prismatic effects. In one room the columns are red, orange, yellow, and white, and in another they are black and white. Through Tuesday, March 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

George Schneeman—Forty-two portrait heads of people in the art and literary world painted in fresco on cinder blocks a foot square. Through Saturday, March 24. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Anthony Sorce / John Clem Clarke—Abstract compositions on shaped wooden panels. / Well-known masterpieces—a Rembrandt self-portrait, an Ingres odalisque, a Parmigianino Madonna—seem to be floating just beneath a translucent surface on which splotches of raw color are applied. Through Saturday, March 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Abstract paintings. Through April 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **PRETTO**, 150 Spring St.: A showing of works by Conceptualists and Minimalists includes an abstract stage design of painted wood by Farrell Brickhouse; a wall piece of black-enamelled aluminum by Dan Edge; and a vaguely reptilian sculpture made of slate by Livio Saganic. Through Saturday, March 31. (Opens at 1.) . . . **THORP**, 419 West Broadway: Ten contemporary artists, among them John Lees, Ralph Humphrey, and David True. Through Saturday, March 24. (Opens at noon.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Marc Eisenberg—Paper cutouts of intentionally crude figures and laborious abstract designs drawn in thick black ink mixed with acrylic on a tough paper. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Margo Hoff—New collage paintings and drawings. Through April 14. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

Margaret Israel—Painted earthenware containers. Through Saturday, March 24. (Greenwich House, 16 Jones St., between Bleecker and West 4th Sts. Opens at 1.)

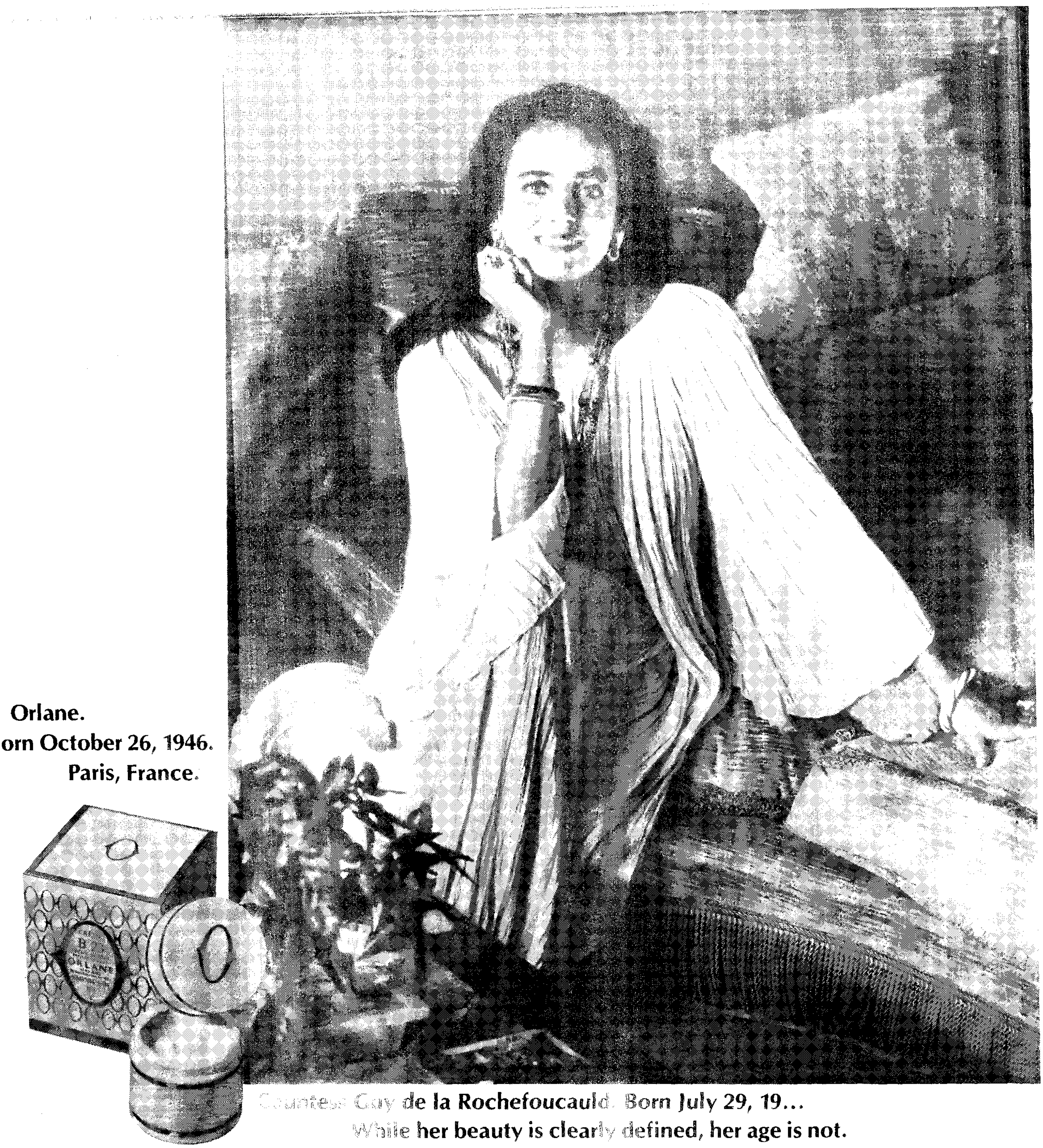
Michael Singer—Drawings. Through Monday, March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933)—A show that centers on the realist paintings of the designer, who studied with George Inness and in Paris. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. In addition, a few examples of his glassware, lamps, and pottery. Through May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Abstract paintings by Porfirio Di Donna, Gordon Hart, Linda Levit, Catherine L. Porter, Sean Scully, and Ted Stamm. Through Saturday, March 31. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties),



Orlane.
Born October 26, 1946.
Paris, France.

Countess Guy de la Rochefoucauld. Born July 29, 19...
While her beauty is clearly defined, her age is not.
And that is what Orlane skincare treatments are all about.

B23 night cream: There are three distinct signs of aging skin: fine lines, loss of radiance, loss of resiliency. After extensive research into these three important areas, Orlane formulated the B23 night cream complex. Remarkably light-textured and easy to absorb, B23 helps skin look smoother, brighter, and younger that much longer.

ORLANE
Paris An advantage shared by the world's most beautiful women.

Paris. Londres. New York. In New York at 680 Fifth Avenue, 10019.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Earl Dotter—A portrayal of textile workers in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, mostly, by a photographer whose previous efforts centered on Kentucky coal miners. Through April 27. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

David A. Hanson—This photographer-filmmaker-bookbinder chooses a subject (ornithological specimens, travels to the Rio Grande), takes the necessary pictures, and then mounts them in handbound books. Twenty-three books and thirty-five wall-mounted prints make up his show. Through Saturday, March 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes in addition to photographs that reveal aspects of s-m. Through April 18. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)...¶ Another selection of Mr. Mapplethorpe's works is on view at the International Center of Photography (see below, under "Group Shows").

Kenneth McGowan—New Cibachrome additions to his work. Through Saturday, March 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Ray Metzker / Bart Parker—Formalist black-and-white abstractions. / Photographs in pairs and in groups (of crushed cans, cancelled checks, clotheslines), plus text, by a Conceptualist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

New York Seen—The Museum of the City of New York has mounted an ambitious show of two hundred photographs ranging from early daguerreotypes of Brooklyn homesteads to NASA satellite pictures of our dense metropolis. In some of the prints, the city's landmarks are seen as backdrop to historical events—in one, City Hall is draped in black bunting for the funeral of Ulysses S. Grant. ...¶ Three hundred photographs at the New York Public Library, drawn from the *News* archives, and covering the past fifty years. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **ACIA**, 28 E. 4th St.: Franco Fontana, Giorgio Lotti, Mario Giacomelli, Giulana Traverso, and fourteen other contemporary Italian photographers, showing works that range in style from the documentary to the experimental. Through April 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Bruce Davidson's twelve photo-essays here include "Brooklyn Gang," from 1959, "East 100th Street," from the late sixties, and "The Cafeteria," made three years ago on the lower East Side. Two films by Mr. Davidson, "Isaac Singer's Nightmare and Mrs. Pupko's Beard" (twenty-eight minutes) and "Living Off the Land" (twenty minutes), can be seen in continuous showings Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.... ¶ Lynn Davis and Robert Mapplethorpe are exhibiting photographs they made of identical subjects. (Open Sundays.) Both shows through April 22.... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Forty young Australians showing photographs of the aborigines, coral reefs, desert vegetation, and small-town life on their continent. Through April 7. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through May 5.... **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Chinese panoramas (mostly harbor views) by European photographers, plus handcolored genre scenes by W. Saunders. Through Saturday, March 31. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through April 15.... ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Through April 24....¶ "Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. ...¶ Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1....¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in two-dimensional works of art by Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others. Through May 6....¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Auto-Icons" is an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Rosenquist, Sonneman, Oldenburg, Linn, among them) who were inspired by the automobile. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8.... ¶ Thirty-one works by Wang Ming, including paintings on rice paper and rag board and three accordion-folded books whose opened leaves span twenty feet. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A half-scale model of a teahouse that is not only a half-scale model of a teahouse but an application of the Japanese principle of *ma*, which postulates that time and space are one. (Further description is impractical here.) Other *ma* constructions and a number of sculptures and photographs will be unveiled periodically in an exhibit that will not be fully open until April 3....¶ A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through Sunday, March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through April 8....¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mrs. John Jay's white satin shoes (circa 1785) and a red straw hat that Sally Victor designed in 1942 are part of a sizable collection of shoes and hats on view here.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** New York City in pictures over the past hundred and thirty years. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Pictures of New York from the past fifty years. Through Wednesday, March 28. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, paintings, and photographs by four artists from Scotland (James Birrell, Michael Davey, Gareth Fisher, and Thomas Lawson), through April 21; Anthony Thompson (low-relief wall installations), through Saturday, March 31.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Newton & Helen Harrison (reading), Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Lynne Tillman (reading), Tuesday, March 27, at 8:30; David Type (performance), Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; books by Dick Higgins and the Something Else Press, through Saturday, March 24.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Fluxus (reconstructed performance works), Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; Christina Kubisch & Fabrizio Plessi (music and video), Tuesday and Wednesday, March 27-28, at 8:30; the première of an Ed Bowes'

The Burberry® Look.

[illegible] photographed in Cheshire.
He wears a classic weatherproof, the Gentlemen's Walking Burberry.
Available from leading shops and stores throughout the country.

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen Weatherproofers Burberrys Limited Haymarket London

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother Weatherproofers Burberrys Limited Haymarket London

Burberrys OF LONDON®

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY 1975 BURBERRYS LIMITED LONDON

For list of stockists contact: Burberrys International Limited, Suite 1714, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019. Tel: (212) 246 2570.
'Burberry' and 'Burberrys' are the registered trade marks of Burberrys Limited, London.

IMPORTED
FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATE
London
1873·1911·1924
Produced & Bottled in England
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN
JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
KOBRAND
Wines
Spirits
KOBRAND CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole United States Importers
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

The Crown Jewel of England.

A noted lexicographer observes that the expression "crown jewel" applies not only to crowns and sceptres, or artifacts of gold and precious stones.

The term "crown jewel" can refer to the crowning achievement, the most shining example, of any form of craftsmanship or art.

It is in this sense that we refer to Beefeater® Gin as The Crown Jewel of England.

Beefeater has long been acknowledged the crowning achievement of the distiller's art in London, home of the world's driest, most delicate gin.

Indeed, there is in the distilling of Beefeater a remarkable resemblance to the art of the great jeweler. A distilling run consists of an unblemished middle, or "heart," and of "foreshots and feints," the beginning and end of the run, which are flawed and out of balance.

Beefeater is literally all heart. Because a Beefeater stillman, like a master jewel-cutter, will preserve only the choice, flawless "heart," thus assuring you of an unblemished jewel of a gin, a gin of brilliance and clarity.

A perfect gin, like a perfect gem, will glow with highlights. In Beefeater, each flavor contributes a highlight of its own. But each highlight serves not to blind the partaker with its own brilliance, nor to upset the delicate balance of flavors; but rather to flatter the blending as a whole.

Thus the designation of Beefeater as The Crown Jewel would appear to be highly appropriate.

But why The Crown Jewel of *England?*

Beefeater is The Crown Jewel of England because Beefeater is *distilled* in England, in London itself (just a cobblestone's throw from the Tower of London).

Beefeater's London heritage is of critical importance.

London is the home, for one thing, of the proud Beefeater stillmen. It is the city where stillmanship is esteemed as art, and Beefeater stillmen as master artists.

Beefeater is the only major imported gin distilled, bottled, and sealed at the distillery in London, where no detail can escape the watchful eyes of its proprietors.

So a gin by any other name may possibly be called a copy of Beefeater, but never its equal.

There is only one Beefeater.
The Crown Jewel of England.

BEEFEATER® GIN The Crown Jewel of England.

©1978, Kobrand Corporation

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sixty-minute videotape, Saturday, March 31, at 8:30 and 10:30; Dennis Oppenheim (metal sculptures incorporating sound tracks), through Saturday, March 24; dancers on video (Doris Chase, Merce Cunningham, others), through Saturday, March 31.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 21: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; conducted by Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Lenus Carlson, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 26: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Teresa Kubiak, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 27: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 28: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 29: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 30: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 31: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 31: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 24, at 2, and Saturday, March 31, at 2:30.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 21, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and Robert Hale; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8: The première of Dominick Argento's "Miss Havisham's Fire," with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Richard Cross, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Awilda Verdejo, Sandra Walker, Jacque Trussel, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Faye Robinson, Jane Shaulis, Ermanno Mauro, Frederick Burchinal, and John Macurdy; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 1: "Miss Havisham's Fire," with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Richard Cross, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 7: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with June Anderson, Gwenlynn Little, Jane Shaulis, Richard McKee, Abram Morales, and Philip Booth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 27, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 2: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Martha Thigpen, Vinson Cole, Dominic Cossa, Robert Hale, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Glenys Fowles, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rita Shane, Jane Shaulis, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Maria Coronada, Samuel Ramey, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Adib Fazah; Victor De Renzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Manhattan Opera Singers—Three one-act operas, with an orchestra conducted by Lois Albright: Argento's "The Boor," the première of Martin Kalmanoff's "The Harmfulness of Tobacco," and Vittorio Giannini's "Beauty and the Beast." (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Claudio Abbado conducting on Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30 (all with Maurizio Pollini, piano). . . . ¶ Raymond Leppard conducting Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Ellen Shade, soprano).

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8, an all-Beethoven program; Friday, March 23, at 8, a Brahms-Beethoven program; and Sunday, March 25, at 3, an Elgar-Beethoven program.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8, an all-Copland concert, with Mr. Copland conducting two of his own works, and with Mr. Davies as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8, an all-Haydn program, with Janos Starker, cello.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 24, at 8, and Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

Janáček Chamber Orchestra—An ensemble from Czechoslovakia. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, March 25, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Netherlands Wind Ensemble—Twenty musicians who perform without a conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8.)

Sacred Music Society of America—Gianfranco Masini directing an orchestra, a chorus, and two bands in the American première of Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto" in concert form, with Yvonne Kenny and Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Rockwell Blake, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 7:30.)

Edward Tarr Brass Ensemble—With George Kent, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 2:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Federal Music Society—John Baldon conducting the Society's Band of Musick, comprised of antique winds and brasses. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Zola Shaulis and Jane Shaulis—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in the second of two all-Bach programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 21, at 2.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 21, at 8, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, March 24, at 3, the last in a series of all-Schubert concerts, this one with Julius Levine, bass; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Alexander Heller, bassoon; and Robert Routch, horn.)

Manhattan String Quartet—Chamber music. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 21, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Raymond Murcell—Baritone, with the Da Capo Chamber Players, in a program of twentieth-century American songs and chamber music with voice. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Flavio Becerra—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 22, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—A program of twentieth-century music, performed by Linda Quan, violin; Janet Steele and D'Anna Fortunato, sopranos; Robert Miller, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The third in a series of concerts presenting the Haydn cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Beverly Somach—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

Concert Royal—A program entitled "Virtuoso Concertos on Original Instruments," with Michael McCraw, baroque bassoon and recorder; James Richman, harpsichord; and others. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Les Menestriers—Four minstrels from France in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Music for a While—A program of English medieval and Renaissance music. The last in a series of concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

New School Concerts—The final concert of the season will be played by the Galimir Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, March 25, at 2.)

Lynn Harrell and Friends—The cellist in the first in a series of three recitals, this one with Kathleen Battle, soprano; Emanuel Ax, piano; and seven assisting cellists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 3.)

Empire Brass Quintet—A program of works of the English, German, and Italian Renaissance. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 25, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

Music Before 1800—The eleventh in a series of fourteen recitals will be devoted to keyboard music of the late eighteenth century played by Constance Cooper and Walter Hilse. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 25, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 25, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Marian Thompson—Soprano, in a benefit recital of Brahms lieder. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 5:45.)

Marylène Dosse—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

Gidon Kremer—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—One in a series of one-hour programs entitled "Lest We Forget," this one devoted to the music of Leo Weiner. With Mr. Nygaard, pianst-conductor; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Sara Cutler, harp; Joel Krosnick, cello; and members of the New York Philharmonic string section. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tuesday, March 27, at 6. For information about tickets, call 749-3852.)

Anton Kuerti—The seventh in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-1150.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Ursula Oppens, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 27, at 8.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Karel Paukert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 5:30.)

Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir—Duo piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Andrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Lee Luvisi, Walter Trampler, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, piano, viola, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—William Blount, clarinet, and Carol Wincenc, flute, of the Ensemble, with David Oei, piano, and other assisting artists, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Bach II—A free twelve-hour marathon, with, among others, Pinchas Zukerman and Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson, cello; Eugenia Zukerman and Karl Kraber, flute; Susan Belling, soprano; Ronald Anderson, trumpet; Samuel Sanders, harpsichord; the American Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Allan Miller and Robert Rudié; and two other orchestras. Amateur instrumentalists will be invited to sit in and play during orchestral sessions, and any singers will be able to participate in the grand finale, the B-Minor Mass, at 8. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 24, from 11 to 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, March 24, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Chicago, Sunday, March 25, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, March 30, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, March 25, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, March 27, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 24, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 31, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 24, at 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 24; the Bay Shore, Sunday, March 25; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 24, and the Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 31.

Running—The Bloomingdale's/Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at noon on Saturday, March 31, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Tennis—Avon Championships: Tracy Austin, Sue Barker, Chris Evert, Dianne Fromholtz, Martina Navratilova, Greer Stevens, Wendy Turnbull, and Virginia Wade. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 21, at 10:30 A.M.; Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match, Saturday, March 24, at noon; and final singles matches, Sunday, March 25, at noon.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; *through Saturday, April 21*. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

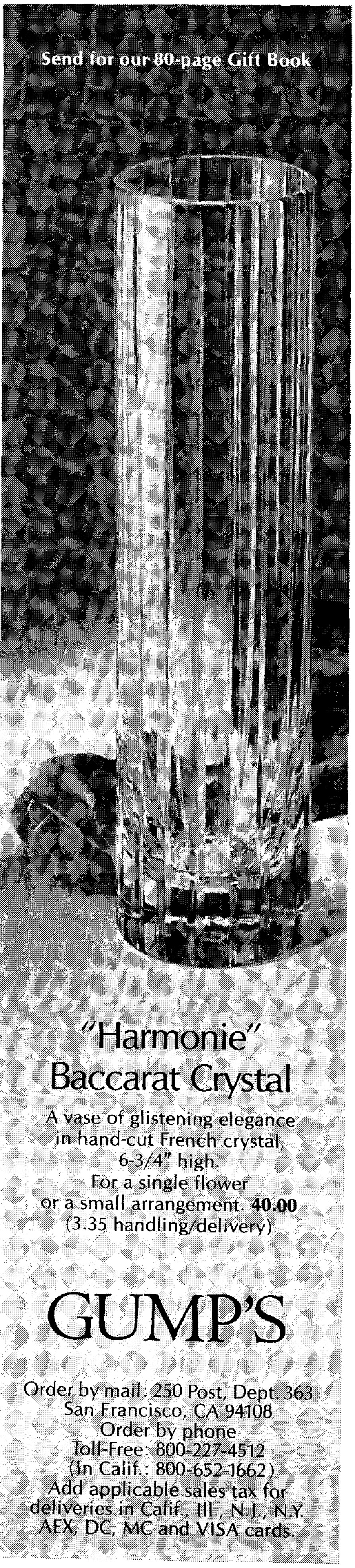
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Gregory Orr and Charles Simic reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 26, at 8.) . . . ¶ Miroslav Holub reading from his own works, in both Czech and English. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 27, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Lecture—John Ashbery on the writings of Giorgio de Chirico. (Third Street Music School, 233 E. 11th St. Thursday, March 22, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 2: Contemporary paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and multiples; from several owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 2: African and Oceanic art, from various sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, March 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 10:15: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including Art Deco and Art Nouveau, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 2: Art Nouveau, from the estate of Aaron Frank. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 24. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, March 23, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 10:30 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco, from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 10:30: English, Continental, and American silver and *objets de vertu;* from various sources.


Send for our 80-page Gift Book

"Harmonie"
Baccarat Crystal

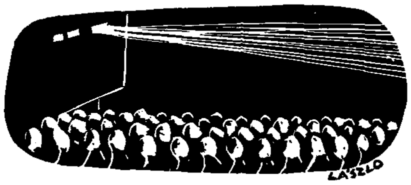
A vase of glistening elegance
in hand-cut French crystal,
6-3/4" high.
For a single flower
or a small arrangement. **40.00**
(3.35 handling/delivery)

GUMP'S

Order by mail: 250 Post, Dept. 363
San Francisco, CA 94108
Order by phone
Toll-Free: 800-227-4512
(In Calif.: 800-652-1662)
Add applicable sales tax for
deliveries in Calif., Ill., N.J., N.Y.
AEX, DC, MC and VISA cards.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 25: "Tent of Miracles."
March 26: Theatre closed.
March 27: "Going Hollywood."
March 28: "Show People."
March 29: "The Patsy."
March 30: "Blondie of the Follies."
March 31: "The Floradora Girl."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Autumn Sonata."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 22: "Violette" and "Dear Inspector."
March 23-29: "California Suite" and "The Paper Chase."
From March 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Norma Rae."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 22: "Murder by Decree."
From March 23: "Boulevard Nights."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
March 21: Theatre closed.
From March 22: "Old Boyfriends."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 22: "Hardcore."
From March 23: "The Great Bank Hoax."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Voices."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 22: "Bread and Chocolate."
From March 23: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Bell Jar."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Agatha."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Despair."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Remember My Name."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
Through March 22: "Days of Heaven."
From March 23: "Murder by Decree."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave at 72nd. (288-9304)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through March 27 (tentative): "Autumn Sonata."
From March 28: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 27: "Same Time, Next Year."
From March 28: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Fast Break."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Hardcore." From March 30: "Buck Rogers."
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "The Warriors." From March 23: "Boulevard Nights."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Agatha."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "The Great Train Robbery."
Theatre 3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 4: Through March 22: "The Great Train Robbery." From March 23: "The Last Wave."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 22: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."
From March 23: "The Great Bank Hoax."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Promise."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Wifemistress."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Coming Home."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Remember My Name."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Agatha."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "California Suite." From March 23: "Fast Break."
Theatre 2: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 3: "Same Time, Next Year."
Theatre 4: "The Great Train Robbery."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Autumn Sonata."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 22: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "Who'll Stop the Rain."
March 23-29: "California Suite" and "Casey's Shadow."
From March 30 (tentative): "Bread and Chocolate" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Murder by Decree." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Midnight Express."

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Hardcore." (†) From March 23: "The Great Bank Hoax." (†)
Theatre 3: Through March 22: "The Great Train Robbery." (†) From March 23: "Hardcore." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 22: "The Passage."
March 23-29: To be announced.
From March 30: "Buck Rogers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Fast Break." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 22: "Bread and Chocolate." (†)
From March 23: "Boulevard Nights." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Warriors." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
March 22: "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff; and "The Last Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Marco Ferreri, with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti.
March 23-24: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "The Sword of Doom" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.
March 25-26: "Providence" (†) and "Stavisky." (†)
March 27: "The Tattooed Swordswoman" (1972), in Japanese, directed by Teyou Ishii; and "Street of Shame" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Machiko Kyo.
March 28: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman; and "I Confess." (†)
March 29: "Walk on the Wild Side" (1962), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Laurence Harvey, Capucine, and Jane Fonda; and "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.
March 30-31: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Fox." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 21: "Nju" (1924; "Husbands and Lovers"), a German silent film, directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner, Emil Jannings, and Conrad Veidt; and "The Human Beast" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Simone Simon, Jean Gabin, and Fernand Ledoux.
March 22: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood; and "The Promoter" (1952), directed by Ronald Neame, with Alec Guinness, Glynis Johns, Petula Clark, and Valerie Hobson.
March 23: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor.
March 24: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
March 25: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

March 26: "Suspicion" (†) and "Mississippi Mermaid." (†)
March 27: "Wedding in Blood" (1974), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli; and "Dirty Hands" (1976), directed by Claude Chabrol, with Rod Steiger and Romy Schneider.
March 28: "The Marrying Kind" (†); and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams.
March 29: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
March 30: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
March 31: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 22: "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976), in French, directed by Francis Giacobetti, with Sylvia Kristel.
March 23-24: "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck; and "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
March 25-26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada.
March 27: "The Tenant" (†) and "Knife in the Water." (†)
March 28-29: "Othello" (1966), a filmed theatrical production, with Laurence Olivier, Frank Finlay, and Maggie Smith; and "The Beggar's Opera" (1953), directed by Peter Brook, with Laurence Olivier, Stanley Holloway, and Dorothy Tutin.
March 30-31: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 21: "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers; and "Go West" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Howard Truesdale, and Kathleen Myers.
March 22: "Seven Chances" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton and Ruth Dwyer; and "Why Worry?" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.
March 23: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.
March 24: "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Joe Keaton.
March 25: "The Freshman" (1925), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Brooks Benedict; and "Chaplin Revue," three short silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).
March 26: "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and "Battling Butler" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Sally O'Neil, and Snitz Edwards.
March 27: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "College" (1927), a silent film, directed by James Horne, with Buster Keaton, Florence Turner, and Ann Cornwall.
March 28: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), a silent film, directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton, Marion Byron, and Tom Lewis; and "Girl Shy" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Daniels.
March 29: "The Navigator" (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Frederick Vroom; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford.
March 30: "Safety Last" and "Go West."
March 31: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Strong Man" (1926), a silent film, directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Gertrude Astor.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 24: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead.
March 25-26: "Sleuth" (1972), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine; and "Witness for the Prosecution" (1958), directed by Billy Wilder, with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor.
March 27-28: "The Conversation" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman; and "In Cold Blood." (†)
March 29-31: "Rebecca" (†); and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 22: "The Phenix City Story" (1955), directed by Phil Karlson, with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "Kansas City Confidential" (1952), directed by Phil Karlson, with John Payne, Coleen Gray, and Preston Foster.
March 23-24: "The Rainmaker" (1956), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Katharine Hepburn, Burt Lancaster, Wendell Corey, Cameron Prud'homme, Lloyd Bridges, and Earl Holliman; and "A Woman Rebels" (1936), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Van Heflin, and Donald Crisp.
March 25: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "Charade." (†)
March 26: "Funny Face" (1957), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Michel Auclair, and Kay Thompson; and "Two for the Road." (†)
March 27: "Rancho Deluxe" (†) and "The Last American Hero." (†)
March 28-29: "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, and Gladys George; and "The Man I Love." (†)
March 30-31: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Suspicion." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
March 21: "The Valley of Decision" (1945), directed by Tay Garnett, with Greer Garson, Gregory Peck, and Donald Crisp; and "Julia Misbehaves" (1948), directed by Jack Conway, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.
March 22: "Mandalay" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Warner Oland, and Lyle Talbot; and "British Agent" (1934), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Kay Francis, Les-

HOW WINE IS MADE

Lorenzo

1 In this first of a series on making wine, I want to explain how the Sebastianis became a wine-making family. I have to begin in the mid-1800's with my great-grandfather, Lorenzo, a peasant farmer near Lucca in the Tuscany region of northern Italy. He and my great-grandmother, Sabina, supported their family with a few chickens and a small vegetable garden. Their meals were simple but wine was always on the table.

Tuscany was rich with vineyards and wine was a part of just about everyone's life. Lorenzo never had the opportunity to learn the vintner's skills but it was not for lack of desire. His love of good wine and respect for those who made it was passed on to his son, Samuele, who, as a boy spent much of his time at a nearby monastery watching and helping the monks tend their vineyards and create their wines. Here he learned the techniques he would later bring to America and eventually pass along to his son, August.

Lorenzo and his love of good wine inspired the course our family has followed for three generations — passing from father to son a wealth of accumulated knowledge.

If you'd like to hear more from the wine country on a regular basis, please write for our free monthly newsletter.

Sam J. Sebastiani

Sebastiani
BARBERA

Sebastiani
VINEYARDS
EST. 1825
P.O. Box AA Sonoma CA 95476

H1

lie Howard, Irving Pichel, and J. Carroll Naish.

March *23-24*: "The Case of the Howling Dog" (1934) and "The Dragon Murder Case" (1934), both Philo Vance mysteries, with Warren William as the detective.

March *25-26*: "Conquest" (†) and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." (†)

March *27*: "Appointment for Love" (1941), directed by William A. Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan, Charles Boyer, Rita Johnson, and Eugene Pallette; and "The Moon's Our Home" (1936), directed by William A. Seiter, with Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, and Beulah Bondi.

March *28-29*: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (†) and "Shadow of the Thin Man." (†)

March 30-31: "Key Largo" (†) and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March *22* at *2*:30: "Nocturne" (1946), directed by Edwin Marin, with George Raft. . . . ¶ March *22* at 6: "The Capture" (1951), directed by John Sturges, with Lew Ayres, Teresa Wright, and Victor Jory. . . . ¶ March *22* at 8:30: "Underwater" (1955), directed by John Sturges, with Jane Russell, Richard Egan, and Gilbert Roland. . . . ¶ March *23* at *2*:30: "Deadline at Dawn" (1946), directed by Harold Clurman, with Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas, and Bill Williams. . . . ¶ March *23* at 6: "The Berliner" (1949), in German, directed by Robert H. Stemmie, with Gert Frobe; English subtitles and some English narration. . . . ¶ March *24* at noon: "Higher and Higher" (1943), directed by Tim Whelan, with Frank Sinatra, Michele Morgan, Jack Haley, and Leon Errol. . . . ¶ March *24* at *2*:30: "My Forbidden Past" (1951), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Ava Gardner, Robert Mitchum, and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ March *24* at 5: "Nocturne." . . . ¶ March *25* at noon: "Higher and Higher." . . . ¶ March *25* at *2*:30: "The Enchanted Cottage" (1945), directed by John Cromwell, with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall, and Mildred Natwick. . . . ¶ March *25* at 5: "A History of the Blue Movie" (1970), directed by Alex de Renzy; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ March *26* at noon: "The Forgotten Village" (1941), directed by Herbert Kline and Alexander Hammid. . . . ¶ March *26* at *2*:30: "The Whip Hand" (1951), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Burr. . . . ¶ March *26* at 6: A program of films by Thaddeus O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ March *27* at noon: "The Forgotten Village." . . . ¶ March *27* at *2*:30: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (*1946*), directed by William Wyler, with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, and Hoagy Carmichael. . . . ¶ March *27* at 6: "Youth Terror" (1978), directed by Helen Whitney for ABC-TV. . . . ¶ March *29* at *2*:30: "The Enchanted Cottage." . . . ¶ March *29* at 6: "The Whip Hand." . . . ¶ March 29 at 8:30: "Susan Slept Here" (1959), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ March 30 at *2*:30: "The Company She Keeps" (1950), directed by John Cromwell, with Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer, and Dennis O'Keefe. . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "The Best Years of Our Lives." . . . ¶ March 31 at noon: "The Spanish Main" (1945), directed by Frank Borzage, with Paul Henreid, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, and Binnie Barnes. . . . ¶ March 31 at *2*:30: "Night Song" (1947), directed by John Cromwell, with Dana Andrews, Merle Oberon, Ethel Barrymore, and Hoagy Carmichael. . . . ¶ March 31 at 5: "The Company She Keeps." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, video works made during the past two years are being shown in the first-floor lobby gallery through April 1. The programs change hourly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact video titles *and time schedules and ticket information.* . . . ¶ In the second-floor film-video exhibition space, through March *25*, "Last Chants for a Slow Dance (Dead End)" (1977), directed by Jon Jost, with Tom Blair. Showings at noon, *2*, and 4. . . . Starting March *27*, "The Hobbs Case" (1979), directed by Allen Coulter, with Guy Boyd and Ivy-Jo Naistadt; and "Splits" (1978), directed by Leandro Katz, with Kathy Gailes, Lynn Anander, and John Levin. Showings at noon, *1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6 and 7:30 on* Tuesday evening). Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-*2*994)—"Shadow of Doubt" (1975), in Dutch, directed by Rolf Orthel, English commentary and subtitles; and "Sighet, Sighet" (1964), directed by Harold Becker. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Four programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film program of operetta films, 1930-40. March *24* at 1 and March *27* at 6: "The Great Waltz" (1938), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Miliza Korjus, Luise Rainer, and Fernand Gravet. . . . ¶ March *24* at 3 and March *27* at 8: "One Hour with You" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, Genevieve Tobin, and Charlie Ruggles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 1: "The Three from the Gas Station" (1931), in German, directed by Wilhelm Thiele, with Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 3: "Gasparone" (1937), in German, directed by Georg Jacoby, with Johannes Heesters, Leo Slezak, and Marika Rökk; no English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. It doesn't have a story—it's from a musing. The talent of the director, Michael Apted, is for the tactile, the plangent, the indefinite; when the action dawdles, he lets the cinematographer, Vittorio Storaro, take over. The rooms look smoked, and everything is in soft movement; this is the rare movie that is too fluid. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. The script is credited to Kathleen Tynan and Arthur Hopcraft. (Reviewed in our issue of *2*/*2*6/79.) (Gemini 1, Greenwich, and Embassy 7*2*nd St.)

All Things Bright and Beautiful—With John Alderton and Colin Blakely, directed by Eric Till. (Guild; through March *22*.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distracted, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Art, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March *27*, tentative.)

The Bell Jar—Based on the Sylvia Plath novel, with Marilyn Hassett, directed by Larry Peerce. (Cinema I.)

Blondie of the Follies (1932)—An unjustly forgotten film—a backstage story with an F. Scott Fitzgerald feeling to it. (It was written by Frances Marion and Anita Loos.) Marion Davies and Billie Dove are a marvellously contrasting pair of Follies girls, and Robert Montgomery is the male lead. Edmund Goulding directed. (Little Theatre; March 30.)

Boulevard Nights—With Richard Yñiguez and Danny De La Paz, directed by Michael Pressman. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting March *23*.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. (In Italian, with subtitles, at the D. W. Griffith, through March *22*; and at the Olympia, starting March *30*, tentative. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the R.K.O. Cinerama *2*; through March *22*.)

Buck Rogers—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting March 30.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Loews 83rd Quad; through March *22*. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; March *23-29*.)

Casey's Shadow (1978)—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Olympia; March *23-29*.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Thalia; March *25*.)

The China Syndrome—With Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; directed by James Bridges. (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (*2*/*2*0/78) (Paramount, and Embassy.)

Conquest (1937)—Charles Boyer as Napoleon, and Garbo as Countess Marie Walewska of Poland. They had an illegitimate son. The censors of the time caused a two-year wrangle that resulted in four versions of the film; the moral Cerberuses wanted a final meeting of the parents and child that would represent "a forceful illustration of the tragedy of having been born out of wedlock." Pretty high on the Garbo list. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March *25-26*.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. (9/18/78) (Loews New York 2; through March *22*.)

Dear Inspector—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through March *22*.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's autobiographical novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career as the Nabokov figure. (3/19/79) (Gemini 2.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 23.)

The Floradora Girl (1930)—Marion Davies as a member of a "Floradora" sextette in what used to be called the Gay Nineties. She falls in love with a millionaire (Lawrence Gray) and sticks by him when he loses his fortune. A lavish production, with a large cast including Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, Claude Allister, and Anita Louise when she was a beautiful child. Harry Beaumont directed; the story is by Gene Markey; the gowns are by Adrian. (Little Theatre; March 31.)

The Fox (1968)—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a marauding fox (Keir Dullea, with his voice lowered). If you haven't read the D.H. Lawrence novella, you might think that this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 30-31.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Going Hollywood (1933)—Marion Davies, past her good years, is so heavily made up in this M-G-M musical that she looks like a wax effigy of herself. Bing Crosby plays opposite her and sings the memorable "Temptation" to the tantalizingly naughty Fifi D'Orsay. There are some other good songs by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, and the cast includes young, trim Patsy Kelly, as well as Ned Sparks and Stuart Erwin. Raoul Walsh directed, from a screenplay by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Little Theatre; March 27.)

The Great Bank Hoax—With Richard Basehart, Ned Beatty, Charlene Dallas, Burgess Meredith, Michael Murphy, and Paul Sand; directed by Joseph Jacoby. (Trans-Lux East, Guild, and Embassy; starting March 23.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through March 22.)

Hair—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Ziegfeld.)

Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through March 22. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 29.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Bay Cinema, and Forum.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift) caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 28.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Regency; March 27-28.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia; through March 22.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overacting. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30-31.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Cinema Village; March 27.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on back roads at night, and who, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (Thalia; March 27.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Quad Cinema; starting March 23.)

The Man I Love (1947)—Of its kind, not bad at all. Warner Brothers, combining two genres in the hope of snaring a double audience, put together several of these musical melodramas, and this one, directed by Raoul Walsh, is one of the smoothest. Ida Lupino starred, with Bruce Bennett as a jazz musician (one of his few good roles), Robert Alda, and Andrea King. The score includes a whole raft of classics—"The Man I Love," of course, and "Body and Soul," "Bill," "Liza," "Why Was I Born?," "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight." (Thalia; March 28-29.)

The Marrying Kind (1952)—In the early fifties, Hollywood wasn't making very many movies about the troubled lives of average couples,

and so some people took this uneven, serious sit-com, directed by George Cukor from a script by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, to be highly commendable. As the couple whose marriage is breaking up, Judy Holliday (of the friendly brass lungs) and Aldo Ray (with his lightweight cracked-gravel croak) have a surprising salt-and-pepper rapport. But there's nothing to this movie except the expertly contrived misunderstandings of simple "little people." It's warm; at times it's likable. But does anybody believe a minute of it? With Madge Kennedy as a judge, and Peggy Cass and Phyllis Povah. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 28.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. This Holmes also patronizes the common man, in the form of Dr. Watson, with whom he lives in an "odd couple" relationship that is the film's best comic resource. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle—luckily, reddish foliage hides most of his bland face. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 22. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; starting March 23.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (34th St. East, Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1.)

Old Boyfriends—With Talia Shire, Richard Jordan, John Belushi, and Keith Carradine; directed by Joan Tewkesbury. (Sutton; starting March 22.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (St. Marks Cinema; March 23-29.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

The Patsy (1928)—A silent film, with Marion Davies, directed by King Vidor. (Little Theatre; March 29.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25-26.)

Rancho Deluxe (1975)—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. These two pranksters rustle cattle because the facetious machismo of it appeals to them; they do it "to keep from falling asleep." Their sly asides are too kicky, too pleased; the self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. McGuane sets up some funny situations, but the film's deadpan distancing makes everything seem anticlimactic. Things brighten up whenever Harry Dean Stanton or Richard Bright or Slim Pickens is on the screen. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (Thalia; March 27.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. (Regency; March 29-31.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, and Cinema Studio 1.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through March 27.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-29.)

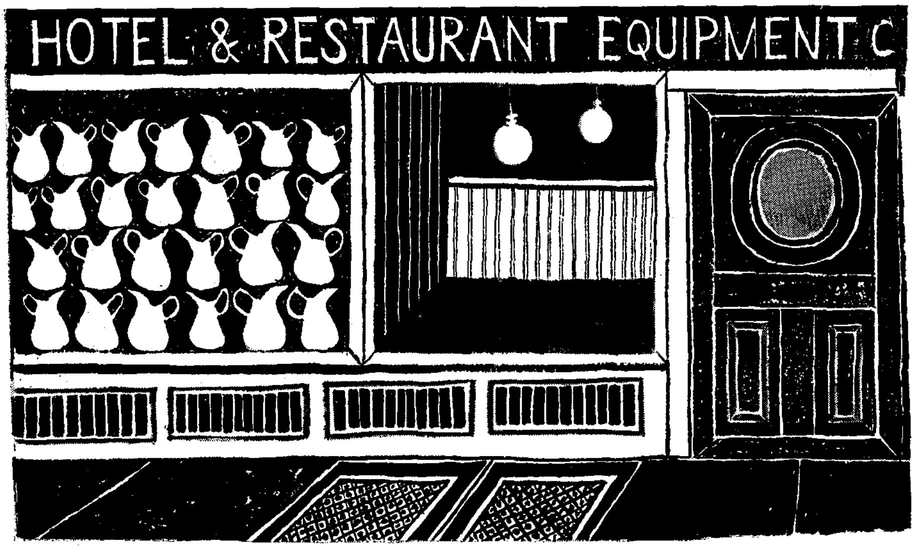
Show People (1928)—A silent film, with Marion Davies, directed by King Vidor. (Little Theatre; March 28.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25-26.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. They were both at M-G-M, but Gable's rough, right-out-there physical appeal didn't quite fit Garbo's picture—it didn't allow for the spirituality that was a key element in the passion that she awakened in her other screen lovers. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford pictures. Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry. But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Their love scenes in the cabin redeem a lot of bad writing and bad acting. The novel by David Graham Phillips was adapted by Wanda Tuchock, with dialogue provided by Zelda Sears and Edith Fitzgerald. (Yes, those are their names.) With Ian Keith, Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, Cecil Cunningham, Theodore von Eltz, and Russell Simpson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25-26.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock cast Cary Grant as a wife-killer; the studio insisted that the ending be changed. The result is a very unsatisfactory movie about a wife (Joan Fontaine) who is preposterously suspicious of her innocent husband. And since the movie is told from her point of view, it seems rather a cheat that we're being alerted to false clues. Not top-grade Hitchcock. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 26. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 30-31.)



The Tenant (1976)—Directed by Roman Polanski, written by Gérard Brach and Polanski, with Polanski himself as the hero. His name is Trelkovsky, a small-boned, easily wounded Pole who lives in Paris. One feels that he has only a lease on his own identity: it seems no longer his property. We see it being made available to the artistry of drag; even his gender seems a matter of rental. This film is no piece of whimsy and shock; it is a serious, exact film about the ache of exile, photographed by Sven Nykvist, most famous as Bergman's cameraman, who gives the film the look of something by Dostoevski. "The Tenant" is a poetic nightmare about punishment imposed on an unguilty man who merely entertains great fear of guilt. (Cinema Village; March 27.)

Tent of Miracles—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. In Portuguese. (Little Theatre; through March 25.)

The Thin Man Goes Home (1945)—This came late in the series but it's still fairly cheerful. It features William Powell, Myrna Loy, Asta, and Anne Revere, who, carrying a rifle and wearing a felt hat that looks as if it might have been discarded by a janitor, makes a fascinating lunatic. Directed by Richard Thorpe; Robert Riskin and Dwight Taylor did the writing; Karl Freund did the cinematography. With Helen Vinson, Gloria DeHaven, Lucile Watson, and Harry Davenport. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 28-29.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization; Robert Blake as the Mexican boy; and the director himself as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. One should be prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 30-31.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Thalia; March 26.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 22.)

Voices—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet.)

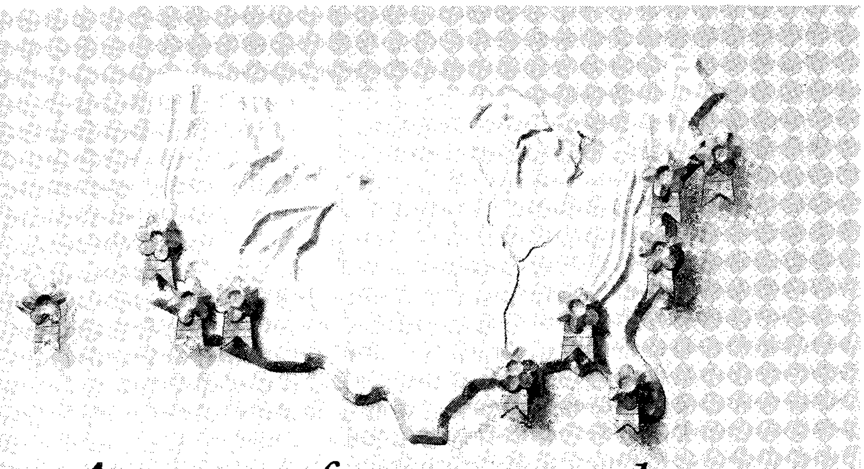
The Warriors—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 22.)

Who'll Stop the Rain—An interesting film by Karel Reisz—the Czech-born director of "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "The Loves of Isadora"—made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Olympia; through March 22.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

CAZZANIGA
705 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK 21 · (212) 755·8986
Medusa pendant 18k gold $3,600, with diamonds $5,900.



America's foremost travel writer picks 10 favorite American hotels.

Horace Sutton lives in hotels for a living. Which makes him harder to please than the average traveler. So we're especially proud to be included in his list of personal favorites: "Hotels that for reasons of decor, management, service, cuisine, and special appointments have given me extra pleasure."* If you'd like a copy of Mr. Sutton's comments about us and his 9 other favorites, just drop us a note. We'll enclose our handsome brochure as well and, if you specify an interest in our highly unusual weekend packages, we'll send along a copy of our Big Apple Weekend Catalog. Because we'd like to make your list of personal favorites, too.

UNITED NATIONS PLAZA HOTEL
One UN Plaza (44th Between 1st & 2nd Aves.) New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) 355-3400
A UNDC project managed by Hyatt International Corporation.
(800) 228-9000 gets you Hyatt world-wide and toll-free.

*Courtesy Field Newspaper Syndication.

estée lauder
swiss performing extract
a super-rich nourishing lotion

© 1978 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Jewelry: Richard Charles Glassen

Now: Estée Lauder and today's technology bring you Swiss Performing Extract. Its amazing capabilities can help your skin look better from now on.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

Fact: Science tells us this natural substance has outstanding capabilities. It sinks right down into the skin's surface to help promote resilience, good tone and to maintain optimum moisture balance.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract performs 24-hours a day. Use it under moisturizer or under makeup, and before bedtime. Specifically, dryness lines will become less noticeable instantly and you will be on your way to better looking skin. Estée Lauder skin.

Swiss Performing Extract. Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

Estée Lauder

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND from Europe who settled in America a few years ago writes:

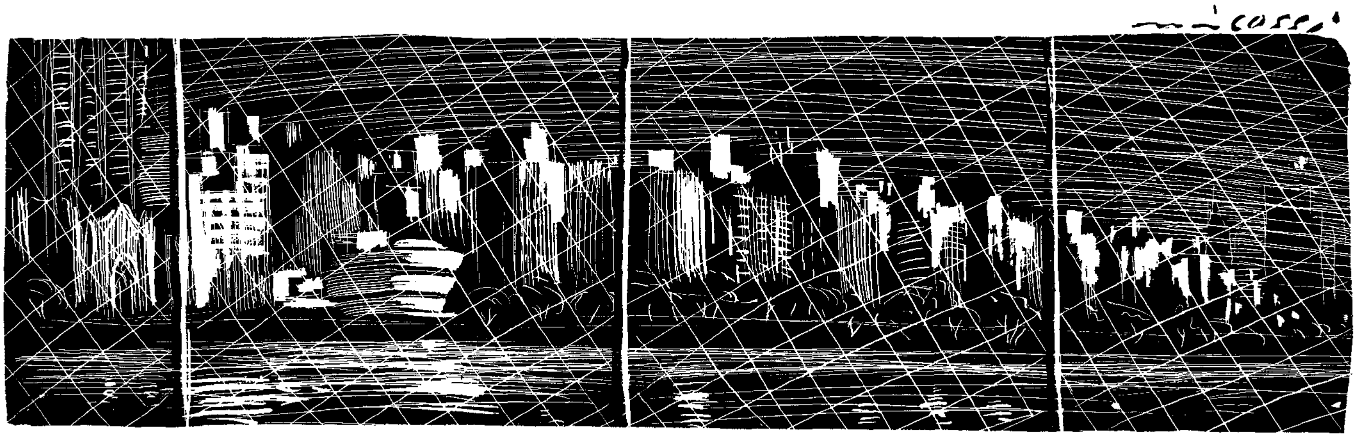
Coming here was somehow reminiscent of growing up. America, the country of Westerns, with their sharp divisions into bad guys and good guys, suddenly became more complex. As happens to anyone who has attained adulthood, my vision blurred and things came forward in their many aspects. Often, these aspects seemed disconnected. When the Vietnam War was drawing to an end, I heard people speaking about foreign policy and other people speaking about internal policy, as if there were no connection between the two. In fact, foreign-policy people almost never spoke about internal affairs, and internal-affairs people rarely ventured into the foreign field. They specialized. Everybody specialized. As far as I could see, America was a country of experts. I was reminded of that not long ago when I saw a full-page advertisement in the *Times Book Review* for "The Warsaw Diary of Adam Czerniakow," a book drawn from eight notebooks filled by the chairman of the Warsaw Jewish Council with records of the Warsaw ghetto's everyday life and death during the Second World War. The ad contained an endorsement: " 'This book reveals the horror in a new perspective, a horror that surpasses all imagination and at which this diary cries out in particular pain through having to be recorded in a factual manner.'—Albert Speer." Albert Speer, Hitler's Minister of Armaments and War Production, writing a come-on for Czerniakow! In what capacity? As a fellow-memorialist? As a chivalrous enemy during the bygone war? As the manager of Hitler's war economy, and thus the man best qualified to recognize the value of Jewish slave labor? Rather, to judge by his statement, as a Second World War veteran capable of appreciating the other side's position, the *new* perspective. No more victims, no more guilt, the war dissolved by American advertising into separate aspects, each one in search of an expert. And I wondered: Is there in the *univers concentrationnaire* any perspective other than the victim's? Any other view? Any other truth?

• •

On the Thames

ANOTHER friend, who lives in London, near the River Thames, writes:

One cheerful piece of news from here is that this city has not been flooded during the last few months of fierce winter weather. Roughly forty-five square miles of London are threatened by flood, and the chances of a considerable part of this area going underwater before December, 1982, are reckoned at one in fifty. If the city reaches that date unscathed, the Greater London Council believes, it will have the problem licked—at least for the next hundred years. I went down the river the other morning with a boatload of interested people, including Mr. Horace Cutler, the Leader of the G.L.C., and Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, to see how work was progressing on the world's largest movable flood barrier, which is being built across the Thames at Woolwich, at a cost of over three hundred million pounds. It was a gray, misty morning; our craft was a riverboat named Queen Elizabeth; and we left from the pier by Westminster Bridge, which spans the river between the Houses of Parliament, where Mrs. Thatcher and her Shadow Cabinet sit on the Opposition Front Benches, and County Hall, on the south bank, where Mr. Cutler presides. As we went downstream with a fast-running ebb tide, under Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, London, and Tower Bridges, following the river's serpentine course past Somerset



House, the Tower of London, and the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, and with a view of St. Paul's, old wharves and warehouses, and ships such as the Second World War cruiser H.M.S. Belfast and the nineteenth-century clipper Cutty Sark, the Thames was its usual benign and picturesquely shabby self. But Mr. Cutler (who sports a dark, slightly graying Vandyke beard and a habitual bow tie) assured us that this mild-looking river had the ability to channel into the city a menacing flood. "It could cause the greatest natural disaster this country has ever experienced," he said. "A catastrophe for the capital on the scale of the Great Fire of London, in 1666. Nearly a million people who live in the low-lying areas of London would be at risk. The Underground would be flooded, and could well be paralyzed for six months. Bridges and tunnels would be put out of action. Many telephone exchanges would go underwater, as would hospitals, sewage works, and fire and ambulance stations. The Houses of Parliament and New Scotland Yard could be three feet deep in water for a day. In many places, machinery and documents would be destroyed or damaged. The direct cost of a major flood in London might be three billion pounds, and as for the indirect cost—well, it would take months to get the city back to normal. I am not being alarmist. Our river engineers believe it is a matter not of *if* there is a flood but of *when*."

The basis for this belief was given by another passenger—Mr. Ray Horner, Chief Rivers Engineer of the G.L.C. Mr. Horner, who is a gray-mustached and energetic sixty-two, said that Britain is still settling as a result of the last ice age. This action is causing it to tilt, with the northwest rising and the southeast sinking—about a foot per century, according to measurements taken at Southend-on-Sea, Essex, not far from London. London itself is sinking faster, because of its weight on its bed of clay. There is also a natural increase in tide level, which is due largely to the melting of the polar ice caps—an increase of two and a half feet a century, or, as Mr. Horner put it, "roughly the thickness of my little finger every year." And added to, and overtopping, these factors is the chance of a tidal surge, about eight feet higher than a normal high tide, such as was reached in 1896 by a trough of low atmospheric pressure moving round the north of Scotland and down the North Sea. "Such a depression lifts the seawater in a sort of hump," said Mr. Horner. "As this hump comes into the shallow southern reaches of the North Sea, it is funnelled into the Thames Estuary. And if a northerly gale is blowing at the same time, a tremendous mass of water will come surging up the Thames to London. A final helping push will be given to it by the rotation of the earth."

London has been barely keeping up with the flood threat for some centuries. When the river overflowed in 1236, it was reported that "in the great Palace of Westminster men did row with wherries in the midst of the hall." Pepys wrote in his diary for December 7, 1663, that "there was the last night the greatest Tide that ever was remembered in England to have been in this River—all White-hall having been drowned." In 1953, three hundred people died in floods of the east coast and the Thames Estuary, which fortunately stopped short of central London. In the last few months, there have been both northerly gales and exceptionally high tides (the one on New Year's Eve came within a few inches of the top of the river walls), but, by good luck, wind and high tide haven't coincided. The rising waters have until now been kept out by a continual raising of the riverbanks. They were last raised in 1971-72, by eighteen inches. But to go on raising the banks (which would need to be built up six or seven feet to give London long-term protection) would mean creating embankments so high as to make access difficult and block views of the river for Londoners and London's visitors. So in 1972 Parliament approved the G.L.C.'s plan for the flood barrier at Woolwich, eight miles east of Westminster toward the river mouth, at a point where shipping had a clear approach from both directions. Downstream, the banks of the river and the estuary will continue to be raised.

A watery sun was peering through the mist as our riverboat docked alongside part of the barrier works—a maneuver that was carried out cautiously, because of the strong ebb and current sluicing between barges, pilings, and unfinished sections of barrier that occupy a good deal of the five-hundred-and-seventy-yard-wide channel. With the rest of the party, I accompanied Mr. Cutler and Mrs. Thatcher onto one of nine reinforced-concrete shafts that are being constructed in the river. Mrs. Thatcher was wearing a blue coat over a blue blazer and a blue-and-yellow checked skirt, and had a shocking-pink cravat under her blouse collar; she donned, as each of us did, a plastic hard hat, though hers was cocked

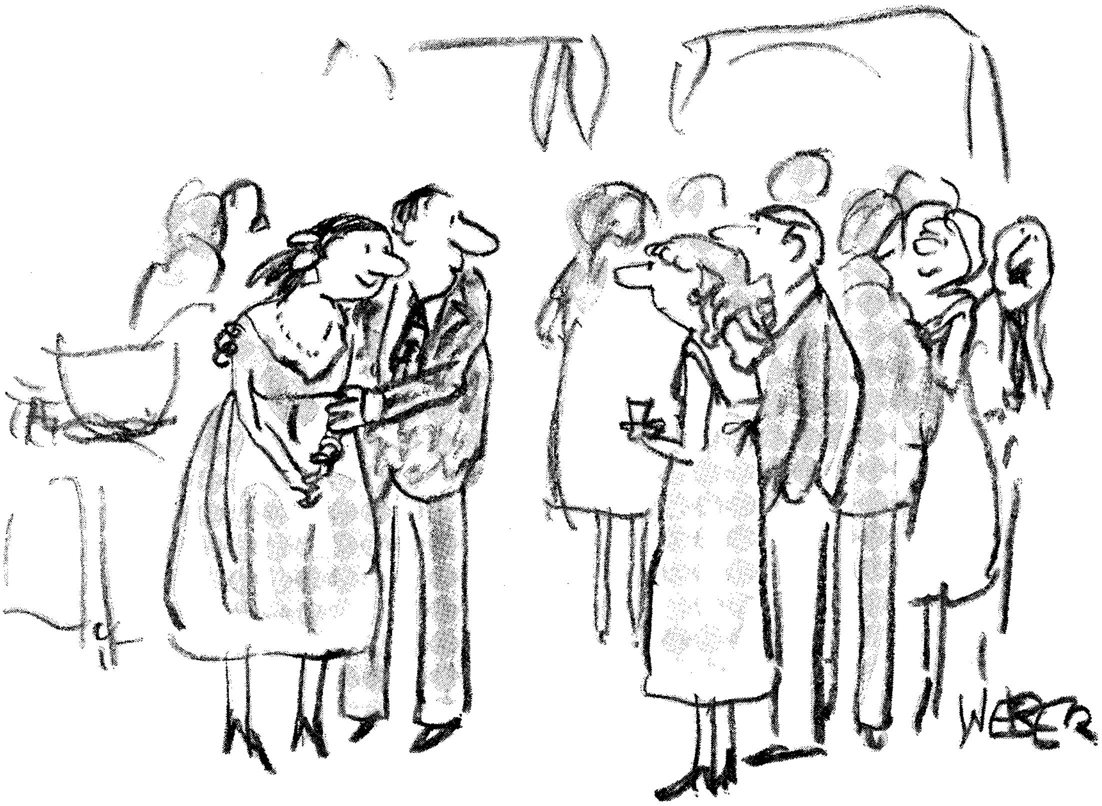
TWO BLOCKS
WEST OF
BLOOMIE'S
LORENZ

at a more rakish angle than most. She then set a lively pace across the construction works, climbing up and down ladders, stepping over scaffolding, balks of timber, and piles of sandbags and steel rods, rarely letting a smile leave her face, asking technical questions of the engineers ("How do you fix it to the bottom so that it doesn't move?") and homelier questions of the workmen ("Where do you live?" "What do you do?" "Do you like doing it?"), and exchanging points of view with several union representatives, who are at present trying to negotiate a thousand-pound-per-man bonus for completing work on the barrier by a specified date. The noise of compressors and auxiliary engines was considerable. The river air was freezing. A large container ship passed through a three-hundred-foot channel that had been left for shipping; it was one of five thousand seagoing ships that sail through Woolwich Reach every year. A diver surfaced inside a steel cofferdam within which one of the concrete shafts was being built, and climbed up to our level, water running off his yellow diving suit.

I found Mr. Horner filming Mrs. Thatcher's progress with his home-movie camera, and when he had finished taking some footage of her descending deep into the shaft where the barrier-gate machinery will be installed, I asked him to explain the mechanism to me. There will be ten openings in the barrier, through six of which shipping can pass, he said, each of the four main openings being two hundred feet wide. The gates in these openings between the shafts will be housed in giant precast concrete sills and will lie level with the riverbed until they are needed; they are on a pivot that can rotate them hydraulically into a vertical position, five stories high, to stem the surging flood waters—a procedure that will take thirty minutes for all nine gates. "So far, we've been hit by only one ship—a Greek freighter, which seemed to be trying to come through sidewise," said Mr. Horner. "But we've had our other problems. This winter's weather hasn't been much help. The cost of the project keeps going up, and inflation hasn't aided our relations with the engineering firms that are building the barrier—a joint venture of the British companies Costain and Tarmac and the Dutch firm Hollandse Beton Maatschappij. We've just renegotiated a contract with them, so that they can make a profit and keep their bank overdrafts within reason. The G.L.C. has to pay twenty-five per cent of the barrier's cost, and the government finds the rest. Two hundred and fifty million pounds more is being spent on riverbank protection downstream. There have been three strikes and a number of go-slows, and, though we had hoped to have the barrier finished by mid-'79, it will be the end of 1982, at the earliest, before it is operational. Despite all the great machinery and modern engineering expertise, there are still a lot of jobs on this sort of project that have to be done in an old-fashioned painstaking way. After blasting, drilling, and pumping away rock, mud, and silt under the riverbed until you reach a solid foundation of chalk, there's only one way to make sure the surface is clean enough for concrete to bind to when it's poured, and that is by hand, underwater, by divers, who feel it square metre by square metre. And now we're working night and day to get it all finished. While that's happening, we're trying to convey to the people of London how real the flood threat is, what flood-alarm sirens sound like, which radio stations to listen to for warnings, and what precautions they can take."

When Mrs. Thatcher reappeared on the access jetty, her cheeks looked a little blue from the cold, but she was still smiling. She said, "It's a very cold job, and it's interesting to find all these chaps working so cheerfully. Of course, I had heard about the barrier, but it is always best to see this sort of thing for yourself."

Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. Cutler then went off to a nearby football pitch, where a helicopter was going to take them up to see the flood-threatened parts of London from the air.



"This is my wife. She takes vitamins and washes with soap. Isn't she great?"

• •

Two Dinners

HEREWITH a report on the Seventh Annual Fiorello H. LaGuardia Award Dinner Dance, which was held the other evening in the Grand Ballroom of the Hilton in honor of Victor Gotbaum, who is the executive director of District Council 37, the largest union of municipal employees in the country:

Some five hundred people gathered in the ballroom's foyer for cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Most of the men wore blue suits and white shirts, and most of the women wore subdued colors and medium-high heels. It was a very political sort of crowd. ("Everyone here is *running* for something,” one bemused-looking woman said.) Mr. Gotbaum arrived early, and we fell into conversation with him. He is a tall, sturdily built man with graying black hair and craggy features, and we asked him whether he was looking forward to receiving the LaGuardia Award, which is given each year by the New School's Center for New York City Affairs. (Past recipients of the award—it is intended to honor citizens who best exemplify the spirit of the late Mayor LaGuardia—have included Ada Louise Huxtable, Felix Rohatyn, and Pete Seeger.) Mr. Gotbaum smiled amiably and said, “Better not ask. Let's just say I'm ambivalent. I'm honored, of course, but these things are really ridiculous. Oh, there's John Lindsay over there. Poor John has to attend things like this all the time.”

Former Mayor John V. Lindsay brushed past us a few minutes later, saying, “I wish I could stay for dinner, but I can't. I've got to go to Phoenix House.”

More people arrived. The conversation rose in volume. Before long, the overhead lights blinked on and off, signalling people to move into the ballroom. Mayor Koch arrived, and we spoke to him at his table. A few years ago, when he was still in Congress, we had spent an enjoyable day with him, and now he reminisced about that day, recalling that he had had a good time. “I'm still having a good time,” he added.

A man rushed up to the Mayor and, reminding him of a well-known LaGuardia episode, asked him if he intended to read the comics aloud that night.

The Mayor's eyebrows rose. “I am *not* going to read the comics,” he said. “People ask me that every day.”

The crowd took seats at round tables in the ballroom, under the enormous crystal chandeliers. On a blue-and-red bandstand, a twelve-man band played tunes from various epochs (“Night and Day,” “Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home,” and “Y.M.C.A.,” among others). Dinner featured filet mignon, California Burgundy, and ice-cream cake.

Speeches began. William M. Ellinghaus, the president of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, delivered greetings. Henry Cohen, the dean of the Center for New York City Affairs, delivered more greetings. Governor Carey delivered some remarks, saying, of an earlier dinner he had attended, “I was sharing the podium tonight with our Acting President. President Carter, of course, is on his way to Cairo, on his mission of peace, and the Acting President of our country, Fritz Mondale, next door, was visiting the Social Democrats.” (The inaccurate term “Acting President” was used several times that evening, in jest.) There were several toasts, and then Dr. John R. Everett, the president of the New School, presented the award—a bronze statuette—to Mr. Gotbaum, who, in accepting it, said that he was embarrassed. People laughed.

Then a rumor ran through the crowd that Vice-President Mondale had arrived. We ascertained that the rumor was correct, and we found the Vice-President in the foyer. He was wearing a dark-blue suit, and he looked imposing and very fit. We spoke with him, and learned that he had just come from the Sheraton Centre Hotel—formerly the Americana—where he had attended a dinner given by the Social Democrats, U.S.A., in honor of Sol Chaikin, the president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Mr. Mondale explained that he had flown to New York that evening and intended to fly back to Washington that night. Then he entered the ballroom and ascended the bandstand. People applauded. Mr. Mondale said, “Here I am in my new role as the Acting President of the United States. Mr. Mayor, I have been in this new capacity now for about four hours, and during that period there have been no increases in taxes, no one has gone to war, and no public-spending increases at all. I'm proud of that record.” People laughed, and Mr. Mondale continued, “I'm delighted to join with you in honoring Vic, and through him, really, the labor movement—the free labor movement in this city and this country.”

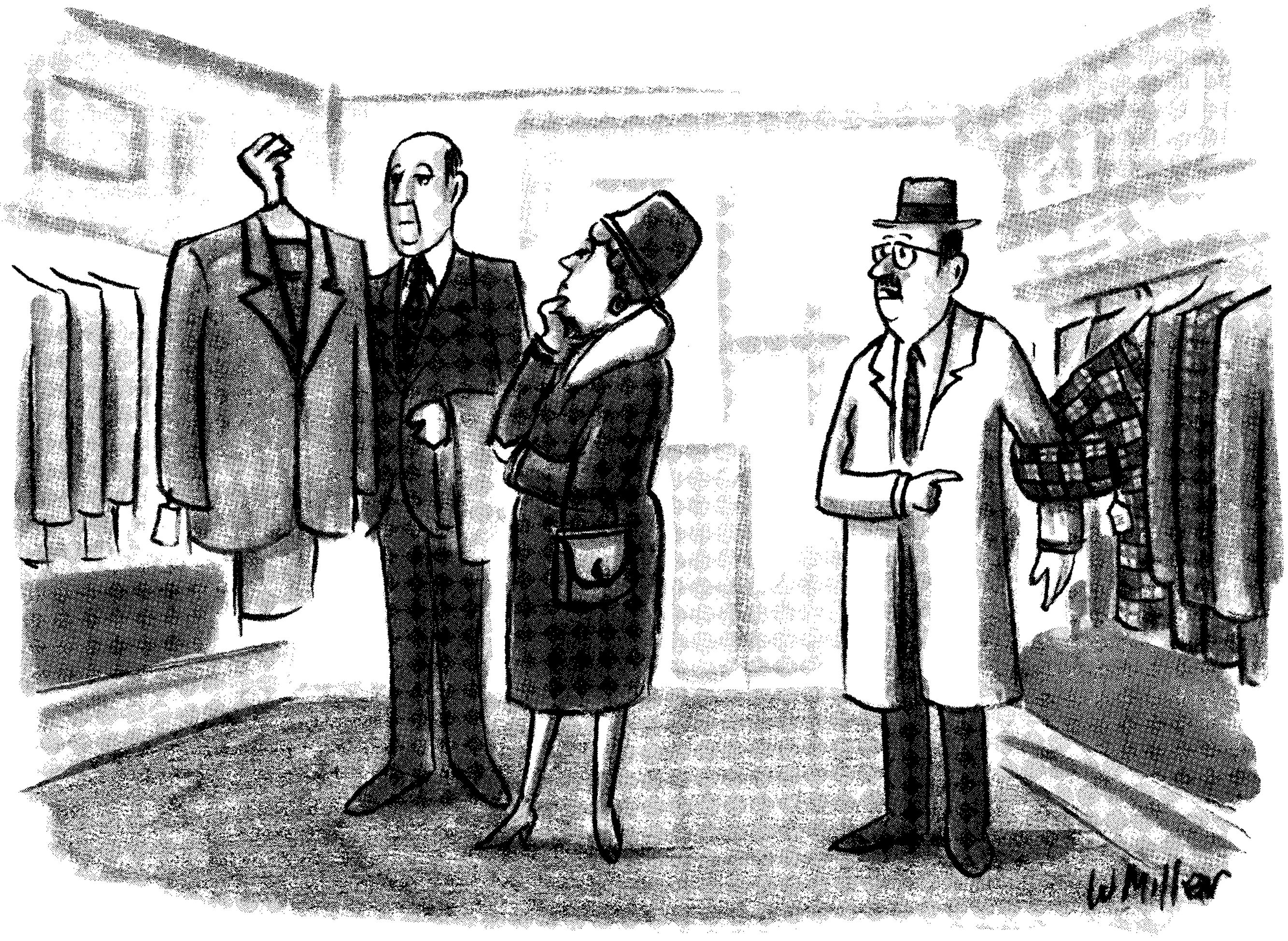
When Mr. Mondale had finished speaking, Mr. Ellinghaus brought the proceedings to a close. Then the band played “The Minnesota Rouser,” in honor of Mr. Mondale, and followed it with some very old, very bouncy songs. People danced.

•

MOST of the time, the Knights of the Grip stick to the road. The Knights of the Grip sell wholesale. They sell to the big supermarket chains—Pathmark, Foodarama, Waldbaum's, A. & P., King Kullen, Grand Union, Foodtown, D'Agostino's. The Knights call on chain headquarters. If you happen to be in retail, you cannot belong to the Knights of the Grip. Sorry, but you have to be in wholesale. About once a month, the New York chapter of the Knights of the Grip meets for dinner. The Knights used to make it a habit to meet at the Terrace on the Park, in Flushing Meadow, but tonight they're at the New Hyde Park Inn, in New Hyde Park, out on the Island. Usually, the Knights dispense with business at their dinners. Tonight is Past Presidents Night. Other big nights are Buyers Night and Middle-Management Night; there's also the big Christmas dinner-dance, not to mention the summer golf outing.

“I used to be all over the map. North of Trenton to Stamford, Delaware to Springfield, Mass. Hey, you have to have movement figures for that slot. Why do you think distributors are getting bigger and bigger? Hey, it's very costly, but what can I tell you? You've gotta go the way you feel you gotta go. Right?”

Tonight is strictly social. One hundred per cent social. The New York chapter of the Knights has three hundred members. About seventy-five of them have shown up. To bring in a bigger crowd, there's going to be a door-prize drawing later in the evening—a trip for two to the Bahamas. Howard Ackerman is here from *Modern Grocer*. Howard hits a lot of these affairs. He goes to the Eastern Dairy/Deli Association dinners, the Eastern Frosted Foods Association winter marketing conference, the Grocery Manufacturers' Representatives business meetings, and the Catholic Institute of the Food Industry dinner-dance. How-



“But this one wants me.”

• •

ard looks great. He was in Mexico. Went down there for a few days in the sun. Really looks great. He comes to these things because it’s nice to be seen. You shake a few hands.

“You want to know why the service is so slow? They got three affairs in the place tonight and one kitchen. What can I tell you? You know what I’m talking.”

Joseph Tricarico is here, of course. Joe’s the newly installed president of the New York Knights of the Grip. He’s with the Safeguard Chemical Corporation, up in the Bronx. They manufacture Black Jack insecticides, which Joe promotes when he calls on chain headquarters. Joe does not know it, but he is going to win the drawing for the trip to the Bahamas. It’s a nice thing, too, because Joe is obviously a great guy. In fact, just looking around the room, you can’t help noticing that every single Knight of the Grip is a great guy. There they are now at the hors-d’oeuvres table.

“Hope I got as much on my plate as I got on my sleeve.”

Ed Nachmann is very active with the Knights. He’s been a member since 1959. In 1968, he was president of the organization, and now he’s secretary. He works for Julian Freirich Food Products, purveyors of smoked-meat products. On his birthday, a few days ago, Ed himself quit smoking. He never really smoked that much anyway—maybe a few cigarettes a day, plus a few more when he played cards. For now, he’s carrying around and sucking on an unlit cigarette, just for a couple of days. He’s entitled to a little crutch.

“I would really like to say that this is the highlight of all our meetings for this year. Now, now wait a minute, fellows—I mean this sincerely. Tonight is the night that we honor those past leaders, dead and alive, who have built up our organization to what it is today. No, but seriously. Now, come on, let’s have some order.”

Some honored past presidents of the Knights of the Grip: Wesley Morrow, in 1937, now retired; Henry Jahn, in 1940, a real old-timer, one of the miracle men, and he still likes girls; Benny Kahan, 1944, the Olive King, now down in Florida, still playing a lot of golf; Herbie Effron, 1953, who’s dropped out of the organization, and whom the organization has lost track of; Charlie Rock, 1955, who hasn’t been heard of much, either; Ira Shapiro, 1957, the Silver Fox; Charlie Hoffman, 1959, a loyal Knight and the organization’s esteemed historian; Irving Stein, 1962, just retired to Palm Springs, and a great golfer; Steve Cosentino, 1965 (glad to see him looking so well); Chris Woessner, 1966, who used to be a vocalist with Vincent Lopez and Frankie Carle, and sings “I Left My Heart in San Francisco” better than Tony Bennett; Armando Sargenti, 1969, who pays his dues but hasn’t been heard from lately; Good-Looking Neil Esposito, 1971; and Joe Anniello, 1974, one of the great ones of the modern-day presidents, whose wife, Joan, is a great gal.

“Gentlemen, may I have your attention? Gentlemen, I want to show you where our hearts really are. There’s one of our members who’s celebrating his thirtieth wedding anniversary tonight, and where do you think he is? He’s right here at the head table. Sid Stein! Take a bow, Sid.”

THE IRIDESCENCE OF MRS. PULSIFER

Iridescence as a way of life had been urged upon me by Mrs. Pulsifer from the first of our acquaintance. Personally to shimmer, that was everything. And the gift of vibration involved, most cardinally, the knack of sharing magic moments with others. In pursuit of that principle she was always telephoning me to report that the evening star was poised on a horn of the moon—a sight not to be missed—or to invite me to drop over and watch some about-to-be-born phoebes peck their way out of their shells on a ledge outside her window.

Occasions whose chief beauty was their aching ephemerality counted high in a life brimming with lyrical content, and were the special gold of friendship. I had scarcely met her, as a neighbor, when she was quoting Walter Pater at me in this regard: " 'Not to discriminate every moment some passionate attitude in those about us, and in the brilliancy of their gifts some tragic dividing of forces on their ways, is, on this short day of frost and sun, to sleep before evening.' I see you as one who means not to sleep before evening. True or false?"

"True."

That was why I was not surprised, one literal summer evening, to answer the phone and hear Mrs. Pulsifer announce in her breathless contralto that the night-blooming cereus someone had recently given her was about to open. "This single gorgeous blossom shows all the signs of being ready to put on its seasonal show. You can *feel* its tension. If you've never seen a cereus open, you haven't lived. It's dusk already, so you'd best hurry."

I hesitated guiltily. I had had my heart set on stretching out in front of the television set with a pail of Poppycock in my lap to watch an I.B.M. rerun of "The African Queen" with one commercial interruption. My wife was spending the night with a woman friend living in New York, where they were to attend a production in an Off Off Broadway theatre to which entrance was gained by lowering oneself down a manhole in Bleecker Street, or some such. There, in subsurface quarters, an all-white cast was performing "Macbeth."

"Could I pop in tomorrow and see it?" I cast a wistful eye at the paper tub of candied popcorn standing in readiness on a nearby table. "Tonight is kind of jammed up—"

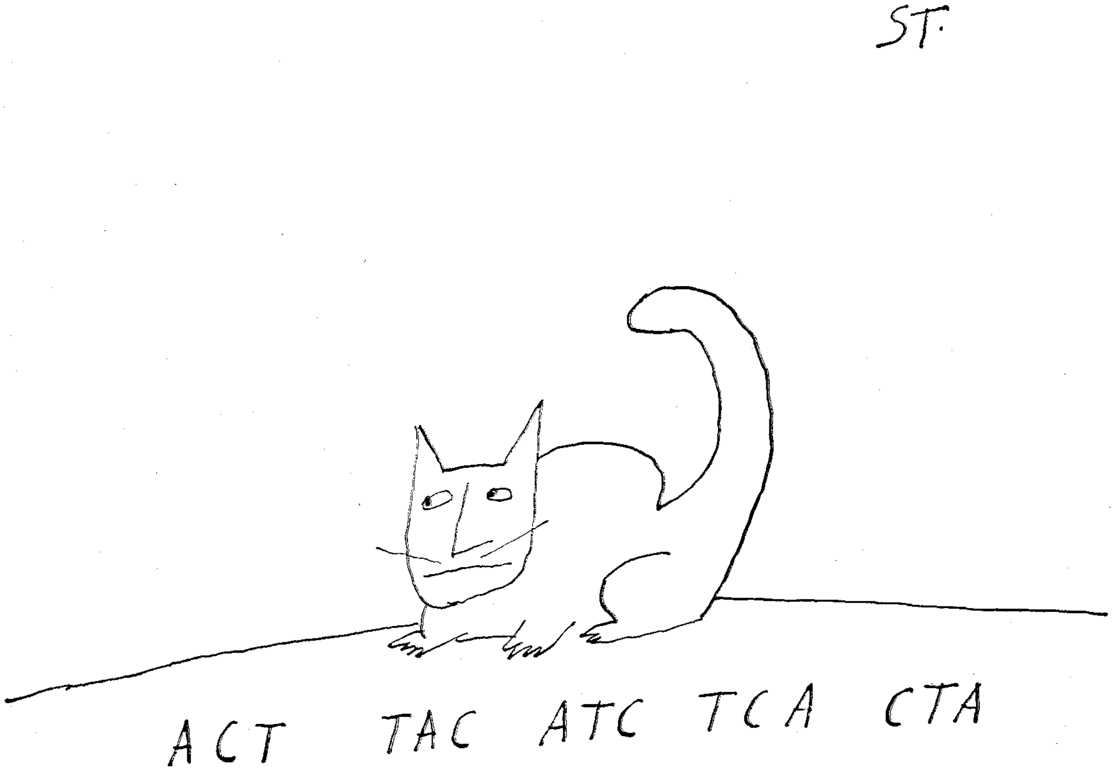
"Oh, tomorrow it will be a rag. It will be a rag before morning, because no sooner has it blazed forth in all its glory than it collapses. That's what's so heartbreakingly beautiful about it. The piercing brevity of its moment. To let it blush unseen would be blasphemy."

With a sigh of regret for Hepburn and Bogart, I locked the house and trotted the quarter mile up the road to the snug little saltbox where Mrs. Pulsifer lived alone, on alimony apparently willingly enough forked over by an ex-husband who'd had it with opalescence. There she remained, "surrounded by my beloved books and records," except that there were enough blanks in her knowledge of both literature and music to make conversation with her an adventure. Once when I mentioned "Swan Lake" in some connection, she murmured eruditely that she didn't care for Proust.

She received me in a housecoat itself iridescent—a floor-length robe of rainbow-striped taffeta that rustled royally as she led the way to the parlor, where we were to keep our vigil. That poor old pensioned-off word "susurrus" came to mind as I groped in her wake. It was now nearly dark, but she would turn no lights on in this room, settling for the moonlight that would be streaming in the windows. "This cereus is a tropical-rain-forest plant, you know, actually a cactus, and is fertilized by night-flying moths," she lectured, "and I guess no amount of artificial light can fool or upset that inner clock telling it that night has fallen and the nocturnal creatures are on the wing. Still, we won't take any chances. But I will just turn this one lamp on for a minute, so you can get a good look at her. Well, there you are."

I saw, standing about three feet high in a clay pot, a very pedestrian-looking cornstalk, out of the side of one of whose leaves grew a yellow hooked stem, swooping downward a foot or so in the shape of a question mark, the base of which in turn ended in a perfectly horizontal, outjutting—well, Easter egg. The kind through one end of which children squint at valentine-like figures within.

"Except that when this one opens," Mrs. Pulsifer softly promised when I made the comparison, "you'll look into a cathedral." She watched as I knelt before the flower for a closer look. An outer white corolla, of exquisitely silken pointed petals still tightly shut, was cupped in a network of golden filaments, holding it like gingerly fingers. "You feel yourself how tense it is?" I bobbed my head in the affirmative. "Poised for its nuptials with the unarriving guest. Nelly Wayne gave it to me when they were transferred to Bogotá. Absolutely killed her to part with it. Always gave coming-out parties when it was due—just called friends at the



last minute, the way I did you. She was plant-crazy. She'd sell her grandmother for a first prize at the flower show. Best she ever got was third for dry arrangements, poor thing. Well! Now let me get us some coffee, because there's no telling when the show will start—and we've loads to talk about."

Mrs. Pulsifer had once tried to develop a salon, with monthly at-home "Sundays," but that dream had died for want of kindred spirits, Paterian or otherwise. Callers as such were far from being in short supply, but quality had been swiftly engulfed in quantity as locals were heard to observe as they shovelled in the ham and ratatouille that marriage was a give-and-take, that Christmas had become commercialized, and that our customs must seem as quaint to visiting Tanzanians as theirs do to us. I always thought the coup de grâce had been dealt by a man in a billiard-green houndstooth jacket and two-tone shoes who said that it wasn't what you knew or who you knew, either, but what you knew about who you knew. And then asked for "more of this ratatatouille do you call it?" Shattered, Mrs. Pulsifer had shut up the house and fled to Warm Springs.

"Pull my leg," she said, returning from the kitchen with coffee and a platter of *gaufrettes,* amid more susurrus.

That was a private joke between us, her way of referring to the improvisational rambles, with intellectual content, that were supposedly my chief contribution to the salon Sundays—examples of the conversational quicksilver at least occasionally to be encountered here before everything had gone to pot, and still in spirit hankered for. Didoes, she was fond of calling them. She wanted a dido or two now, to help fill a bridal watch about whose possible length I was getting increasingly heavy forebodings. I could very well have caught "The African Queen" in toto and then popped around.

"Why, I was interested in your saying how Mrs. Wayne would sell her grandmother for a first prize," I said, settling back among the cushions with my coffee as Mrs. Pulsifer turned off the nearby lamp and switched on another in an adjoining alcove, which gave us just enough illumination to watch the cereus by whenever the moon went behind a cloud but not enough to upset the plant's inner clock. "I've always been curious about how that expression started. Why is it always our grandmother we'd sell for—whatever? An epigram, a joke. Faulkner once made some comments about the poet's traditional readiness to sell his grandmother for a good line, or metaphor, justifying the crass amorality of the artist by adding that the 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' is worth a hundred old ladies."

Mrs. Pulsifer rose to have a look at the flower, stooping to study it with compressed lips. I wasn't sure I liked the expression on her face. She wandered back to her chair. "Did Faulkner actually make that remark?"

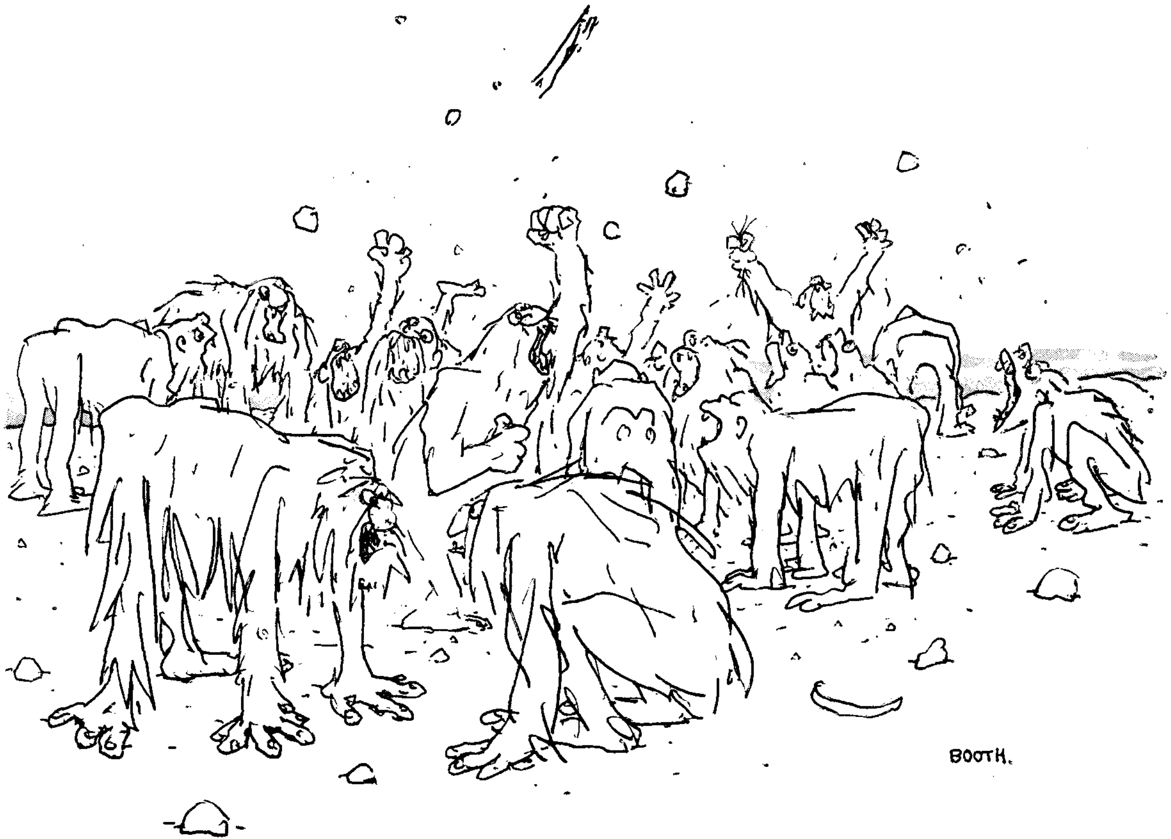
"Something like it." My cup cackled on its saucer when I lowered it nervously back after a scalding sip of the coffee. I could sense Mrs. Pulsifer eying me sharply. Was she perhaps not best pleased by the turn the dido was taking? Then I saw her lips relax and part, in smiling assurance that the dido was going very well indeed.

"It was my pleasure to meet Faulkner once," I resumed screwily. "An occasion on which I seized to offer my grandmother on the barrelhead for one of those galumptious sentences of his. Pick a line at random from anywhere. There's one pip from 'The Wild Palms' that always sends me—something about 'the mausoleum of love.' How does it go again? Let's see. Yes. 'It was the stinking catafalque of the dead corpse borne between the olfactoryless walking shapes of the immortal unsentient demanding ancient meat.' Way to talk! All it lacks is 'mammalian'—that would really take it downtown. Why, you'd trade off *both* your grandmothers for the likes of that."

"And did Faulkner sell you a sentence?" Mrs. Pulsifer asked, smiling shyly, as she always did when coming in on a dido, or tittup.

"No," I sighed. "It was no soap. He said no lines, but he did generously give me some words. Quite a few, in fact. 'Plangent,' 'defunctive,' 'crepuscular,' 'anfractuosity,' 'usufruct,' 'apotheosis,' 'corncob.' Words like that. I found him quite charming."

Mrs. Pulsifer smiled more archly this time, closing her eyes when she did so, like Ralph Waldo Emerson. She wanted farther in on the dido, at least to the extent of playing interlocutor to



"We may as well go home. It's obvious that this meeting isn't going to settle anything."

• •

my Merry-Andrew. "It's the sort of deal we wouldn't put past our old friend Harry Nethersole, would we?"

Mrs. Pulsifer often egged me on just when I myself was tiring of a tittup. I knew there was nothing to do but beat this one to death, recognizing as I had the nature and purpose of her cue.

"Yes," I responded dutifully, "we've always said Harry would sell his grandmother for an epigram. But I certainly never, when I answered the door that evening, expected to see Harry out there on the porch with the old lady in tow, saying she was mine free and clear if I could come up with an epigram on marriage that he could work into a panel discussion on the subject in which he was to participate the following evening. He was fresh out himself, and needed something with which to cap off his opening remarks. Well! It so happened that I had just sold my grandmother for an aphorism on matrimony to a Frenchman who had just sold *his* to another Frenchman for the same purpose, and so on, back through an apparently long sequence of Parisian boulevardiers. So God knows how many old ladies have changed hands in order that I might bring you 'Marriage is like a beleaguered fortress. Those who are on the outside are trying to get in, while those who are on the inside are trying to get out.' So. Now we all have an epigram and I have a grandmother again, albeit a surrogate one. And one with very little trade-in value now, I fear. She's in particularly poor orthopedic repair."

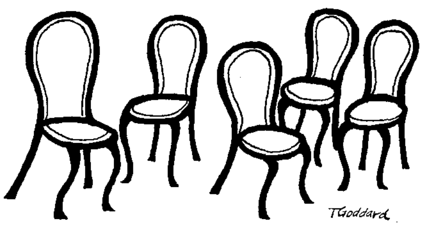
"What do you think she would fetch on the open market?" Again diffidently, with the Ralph Waldo Emerson shut-eyed smile.

"Probably not much more than a Victorian platitude, or one of those wall mottoes that read 'Keep on keepin' on!'"

Mrs. Pulsifer's expression turned pensive, almost rueful. These reminders of salon days at their brief best, echoes of a past now lost beyond recall, of promises unfulfilled and felicities so narrowly missed, broke the heart. Rubbing her palms together, she gazed at the floor and said, "The suburbs are a miasma."

I had a wild urge to say, "Well, my asthma, my dear Mrs. Pulsifer, is like what contemporary historians have said about the problems of the Balkan states—hopeless but not serious." But I checked myself in time. That was for Two-Tone Shoes and his ratatatouille. Mrs. Pulsifer would have run howling into the wilderness, refusing to be comforted.

"With their flashy new cars guzzling up all the gasoline," she continued. "Why, I still drive my fourteen-year-old Chevrolet. It has nearly a hundred thousand miles on it. We must watch the speedometer go over the top together. I once drove it across the desert. Have you ever seen the desert in bloom?"



"Once, when I was a truck driver, I drove across it with a load of stuff going to California, but it wasn't in bloom . . ."

Two hours later, Hepburn and Bogart are safe ashore in one another's arms with the Germans foiled, the cereus still hasn't opened, and I am still talking about my youthful days as a truck driver working out of Chicago, nodding over the premise that I was "happiest then"—one so vigorously put forward by my hostess that I am beginning to believe it myself.

"My fondest memory of those times

YEARS

They're past us now

And if they'll circle
Distantly in maps

You'll not make out

The stiffening spine
Of sea air

Nor the twitterings that fill them

They're over the ocean now
A whole day of sunlight

Brooding on Arctic fleets

They'll die many of them
A jumble in chorus

Wings that are forever whirling
In a late sky . . .

On the terrace the ghosts shrivel

The waiters rust in their places

With such hymns the flocks continue

The slender tails soar aloft
Or drop away in quiet reeds

The bathers meanwhile
Saddled with fish enter the wet night . . .

In pursuit
Always in pursuit

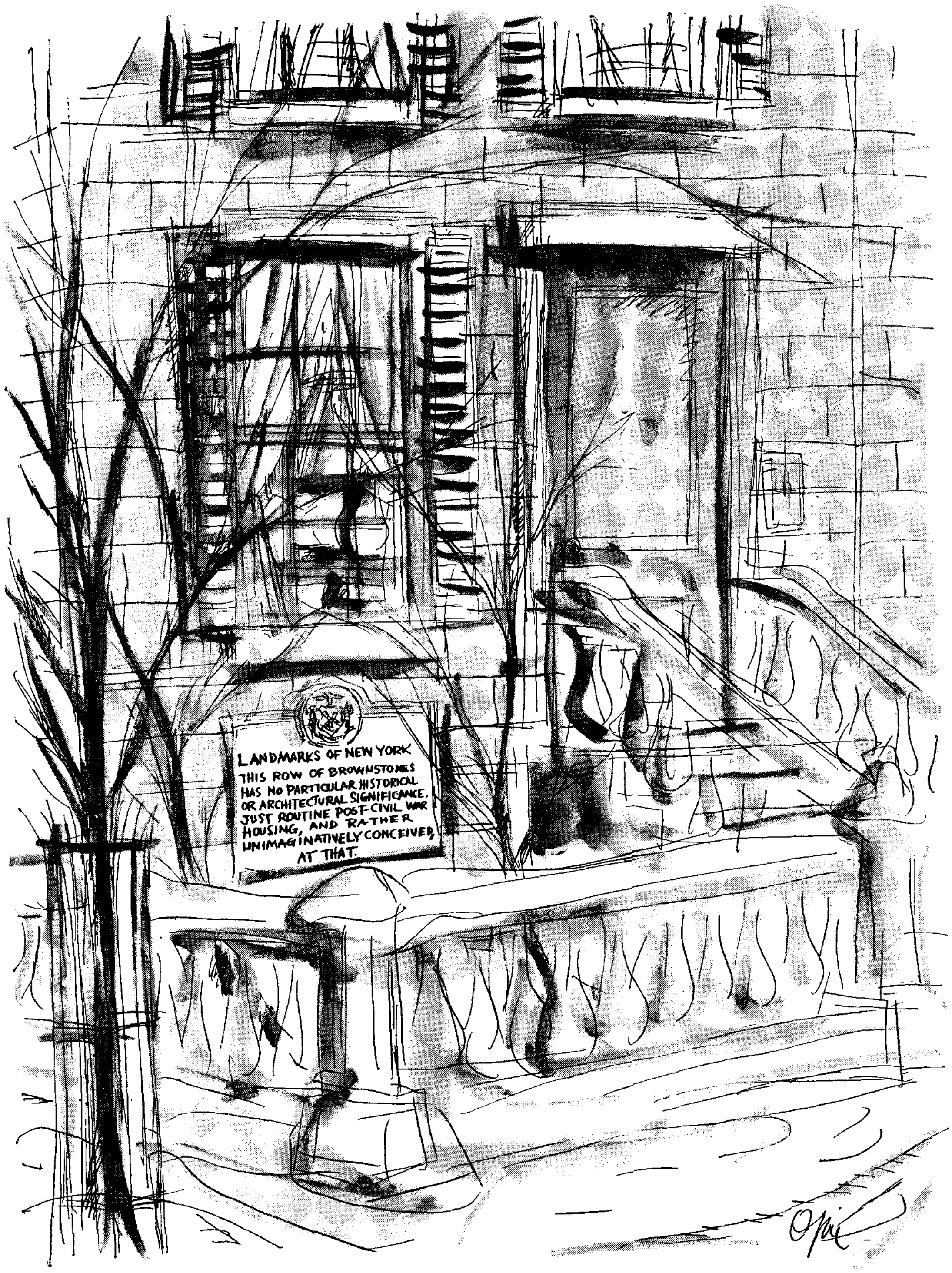
They're brown as the dead moon now

Harps of stone   stream of shadow

And in our dream
Recognize their goal as if cliffs were sighted
Before an awakening storm

—Robert Mazzocco

• •


LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK
THIS ROW OF BROWNSTONES HAS NO PARTICULAR HISTORICAL OR ARCHITECTURAL SIGNIFICANCE. JUST ROUTINE POST-CIVIL WAR HOUSING, AND RATHER UNIMAGINATIVELY CONCEIVED, AT THAT.
Opie

must surely be of the innumerable motorists who followed me everywhere, to see where I would stop for coffee," I resumed. "I mind the time, one winter's day, when I drew a cortège of adherents deep into the chilblained wastes of northern Minnesota—"

Mrs. Pulsifer made an arresting motion, a pantomimed "Sh-h-h," as she rose and stole over to the cereus. "I do believe . . ." she whispered.

" 'The lost Swede towns,' as Fitzgerald calls them in 'Gatsby,' " I said, whispering also as I rose to join her.

We watched it open on our knees—an appropriate position, I must say, for I have never before or since seen, or smelled, anything like it.

It was getting on for twelve when at last I began the homeward canter. "Do come again soon," Mrs. Pulsifer cried from the lighted doorway as I ran away. "Come on some otherwise insipid Sunday afternoon . . ."

THE next magic moment with Mrs. Pulsifer has already been foreshadowed, but it's worth relating because it demonstrates the breadth and catholicity of her excitements.

I was standing on a street corner in a fall of snow for which "The old woman is plucking geese" would not do. These were fine, dry flakes, inducing rather the fantasy that I and the town were being gently mantled in grated Parmesan, freshly grated by the Guy Upstairs. I was waiting for a traffic light to change so I could cross the street, and regretting that I was too old to catch snowflakes on my tongue, when I heard a loud, prolonged honking and saw Mrs. Pulsifer beckoning to me from inside her vintage Chevrolet. Her gesticulations left no doubt that she wanted me to get in beside her, which I did.

"It's about to happen," she said with a flushed expression.

"What is?"

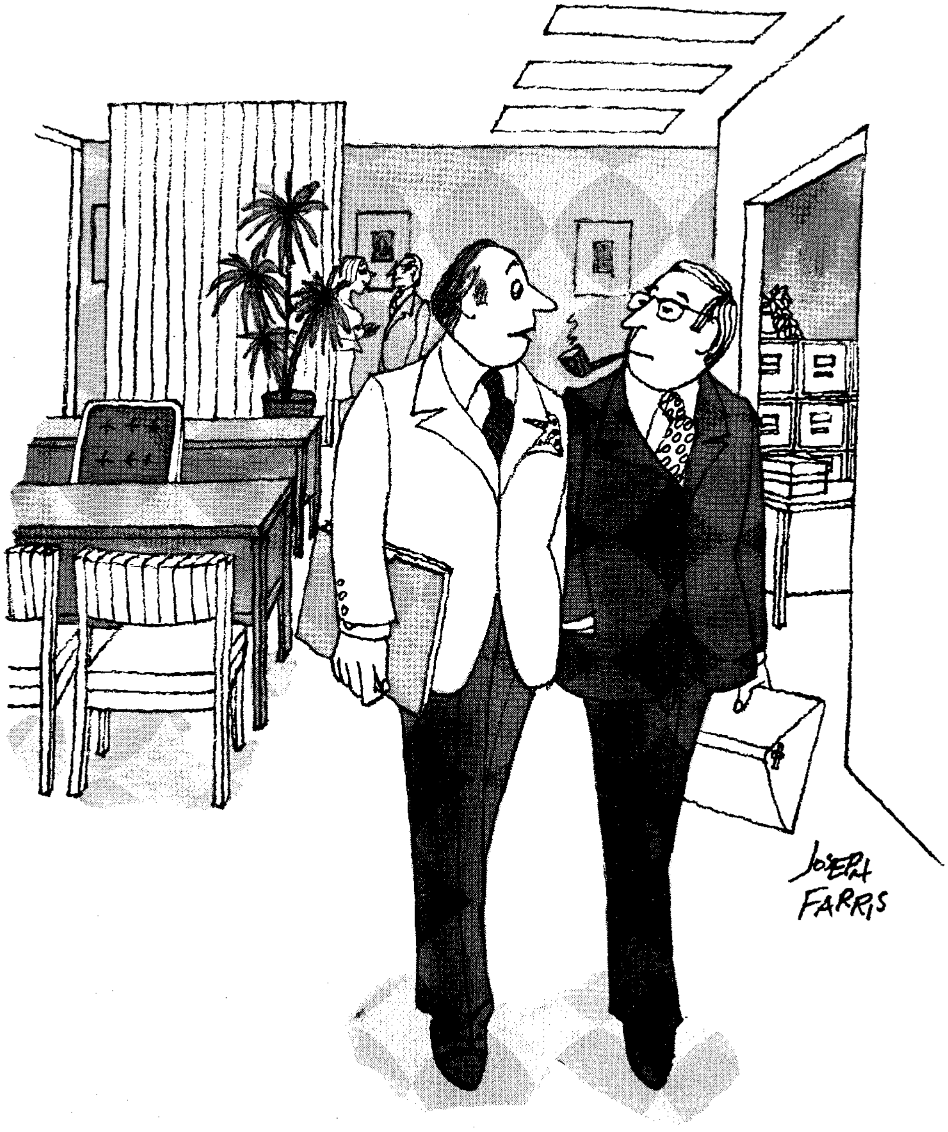
"The speedometer. You remember I told you it had nearly a hundred thousand miles on it. Look." She meant "odometer," of course, but no matter. "Ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-five—no, there she goes to ninety-six. Four miles and then *phffft*—a virginal blank again. We'll drive around for a while, and share the sight. I tried to call you."

"Actually, I was hoping to get to the bank before it—"

"How many people have ever seen it, or keep a car long enough to? A row of five nines—six if you count the tenths of a mile—and then presto! All zeros once again."

"Not many people," I agreed, and, in fact, found myself mesmerized by the numerals winding slowly but inexorably toward self-obliteration.

She tooled around town higgledy-piggledy, turning now left, now right, doubling back again, up and down Main Street a few times, just to rack up the necessary mileage. We thus had several minutes to kill, calling for a little small talk, and she remarked that I seemed to have a heavy cold. I admitted as much, with a cough, adding jocularly that I hoped the weather wouldn't turn it into pneumonia. That made her reflect philosophically on the near-conquest, in our time, of an ailment she could remember claiming



"I don't know what's wrong with me, but I have this uncontrollable desire to acquire National Airlines!"

many a life when she was a small girl. Now things were happily otherwise.

"Pneumonia patients are a dying breed," she said.

"I know."

At last we approached the mystical moment of wipeout. There were five nines in a mortal row, with the countdown in the tenths column now under way.

"It's like New Year's Eve when you're going into a new decade," Mrs. Pulsifer said, with a squeal of girlish delight. "I've been watching it nervously for days, afraid I'd miss the show." We were moving in rather dense traffic now, up Main Street. "Here . . . we . . . *go!* Hold on to your hats! Eight, nine, *and*—one hundred thousand miles!" she cried, removing her gloved hands from the steering wheel to clap them together in excitement—just long enough to smack into the back end of the car in front of us.

A burly man in a plaid lumberjacket climbed out and came over, mouthing deprecations of the stereotyped nature common to such encounters.

"What the hell's the matter, lady? Can't you watch where you're going?"

I hurried out to handle this myself, and the switch in adversaries from woman to man, for which the other motorist was obviously grateful, moved him to enlarge his abuse a little. I could only return it in kind, so that the air was soon thick with "Look, Mac"s and "Watch it, Bud"s. The clichés flew at such a rate that I was prepared to hear him tell me I stank on ice. Not since a humanoid in a West Side bar offered to unclog my sinuses if I cared to step outside had the threat of violence come so swiftly out of nowhere. I felt a need to placate this guy before the scene got any worse.

"Listen, it's probably mostly her fault, but then you did stop on a dime for that light," I said. "Why not just call it one of those things? There's no harm done to your bumper. It's her headlight that's busted. Now, why don't we just part on the good old no-fault basis?"

Which we did, with some grumbling on his part by way of tapering off on the adrenaline. He drove away, and Mrs. Pulsifer drew to the curb not far from where she had picked me up, to say goodbye. All flustered apologies, she thanked me for so quixotically taking her part. I thanked her for the countdown thrill, wished her well for the next hundred thousand miles, and galloped off through the falling Parmesan toward my bank, with the clock standing at four minutes to closing time.

THAT was our last magic moment together—with the possible exception of one soon to come. Mrs. Pulsifer presently moved to California, to spend her remaining years in a warmer climate, and near an only sister living in a coastal town just below San Francisco. We've kept up a correspondence of sorts, in the course of which I mentioned that I might be out that way on business late next spring.

Her reply was prompt and ecstatic: "How wonderful! It looks as though you'll be here for the grunion runs! You probably know all about them—how, with the moon exactly in the right phase, they seize the precise moment of certain high tides to come up and spawn on the beach. Thousands of these luminous silversides thrashing on the sands is a sight you will never forget. I've checked the week you say you'll probably be here against the tide charts and phases of the moon—and I think we're in luck! We'll begin our vigil sometime after midnight . . ."

This business of not sleeping before evening is, as a philosophy, all well and good, and I'll nail my flag to that mast. But there are times when you have to take a nap in the afternoon.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

THE BUREAUCRATIC MIND AT WORK

[Letter received by a man in South Dakota]

Our records show you received $79.40 more in social security benefits than you should have.

As is explained in the attached notice your benefits have been deceased. This decease causes you to be overpaid $79.40 for the period 1/76-9/78.

THE WARM SAND

ONCE as well liked as any guy in his class, Joe was generally avoided during his last years at the seminary—sometimes referred to as a gadfly, which he didn't mind; sometimes as a pain in the ass, which he did. His unpopularity was flattering in a way—in the light of "If the world hate you, know ye that it hath hated me before you," but that was pushing it in Joe's case. Besides, too many freaks and losers took comfort in Scripture, and Joe didn't see himself as either. He came from a family more than just well-to-do, and, unlike most of his classmates (but like St. Augustine), he had lived some before discovering his vocation to the priesthood. So he couldn't be looked down on, nor could his views be gainsaid on the ground that it was a species of pride for him to cite Doctors of the Church in support of them, though this was often tried by his critics. "Pride?" he'd replied. (He'd *replied* a lot at the seminary.) "I'd cite you guys if you ever said anything worth citing." That was his style.

It wasn't so much his all-around unpopularity as something said to him in the confessional ("We have to watch ourselves. A holier-than-thou attitude toward others doesn't become us in the sight of God") that made Joe decide, about a month before ordination, to show more charity toward others. Maybe there hadn't been time enough for others to notice the change in him, though, for he was still generally avoided.

About a month after ordination, at the class's first little get-together, to which he had to be invited (he did see it like that) and which was held in a private room in a restaurant, Joe watched himself (that is, shut up) and listened to the clerical shoptalk. He enjoyed it, too, though not as much as some of the others at the big table for twelve. Mooney and Rooney gloried in it. But it went on too long, and thinking, Oh-oh, here I go again, Joe said, "W. G. Ward. That name mean anything to you guys? No? Well, Ward, and *not* Newman, was the first convert from the Oxford Movement. He says any priest without personal knowledge of Christ, *which knowledge can only come from contemplation*"—Joe had supplied and stressed that part to make his point better—"ought to seek out some desolate island so as to live alone and do no harm."

"Words," said Cooney, once Joe's best friend but cool to him since Joe had got religion, as Cooney told it. (Joe hated the hillbilly sound of that, as he did Cooney's worldlier-than-thou attitude.) "Hard words, Joe."

"No harder than those of Our Lord to Martha," Joe replied.

"But *you're* not Our Lord!" cried a couple of deep thinkers at the table. Joe ignored them. He quoted from Luke 10, where Martha complains that she has her hands full serving Our Lord and the Disciples and could use some help from Mary, her sister, who sits listening to the conversation, and Our Lord replies, "Mary hath chosen the best part."

"Try telling that to the Chancery," said Rooney, who had earlier been complaining or bragging about having to do all the work in the parish where he was the assistant.

"Contemplation's all very well," said Mooney, whom Joe regarded as none too bright and pretty lucky to have been ordained. "Some of the saints, I know, went in for it. But it's still an extra. We have to make a distinction, Joe, between following the counsels of perfection and doing the job—and a mighty big job it is—we've been ordained to do. How many of us can do both?"

"That so-called distinction is the biggest out in all theology," Joe replied. "Why *not* do both? At least *try*."

"You're doing both at Holy Faith?" said Rooney.

Cooney cut in, "According to Lefty Beeman" (a problem priest, always on the move; formerly at Holy Faith, he was now an assistant at St. Isidore's with Cooney), "the assistant at Holy Faith does the job, the pastor does the contemplating."

Joe replied, "Well, of course, I haven't been there as long as Beeman was. How long was he there? Six months?" This was not only cruel but wasted, and Joe, regretting it, shut up and listened to the others discuss the situation at Holy Faith.

"Two oddballs in one parish."

"Certainly an odd appointment."

"Crazy."

"Not fair to Joe—as a new man, I mean."

"Not fair to the pastor, you mean."

"Not fair to the *parishioners*."

"The Archbishop's slipping."

HIS appointment to Holy Faith, as assistant to Father Van Slaag, the only known contemplative in the di-

Harold's
SERVICE
NOT MY
FAULT
Yours truly,
Harold
STEVENSON

ocese (among pastors), was not crazy, Joe believed. No, the Chancery must have heard of his hard times at the seminary, where he'd been the only known contemplative—he didn't really qualify as such, he knew, unless maybe by desire, but he did have that reputation—and the Archbishop must have decided to make it two of a kind at Holy Faith. It was an odd appointment, perhaps, but it appeared odder than it was to those who recalled the efforts of the old Archbishop to strike a balance in parishes by pairing athletes with aesthetes, scholars with dunces, fat kine with lean. The new Archbishop was known to have said that his priests had enough to do without working out on each other; not that it was his policy to accommodate *everybody*—poker players, hi-fi'ers, photographers, astronomers, activists, liturgists—and not that some of his appointments didn't smack of old-fashioned therapy: a lush in the suburbs who'd lost his driver's license could find himself walking the corridors of a five-hundred-bed hospital in the city as a chaplain under the thumb of nuns; a big spender could find himself operating under the buddy or commissar system, with an assistant empowered to act for him and the parish in all money matters over two dollars and fifty cents.

Joe believed that his appointment, in a similar way—not, of course, in the same way—showed special concern on the part of the Archbishop, by whose wisdom and grace both pastor and assistant at Holy Faith were spared that heckling suspicion that is the lot of contemplatives, and even more of would-be contemplatives, in the modern world. With no need to apologize or explain, as each would have had to do with any other priest in the diocese, they could get on with or, in Joe's case, down to the job of working and praying for their personal sanctification and salvation (and their parishioners'). And that was what they were doing, though not everything was perfect at Holy Faith.

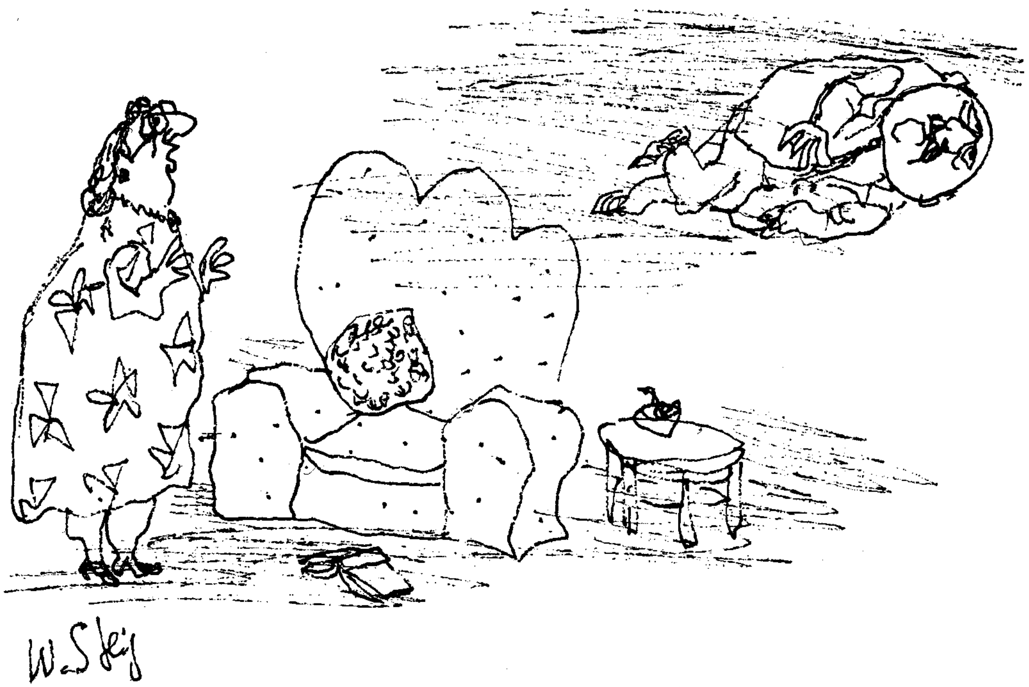
There was the problem of the housekeeper, Mrs. Cox, a plump tough-talking TV fan, who called Father Van Slaag Van to his face and Slug to her friends on the phone. (And Joe was pretty sure he was the one she referred to as Shorty.) There was the problem of Mrs. Cox's dog, Boots, a female bull terrier that would go for your ankles unless you carried a weapon. ("She's all right," the housekeeper would say with a hearty laugh. "She just hates men.") Joe had found a cane in the umbrella stand and took it with him whenever he left his bedroom.

There was also the problem of Father Van Slaag. Joe, for his part, had hoped to spend most of his free time in the church, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, but Father Van Slaag was already doing this—the man practically lived in the church. Pastor and assistant at first were absent from the rectory for long periods, until Joe asked himself, "Shepherd, what of the sheep?" This question, which could have come from Satan (who would doubtless employ any means to get a priest off his knees and out of a church) or from the Archbishop, was resolved for Joe after he discovered that he couldn't concentrate, let alone contemplate, when Father Van Slaag was in the church, as he was whenever Joe went there. Not wanting to ask when his free time was, or when Father Van Slaag's wasn't, Joe moved an old prie-dieu, which had been serving as a plant stand, into his bedroom. He now carried on from there with his spiritual exercises, and also—not the least of his duties—answered the phone there, more often than not while kneeling at the prie-dieu.

So, though not in the church much, Joe was on his knees a lot. When he considered the state of his knees, however, which were only lightly callused (nothing like those he'd once seen on a visiting Trappist monk in the showers at the seminary—horny gray growths like the chestnuts on the legs of a horse), Joe felt he had a long way to go. The question was whether a diocesan priest—not the really rare one, like Father Van Slaag, but the merely unusual one, like Joe—with his ministry in and to the world, which would rub off on him, could ever go very far; whether in time, after constant, close association with parishioners and coming under their subtle influence, he wouldn't cease to be spiritually, perhaps even mentally, an adult. What was true in other fields of human endeavor at the highest level, in the arts and sciences and sports—namely, that success involves a hell of a lot of slogging—just had to be true, Joe believed, in the field of spirituality: not a crowded field but the trickiest of all to get anywhere in. The notion, so popular nowadays, that the best kind of spirituality just happens, and is the by-product of routine apostolic activity, or, as some of Joe's critics at the seminary had claimed, is actually the same thing—well, Joe hadn't believed it then and didn't now.

"The priest's life," Joe said at the class's next little get-together, to which he'd received what had seemed to him a last-minute invitation, "*any* priest's life, *anybody's* life, in order to be fruitful in this world, to say nothing of the next, has to be rooted in contemplation. This is especially true of *our* life, which otherwise becomes one of sheer activity—the occupational disease of the diocesan clergy."

"Look," Rooney said. "I don't want to listen to that stuff tonight. I'm here to relax. You guys don't know what it's like to run a four-hundred-family parish all by yourself."



Sudden Indisposition

"That so?" replied Joe. "Happens to be what I'm doing at Holy Faith."

"Another parish heard from," said Cooney.

"Bob," Mooney said to Rooney, "we all have our crosses to bear."

"I *still* don't want to listen to that stuff tonight," Rooney said. "I had a tough day." So Joe shut up, and the clerical shoptalk, which he'd only cut into because it had gone on too long, continued.

At the very end, when Joe was leaving the restaurant for the parking lot, he was approached by Rooney. "Sorry, Joe," Rooney said. "But I had a tough one today."

"Bob, I know what you mean."

They went out to their cars together.

"I used to be an investment counsellor, but I've been deprogrammed."

IN the weeks that followed, Joe and Bob saw more of each other than they ever had before, except for a short time at the seminary when Bob had embraced the contemplative life. Joe hoped that Bob was having second thoughts about the active life, that it wasn't only their plight as overworked assistants that had drawn them together again, but in any case he had a friend in Bob. They knew each other's phone number by heart, and frequently met in the course of their duties—Bob pausing at Holy Faith on his way home from downtown, Joe at St. John Bosco's, Bob's parish, after visiting the hospital nearby.

St. John Bosco's, unlike Holy Faith, was a new plant, with paid secretaries, the latest in equipment, and programs and organizations galore, many overlapping. The parish was too much for one man—even for him, Bob said, unless he was there every minute, which he couldn't be. The pastor, Monsignor McConkie, or Mac, as Bob called him, a handsome silver-haired glad-hander, who had long ago joined everything joinable and now acknowledged when he got up in the morning, if he did, that he was in too deep and had a serious drinking problem, expected Bob to "represent" him and the parish at functions that Mac was under both doctor's and confessor's orders to stay away from. The worst ones—worst because there was no end to them—were service-club luncheons at downtown hotels. Bob attended three or four of these a week, and it was usually after one of them, in the middle of the afternoon, in high spirits or low, that he paused at Holy Faith.

Joe, usually in the office at that time of day—he'd moved the old prie-dieu down there—would make a drink for the visitor, as was the practice at St. John Bosco's, and they'd discuss what was uppermost in their minds: Boots, if she'd gone for Bob on the way in; Mrs. Cox, if the TV in the living room was coming through well; or problems of universal concern. One of these was church finance, a subject that Bob had ideas about and that Joe, though he'd scorned it and clerical bookkeeping at the seminary, now felt he should interest himself in. To judge by some correspondence from the Chancery in the files, nobody else at Holy Faith had done so in recent times. What could be said of the take at Holy Faith—not enough—could also be said of organizations: only two, the Holy Name Society (men) and the Christian Mothers (their wives). Reluctantly, Joe would agree that something should be done about Youth or, anyway, about Young People and Young Marrieds—Bob had ideas about all these—but then Joe would renege and say he didn't want to bite off more than he could chew: a veiled reference to the situation at St. John Bosco's.

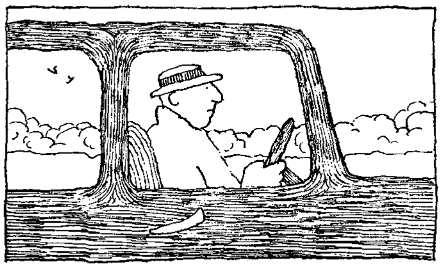
"Heaven forbid!" Bob said. "Still, we're in the same boat, Joe."

That they were in the same boat (a commonplace in their discussions) and that Bob was having a rougher ride Joe would accept, but he couldn't agree that there was so little to choose between those responsible for their plights—between, if you didn't count the Archbishop, a mystic and a drunk—as to make no difference. One afternoon, Joe told Bob that it was the Father Van Slaags, oddly enough, and not the Monsignor McConkies, who kept the world going, who, by their feats of prayer and abnegation, stayed the hand of God. This, though he didn't like to hear it—non-contemplatives never did—Bob knew to be the accepted and time-honored belief of the Church.

Joe would have made his point even better had he spoken of what he'd seen the night before, when he'd gone to Father Van Slaag's room to complain about Boots and Mrs. Cox's TV, only to change his mind and ask permission to order Sunday-collection envelopes from another supplier, and then to retire to think, as he'd been doing ever since, on what he'd seen through the gaps in the old, almost buttonless cassock that Father Van Slaag wore for a nightshirt—the horny gray growths on the knees, the dogtooth wounds on the ankles. Dear God! What Joe had wondered about ever since coming to Holy Faith was clear to him then: why Father Van Slaag did nothing about Mrs. Cox's dog and TV. He was using them, these crosses, as a means to sanctification and salvation—making life make sense, which it otherwise wouldn't. Out of prudence, and out of reverence for Father Van Slaag, Joe didn't tell Bob or anyone else what he'd seen that night, but thereafter, whenever Bob said that their pastors ought to be put away—Mac in a sanitarium, Van in a cloister or cave—Joe was silent, brooding on those ankles and knees in awe and humility. He had decided that Father Van Slaag was—and not just in the sense that the word applied to anybody in the state of grace but in the sense that it applied to the big-time mystics and martyrs—a saint.

BEFORE that night in Father Van Slaag's room, Joe had tried to do the job he'd been ordained to do for God and humanity while also trying, for the sake of the former, to preserve himself to a degree from the latter, but afterward there was a change in him. Without exactly going ape, Joe let down the barrier and no longer distinguished as he had before, sharply, between the religious and the social demands of parishioners. Mrs. Cox noticed it. "What?" she would say. "Stepping out again?"

In this change in him there was a certain despair, a giving up on himself and the contemplative life. Why not? When he tried to look down as God must and saw one man fending off Boots with a cane, the other allowing himself to be savaged by her, amortizing the world's great debt of sin a little, deferring foreclosure—really, there was no comparison. In that kind of company, Joe just didn't figure. Still, you never knew where you were in the spiritual life; that was the hell of it—only God knew. Joe's hope had to be that he was, without knowing it, a sleeper. He thought of Cardinal Merry del Val, who, as Pius X's secretary of state, was another overworked assistant to a saint, and perhaps one himself; among his personal effects, after his death, had been discovered (a shock to his friends in high places and low, these instruments of penance) two barbed-wire undershirts and a scourge with dried blood on it. But that sort of thing, though still nice to know—edifying—was discouraging if dwelt on, intimidating, like Father Van Slaag's ankles and knees. Joe took more comfort in Scripture—in "Whosoever shall seek to save his life, shall lose it," in "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends," though this, too, was pushing it in his case. The truth was, *he* hadn't sacrificed his spiritual life—it had been done for him, by his appointment to Holy Faith. All he'd done since then, and might deserve credit for, was to stop grudging the time spent in doing the routine work of the parish, the time he might have spent in prayer. The old prie-dieu, which he'd been carrying back up to his bedroom one morning when the office phone rang, was still where he'd left it then, on the stair landing where he'd first found it, and since Mrs. Cox had come along before he could get back to it, it was serving as a plant stand again. He didn't mind. Though praying a lot less these days, he prayed harder when he did (as recommended by Merry del Val), and though working harder and seeing more people, he had more appetite for them. The truth was, he'd always had a weakness for people, a weakness suppressed at the seminary but now indulged and transformed into a strength, a virtue.



He was good with people when he wished to be, as he did now. He sparkled in maternity wards ("Bring us another round of orange juice, Sister, and this time put something in it");

KNOCKING AROUND

I really thought that drinking here would
Start a new chain, that the soft storms
Would abate, and the horror stories, the
Noises men make to frighten themselves,
Rest secure on the lip of a canyon as day
Died away, and they would still be there the next morning.

Nothing is very simple.
You must remember that certain things die out for a while
So that they can be remembered with affection
Later on and become holy. Look at Art Deco
For instance or the "tulip mania" of Holland:
Both things we know about and recall
With a certain finesse as though they were responsible
For part of life. And we congratulate them.

Each day as the sun wends its way
Into your small living room and stays for a while
You remember the accident of night as though it were a friend.
All that is forgotten now. There are no
Hard feelings, and it doesn't matter that it will soon
Come again. You know what I mean. We are wrapped in
What seems like a positive, conscious choice, like a bird
In air. It doesn't matter that the peonies are tipped in soot
Or that a man will come to station himself each night
Outside your house, and leave shortly before dawn,
That nobody answers when you pick up the phone.
You have all lived through lots of these things before
And know that life is like an ocean: sometimes the tide is out
And sometimes it's in, but it's always the same body of water
Even though it looks different, and
It makes the things on the shore look different.
They depend on each other like the snow and the snowplow.

It's only after realizing this for a long time
That you can make a chain of events, like days
That more and more rapidly come to punch their own number
Out of the calendar, draining it. By that time
Space will be a jar with no lid, and you can live
Any way you like out on those vague terraces,
Verandas, walkways—the forms of space combined with time
We are allowed, and we live them passionately,
Fortunately, though we can never be described
And would make lousy characters in a novel.

—John Ashbery

"*When do you start kicking people out?*"

• •

sparkled at parish meetings, of which there were more since he'd decided to come to grips with Youth, Young People, and Young Marrieds ("What are we waiting for? I'm here"); sparkled at home ("My compliments to the chef, Mrs. Cox"). Occasionally, he even sat with Mrs. Cox in the evening if there was a game of some kind on TV; at first he had to get her to switch channels and to instruct her, but now he had to do neither, and it was gratifying to see her interest in sports quicken and to know it was genuine (with so many women it wasn't)—to come in from a meeting and find her and Boots watching the Twins. With Boots, however, Joe was still persona non grata, and still went about the house with his cane, which he left on the back porch when he stepped out and picked up when he returned.

But the best times for Joe were those times when he could be of real use to people as a priest—those times of trial, tragedy, and ordinary death—into which he entered deeper than he had before. "After years of trying to walk on the water, you know," he told Bob, who was increasingly impatient with parishioners (and Mac), "it's good to come ashore and feel the warm sand between my toes."

This was not to say that Joe couldn't get enough of people. He could. And when he did, after a tough day, or when he just craved faster company, he went to play poker with Cooney and the gang at St. Isidore's, a hard-drinking rectory, and the next morning it wasn't easy for him to get going. (He did not believe in Beeman's solution: "Weak drinks, more of 'em—that way you get more liquids into your system.") All in all, though, he felt better about himself both as a priest and as a person, as others appeared to these days—certainly Mrs. Cox, and even Cooney, who was becoming his best friend again.

"Joe," Cooney said one night at St. Isidore's, "know who you are?"

"Who?"

"Lemme put it another way. Know who Van is?"

"Who?"

"Mary. You're Martha, Joe."

Only now and then, late at night before he got to sleep, or early in the morning before he got going, did Joe look back and regret the change in himself.

A TOUGH day. During breakfast, Joe had simply said, “Somebody ought to poison that bitch,” meaning Boots, and now Mrs. Cox wouldn’t talk to him. Later that morning, while trying to sparkle in a maternity ward, he’d simply said, “So *that’s* the little bastard,” and had been asked to leave by its mother. That afternoon, he had a visit from a young lady in real estate whom he’d just about enticed into fleeing the world and joining the Carmelites, and learned that she’d received a big promotion and therefore would be staying in the world after all. Early that evening, two converts in the making, Tex and Candy, who’d been taking instructions with a view to marrying Margie and Mike, failed to show, and it developed after a couple of phone calls that they’d eloped together. While Joe was working this out for Margie and Mike in the office, on hold in the living room he had an old parishioner who was upset over a nine-dollar error in his account—under Joe’s new system, actually Bob’s, receipts were mailed out to contributors at the end of the fiscal year—and who, though Joe tried everything, even offering to reimburse the old devil on the spot, wouldn’t go away until he’d seen the pastor.

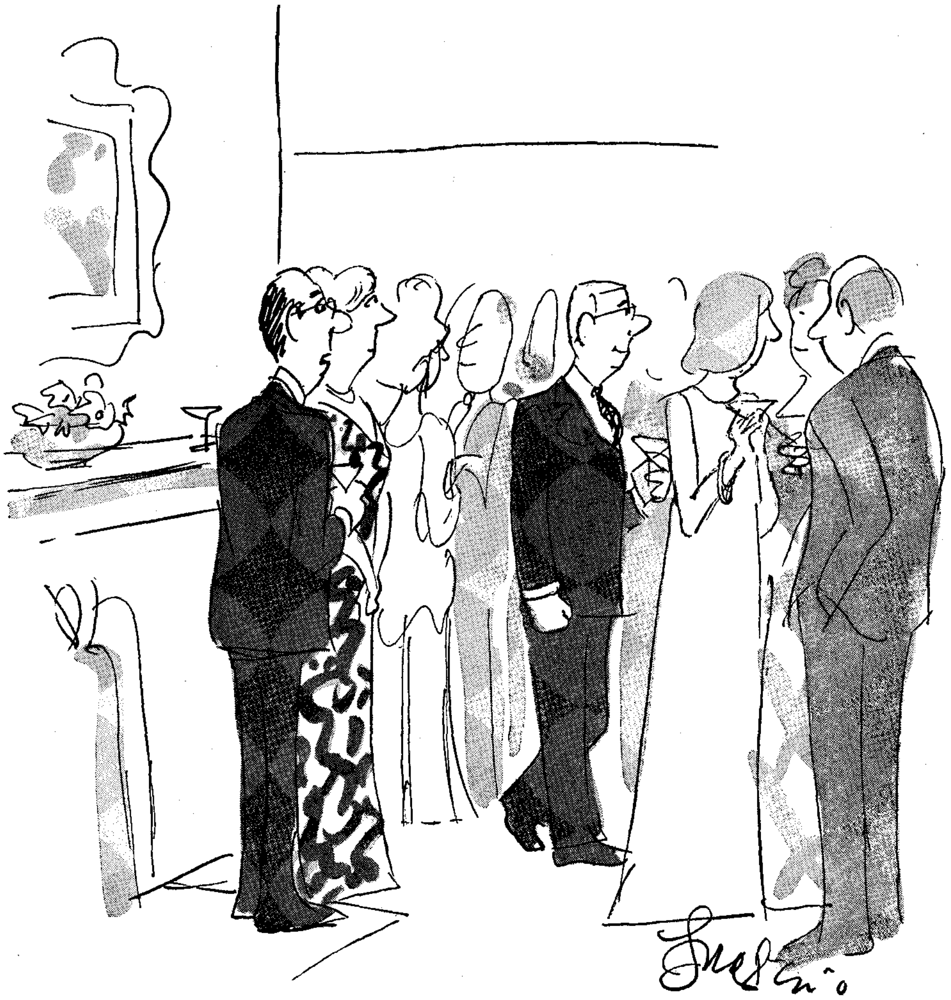
“He’s in the church,” Joe said, and fled.

Later, Joe went over to St. Isidore’s for poker, and it turned out to be a tough night, too. He was there to relax, but the others wouldn’t let him. Bob, who had just come from driving Mac to the sanitarium (and felt a little sad about it, though it was all for the best), kept after Joe to talk to Van about checking in to a cloister. Beeman, not for the first time, advised Joe to just look Boots in the eye, which was what he’d always done at Holy Faith. “And don’t let her see you’re afraid of her,” he said, and suggested (though he admitted he had only heard about this, hadn’t tried it himself), “Chuck her lightly under the jaw. Try it.” When Joe mentioned the nine-dollar bookkeeping error, Beeman advised him in future just to say, “We all make mistakes. That’s why they put erasers on lead pencils,” which was what he always did in such a case. “Try it,” he said. When Joe mentioned the young lady who’d received a big promotion and let him down, Bob said, “Hell, you can’t blame her,” and then had the nerve to say, alluding to his two weeks as a contemplative, “In my case, after trying to walk on the water, it was good to reach dry land and feel the warm sand under my feet,” as if these words were entirely his own. Joe felt better after he heard Cooney’s comment, “Bob, you never went out without your water wings,” but a moment later he applied it to himself, with remorse. And Cooney, perhaps sensing this, tried to do his “Know who you are?” business with Joe again, but Joe foiled him by answering right away, “Martha.” Then Cooney’s pastor, one of the few really good poker players in the diocese and m.c. of its weekly TV program, said to Joe, “Found y’self, baby,” and asked him if he’d ever considered how much he owed the Arch for sending him to Father Van Slaag at Holy Faith. Joe said he had, but unfortunately didn’t leave it at that.

“Just one thing wrong with Van,” he said. “Not doing his job.” Joe had never said this, or anything like it, before, and immediately regretted it. Only the truth, yes, and they all knew it, but from him a betrayal.

From that point on, Joe, who hadn’t taken a pot, won steadily. Later, much later, after a lot of standing around, though Joe himself was sitting down, and a lot of talk about cars and driving, Joe left St. Isidore’s with Bob, he thought, and the next thing he knew, not counting a bad dream—“Mrs. Boots, come and get Cox!”—he was in bed and it was morning. He couldn’t remember how the night had ended, and didn’t want to, but had the presence of mind not to phone the police after he looked out the window and saw his car was missing from its usual place in the driveway. He took a hot bath, and in the course of it, soaping himself, he discovered and examined the marks on his right ankle—superficial wounds, five in number. They made him think but otherwise didn’t hurt. He painted them with antiseptic, dressed, and went downstairs, armed only with a ruler, and got going again.

—J. F. POWERS



“Oh, I agree Peter Humphreys is an awfully nice guy, but he takes advantage of the fact.”

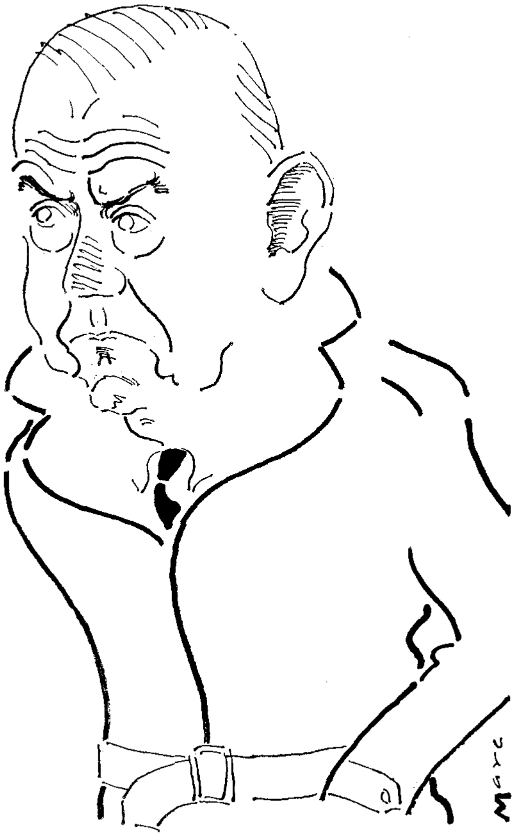
•

The president of the Swiss National Bank, Fritz Leutwiler, has discounted reports that the Shah and his family channeled billions of francs into Swiss banks before political turmoil in Iran forced their exile last month. Mr. Leutwiler has said that the total Iranian holdings in Switzerland amounted to a few hundred million dollars.—*The Times.*

Oh.

❋ PROFILES ❋

THE DANGEROUS EDGE



Graham Greene

"IS it possible in these days in England to get hold of a really decent water pistol?" Graham Greene said to me earnestly in his flat in Antibes, in the South of France. "This one I have, you see, is bust." He produced a black rubber water pistol that looked very like a revolver but only dribbled its water ammunition. "I need one with a reach long enough to get at these people who keep me awake at night. These piercing English voices. 'No, I'll drive.' 'No, I insist on driving.' Awful names like Doris and Daphne, and quite possibly Graham. A Sarah or a Maurice would be quieter. When I can't sleep because of their squeals, I like to take cover behind the curtains and shoot a small jet in the right direction with a proper water pistol."

Under such a commission, I searched in London and also in New York for a strong black rubber water pistol—"a really decent water pistol"—but water pistols all seem now to be made of multicolored plastic and to have a toddler's range. No doubt the Federal Aviation Administration has stepped in for fear of hijackers. This would seem a mistake to Graham Greene, who has lived his life balanced on a hairbreadth brink between practical jokes and danger.

"Once upon a time, I was addicted to pranks," he said. "When I was an undergraduate at Oxford—Balliol—there was a lantern lecture I gave to the upper forms of Highgate School in the guise of a celebrity of Outer Mongolia. The fancy was taken up with eagerness by everyone who came to hear about it. I have learnt that nothing can be more difficult to stop than a practical joke that succeeds too well. On August 22, 1953, a letter appeared in the London *Times* correspondence column under the heading 'Anglo-Texan Society.' In a mood of tipsy frivolity after a pint or two of Black Velvet on the Edinburgh-to-London express, John Sutro and I [Sutro being the funny English man of letters, very learned] had jointly composed a letter: 'The Society has the general object of establishing cultural and social links between this country and the State of Texas, which occupies a special position not only in relation to the United States but also in relation to Great Britain. It is hoped, when funds permit, to establish special premises in London for welcoming visitors from Texas. Signed Graham Greene, President. John Sutro, Vice-President.' I went later to East Africa, and when I reached Nairobi I got a cable from Sutro telling me that there had been sixty inquiries written on the first day of publication, including one from Sir Hartley Shawcross, the former Attorney General."

And this was told to me by the man who has painfully learned such ease and fun, grown from the boy who played Russian roulette with a real and loaded revolver when he was miserable at school. At seventy-four, he is still inclined to think that the epigraph of his novels is probably the quote from the Browning poem "Bishop Blougram's Apology":

Our interest's on the dangerous edge of
 things.
The honest thief, the tender murderer,
The superstitious atheist, demi-rep
That loves and saves her soul in new
 French books—
We watch while these in equilibrium
 keep
The giddy line midway.

At six feet two inches, Graham Greene is the shortest of the surviving three men of his family. It originally consisted of six children: four boys and two girls. The survivors are Sir Hugh Carleton-Greene, former head of the BBC; Raymond Greene, an endocrinologist; Elisabeth Dennys; and Graham Greene. He dresses habitually in cardigans—often olive-green or blue—soft trousers, and suède shoes. He bends his head a little, not in the stoop of age but in attention, so as to lose nothing. He has to a moderate degree what he calls the Greene family voice, which is inclined to stammer and finds "r"s difficult. His flat in Antibes is modest—bedroom, workroom, kitchen—with a Victorian clockwork boat on a plaster-of-Paris ocean, where it really rocks, set up in a glass case in the bathroom, and with a painting of a balloon in the workroom. He describes his Paris flat, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, as being decorated like an Italian railway station. He likes very much the work of Jack Yeats, of which he has some in his Paris flat, along with more valuable objects—a lovely Henry Moore drawing of a hollow woman, an ancient Greek torso of a warrior with a shield—but he prefers Antibes and a house he has in Anacapri.

England he loves like an aging lover. Some of his best novels—"England Made Me," "Brighton Rock," "Orient Express"—were written in his early days there.

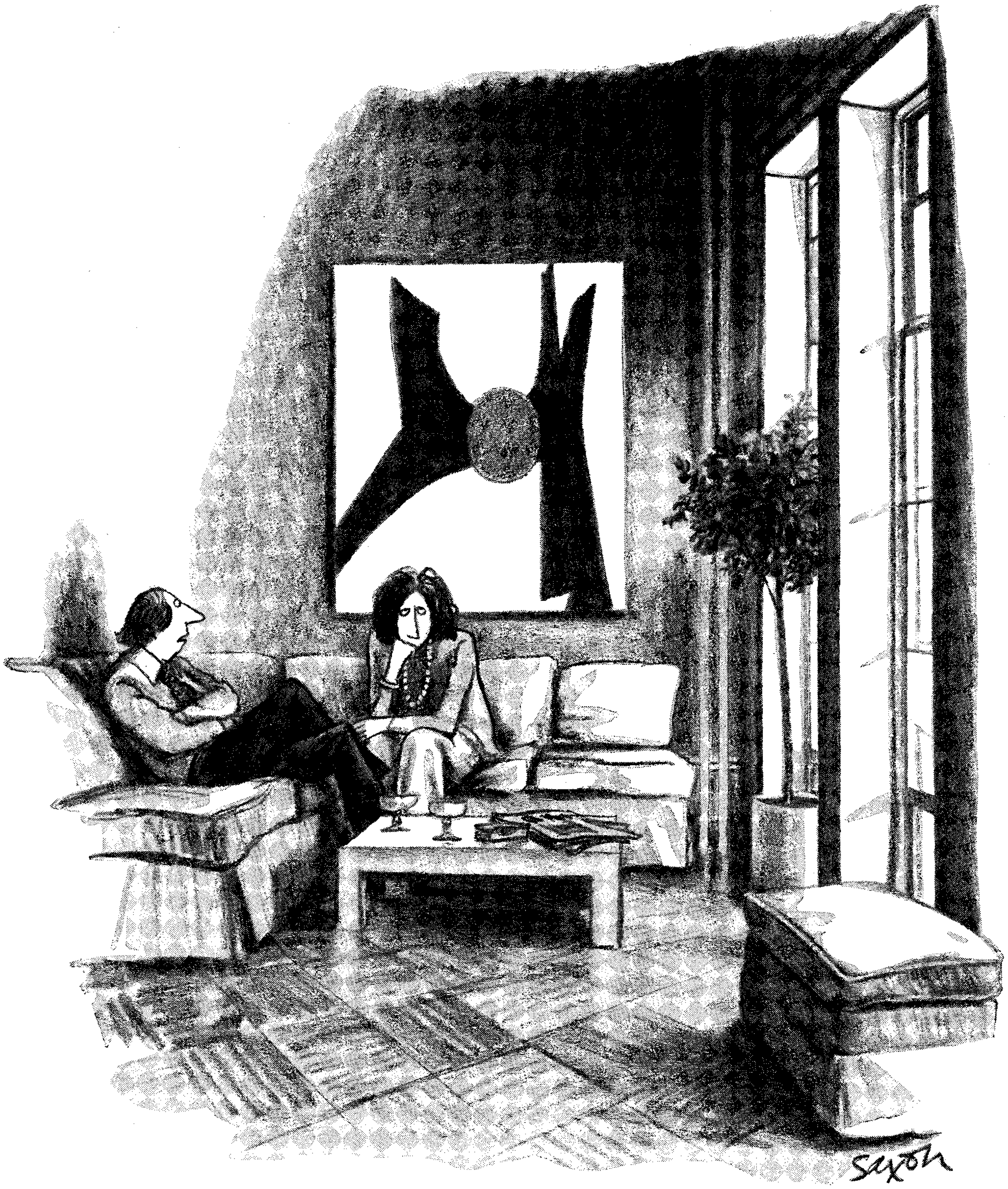
"What is the worst English fault, do you think?" I asked him.

"Joviality," he said. "Bellicosity of laughter. A sense of jollity is not a sense of humor."

Graham Greene has an acute sense of humor, spiked with a despair that he is always wishing may be transmuted by the hope that he finds in Catholicism. Optimism is the intellectual quality that carries this rueful and immensely comic man, who has the sense of fatality which belongs to clowns and miners. He spoke to me once of a particular brand of chocolate cigarette that he had eaten in his childhood. "If I found one now, I am sure that it would have the taste of hope," he said. About his childhood, especially, he has an allegorical mind. "We had a canary that we were allowed to keep in the nursery. It burst a blood vessel by singing too loud and too long." Graham Greene's blood vessels seem in good order. The expenditure of energy energizes him. "I remember a glorious day in Freetown, in Sierra Leone—where I was with the Foreign Office—when I closed the doors of my little office and slaughtered more than three hundred flies with a flyswatter in a timed four minutes." He was put into psychoanalysis as a boy after trying to run away from Berkhamsted School, where his father was headmaster, and playing the exciting but fortunately unsuccessful series of games of Russian roulette with himself. His kindly analyst, asking him about a dream of a woman's breasts, needled him for a word association. "Tube train," said Graham Greene, the troubled budding writer.

In his younger days, he says, he used to write five hundred words a day, stopping, if necessary, in the middle of a sentence. "Michael Meyer"—famous as a translator of Ibsen—"came to Tahiti when I was there, in the fifties, working on 'A Burnt-Out Case.' He's a very nice person. I'm very fond of him. And I used to get up at six o'clock and I'd be finished by nine-thirty, and he was complaining it was too hot to work, so we'd play Scrabble. I fought him about a word in 'Macbeth.' Then I went out on a walk, starting with the first line of 'Macbeth' and finishing the walk with the play's last line." He has an instinct for exact timing.

Greene has a prodigious and selective love of literature. As a boy, he doted on Henty, Swinburne, Charlotte M. Yonge (in his "The Ministry of Fear" he inserted chapter headings swiped from her "The Little Duke"), Rider Haggard. He now praises, among the many other writers he responds to, P. G. Wodehouse, as being impossible to imitate. In the school library—open as the gates of heaven to him in the school holidays, because he was the headmaster's son—he discovered a history of Mexico, traces of which lie in "The Power and the Glory" and "Another Mexico." "I hated Mexico," he told me. "I've been there only when I was going to write a book. I hate its bogus revolution. Mexicans were the lackeys of the United States. If you went to Havana through Mexico City, it was very difficult to return by the same route. The customs people in Mexico City shook out every leaf of my books. It took four hours. They collared 'Nicholas Nickleby' and put aside Fidel's speeches before they decided to relent. I think there's a little bit of the old-fashioned schoolmaster about Fidel. He would start, in front of Cuban audiences, by fooling around with words like '*humanidad*' and getting roars of laughter—I suppose because of the foot-dragging politics of *L'Humanité*. Then the curtain would go up after this most Cuban opening and he would be critical and say that he didn't want Cuba to become a concentration camp. I believe him. I once got into great trouble with the European and American press because I said I would rather die in the U.S.S.R.—even in a concentration camp—than in the



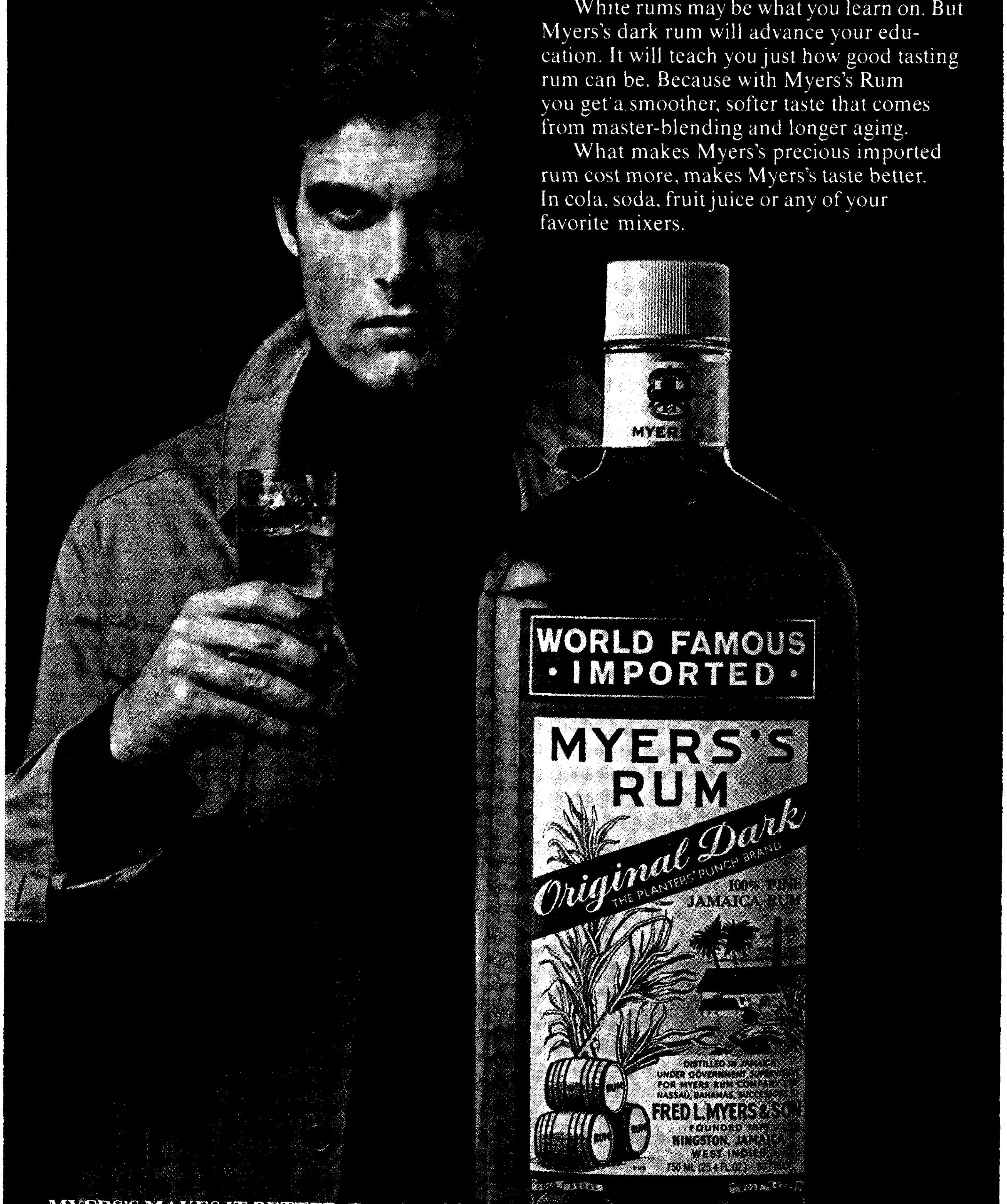
"It all boils down to this: You can forgive but you can't forget, and I can forget but I can't forgive."

IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

"Last year I switched to rum. This year I graduated to Myers's rum."

White rums may be what you learn on. But Myers's dark rum will advance your education. It will teach you just how good tasting rum can be. Because with Myers's Rum you get a smoother, softer taste that comes from master-blending and longer aging.

What makes Myers's precious imported rum cost more, makes Myers's taste better. In cola, soda, fruit juice or any of your favorite mixers.


MYERS
WORLD FAMOUS
• IMPORTED •
MYERS'S RUM
Original Dark
THE PLANTERS' PUNCH BRAND
100% FINE JAMAICA RUM
DISTILLED IN JAMAICA UNDER GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION FOR MYERS RUM COMPANY LTD. NASSAU, BAHAMAS, SUCCESSOR TO
FRED L. MYERS & SON
FOUNDED 1879
KINGSTON, JAMAICA
WEST INDIES
750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)
RUM

MYERS'S MAKES IT BETTER. Taste how Myers's improves on cola, soda, tonic. Free Recipe Book: Myers's Rum, P.O. Box 1622, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022. Offer expires December 31, 1980.

Bermuda. Go [illegible] it all!

"In Bermuda, the family
is together. That's what our
vacation is all about. The swimming,
the snorkeling, and of course, the motorbikes.
We get our money's worth here."

Don and Nance Martin
talk about the Martins' fifteenth visit to Bermuda.

"We enjoy dressing for dinner here,
since our regular life is so informal.
Everything tastes marvelous.
More so because I'm not
cooking it."

"St. David's Lighthouse
was very interesting.
Mr. O'Connor, the keeper,
was just delightful. And
the view! It was just
beautiful up there."

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 507
630 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108
or 300 North State Street, Chicago, Ill. 60610

U.S. I was under the misapprehension that in the U.S.S.R. I would at least always be treated decently, even if eventually killed."

GRAHAM GREENE is restless when he isn't working. He spoke of words in Joseph Conrad's "The Duel" which strike home urgently to him: "The leaden weight of irremediable idleness." "When one's finished a book," said Greene in Antibes, that day wearing a brown cardigan, brown trousers, and brown suède shoes, "one has this leaden weight." He reads and writes almost incessantly, yet still has time for water pistols, courtesy to friends, fun with them, a close affinity with a perky little dog called Sandy that belongs to his beautiful, fragile woman companion in the South of France. Some French who think they can speak English call the dog Saturday, because its name sounds to them like Samedi. He is a most French dog, with a spot of Englishness. Greene thinks him both Anglo-Saxon and Gallic. "Not at all Slav. He understands my English 'r's,'' Greene says. Greene is not Russian in temperament, either. Not at all, say, Dostoevskian. "I find Dostoevski's 'The Brothers Karamazov' very heavy going." I tried to describe what I thought he would respond to in "The Gambler" and "An Unpleasant Predicament," and he said he would try. "But I'm getting very picky. Or perhaps I always was. I suppressed a book of mine called 'The Name of Action,' which I wrote when I was under the influence of Conrad when he was under the influence of Henry James."

He stood in his flat for a while, head bent as if it were about to hit the ceiling, looking up something in Shakespeare which, as it turned out, he had remembered perfectly accurately. He is a born reader. One can imagine him at school games, which he hated, reading furtively behind hedges. He is also, of course, a born writer. Of "The Heart of the Matter" and the character Scobie, he said, "I started making a novel out of a priest and Scobie came out in lumps. Then a man walked up to me and grasped my hand and said, 'This is Scobie.' "

Greene has often been abused. A Communist from the Czech Federal Ministry of Foreign Affairs, recorded on the BBC in 1968, called him "a liar, a cretin, a stool pigeon; unbalanced, sadistic, a perfect ignoramus; lying to his heart's content." "He was saying that I belied 'the state of proud and noble England,' and referred to me as 'this pseudo-writer.' "

Vegetable Musicale
I can't give you anything but KALE, baby.
It's the only thing that was on SALE, baby.
49¢
SALE
Next week: BROCCOLI
Roz Chast

Breaking off from his report of what the Czech had said, and from a whiskey, to think of dinner, Greene said, "Oh, hell, I've never booked our table." He held his hand over the telephone mouthpiece while he was calling the restaurant, and said, "I couldn't quite make out why I was called an imperialist spy."

We got ourselves into a traffic jam. A man lighting a pipe was stopping the flow. Greene said, "A pipe is always a bad sign in traffic, like an elbow out of a window."

"You don't know Antibes yet," said his woman friend, who was driving. Sandy was on the back seat watching for traffic incidents.

"You're quite right," said Greene. "I hate aficionados from foreign countries."

He went on to say to me that he missed England partly because of getting details wrong. In a recent book, he said, he had had the traffic going both ways in St. James's, whereas it has been going only one way for years. He recovers his sense of the England where he is so firmly rooted by reading writers like Trollope. "He conveys a sense of passion without a single line of sexual description." Out of boredom with the traffic—part of a general boredom that has been his living enemy—he started to tell me that he'd just been asked for something "hair-raisingly good" by a left-wing magazine, and for some reason this led him to remember a Norwegian poet whom he had written about in "The Poet and the Gold," and his own comment in Moscow that in Russia any foreigner's hatred for nature "can be easily satisfied—there is no nature for many hundred miles, only something stupid under an idiotical sky."

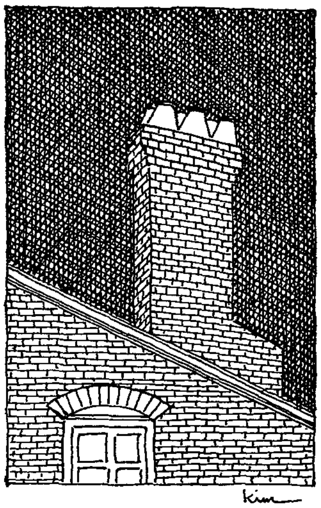
GRAHAM GREENE is no cynic, though he is often obviously close to despair about himself. He is lifted out of it by literature, by travel, by friendship, and by the kindred despair of others. The minutiae of the work of writers whom he admires can elate him. He has written with lucidity and devotedness about the paragraphing of Beatrix Potter. I mentioned this to him, and he said that nothing ever got her down. "She once wrote a very fierce letter to me saying that, far from being down when she wrote a certain tale, she was merely suffering from influenza."

For all his unmistakable Englishness, Graham Greene is—as we all well know—a true internationalist, and one who never hesitates to speak out for individualism in either right-wing or left-wing regimes. Receiving an arts-and-humanities award from the University of Hamburg in 1968, he made a speech called "The Virtue of Disloyalty." He complains with contempt that his book "Travels with My Aunt" was published in South Africa without any South African critic's mentioning the fact that the story included a black lover. "It couldn't have happened in England or France. I sometimes wonder why I leave either country."

He had said, "I think there's a little bit of the old-fashioned schoolmaster about Fidel." Since his own father was an old-fashioned schoolmaster, he should know. In describing his father, who taught, among others, the great Irish wit and broadsheet writer Claud Cockburn, he says that Greene senior would slide onto his shoulder blades and let his mortarboard go askew while teaching. His subjects were English, history, and the Latin classics. A lesson on Browning might easily turn into a discussion of Trevelyan's history of Garibaldi's campaigns. Cockburn, Greene told me, said that the elder Greene might well say, "Speaking of Rome, let me draw your attention to yesterday's events in Paris. Let me draw your attention, if I may, to the probable—nay, assured—consequences of the decisions of Mr. Lloyd George and M. Clemenceau. And with this in mind let us return to a thoughtful consideration of the situation which faced Cicero (a shady character) and his associates at the moment of the Catiline conspiracy.” Greene describes his father at such contemplative moments as looking like an overturned turtle.

As one might expect, Graham Greene has definite spy leanings. They are not inapparent, it seems, to Authority. He told me about an MI-5 man who—when Greene himself was working as an agent—questioned him in Liverpool about a bag of bananas he had brought from Africa. “So at Euston Station, in London, I went to a policeman to chat over the bananas. I thought the bananas might get me into trouble. He advised me very seriously to go to a police station. This was in 1943. So I uneasily dumped the bananas in Gower Street. And I a spy. I was actually quite a good spy. Once, when I was going to stay at the embassy in Poland, a silly man had asked me to take in a tape recorder disguised as a wristwatch, and the ass produced some huge thing as big as a wireless. I left him to it.”

Another day, Graham Greene said to me, “As to travel, I suppose I prefer mules or walking. I hate liners, because of this business of sharing tables. Once, I had to sit next to a garrulous lady, who was the widow of Blériot, and a book didn’t protect me. Other locomotions . . . Well, one might row, but it doesn’t suit my character at all. Nor does skiing. I’m petrified of physical dangers which demand skill on my part. I was living in Gordon Square, in Bloomsbury, when I had to be an air-raid warden during the war. One had to play darts in a gas mask. It reminded me of the forgetful nonsense of a sea voyage I was on when the captain raised his glass on Christmas Day in the midst of Nazi submarines. Anyway, on one dart-playing evening, there was a Russian Georgian in the pub who wanted to play chess. I suggested draughts, the game being shorter and therefore more likely to conclude. He swept the pieces off the table. I don’t like gaudy risks. I’ve got no admiration for people who like Ian Fleming. Kennedy liked Ian Fleming. President Carter’s smile is rather like a Chinese laugh: given when people are frightened.”



I started to talk about the difference between shame and guilt. “Shame has to do with other people’s view of us,” I suggested.

Greene said, “Guilt has to do with one’s own view, and what one apprehends to be God’s.”

“Do you find yourself confused about the death penalty?”

“I think the guillotine is rather exhibitionist and so it’s in favor of murder. A *piqûre*, an injection, would be better. It is perhaps necessary to have the death penalty in the case of terrorism and hostages. I’m against capital punishment for murder, of course, but steps against assassinations are another question. An ambassador is merely the representative of his government’s policy, and he least of all should be penalized. In the case of a murderer, perhaps he should be let off after one murder, and murdered by *ourselves* only if he does it twice. There are many paradoxes in public and political life. A Jewish friend of mine in West Berlin said that his marriage had been ruined *because* there was no Wall. His teen-aged son had been selling the son’s precious Shakespeares to a customer in East Berlin, and the mother defended the son to the father, and the marriage was wrecked, as I said, just because there was no Wall.” Greene did not smile at all, and he went on to say, almost to himself, “If we grumble at sickness, God won’t grant us death.”

We spoke of the blitz, which is where our thoughts had come to lie. “It was very bad,” he said. “Not like a street accident. A street accident is horrible but fortuitous. The blitz belonged to human nature. Nationalism is a very complicated question, but one has to have an ear for hypocrisy there. I met a leading Hungarian general in Buda in 1968 who was the son of a carpenter. I was going down the Danube with him after the Soviet forces had entered Czechoslovakia. He said, ‘I cried.’ Politics shouldn’t be playing these games. It makes me remember—I don’t like telling you this—a shot that was shown on Hungarian television on the Vietnamese New Year in the early nineteen-seventies. Dismembered bodies in Vietnam. The program ended up with a photograph of a woman, shown to the tune of ‘John Brown’s Body,’ and she’d got nothing below her knees. We have to get rid of nationalist rip-roaring or else there is no hope. Hope is the flame of the Christian religion.”

Graham Greene is both funny about and outraged by gradations of national hypocrisy. He speaks comically and with some degree of fury about the level of feminine deceit reached by a *dottoressa* in Capri, whom he edited a book about called “An Impossible Woman: The Memories of Dottoressa Moor of Capri” (Viking, 1976). Norman Douglas claimed that she was the better of his two doctors, because she didn’t try to stop him from drinking. Douglas ended his life with a possibly accidental overdose, but she had the gall to sign a death certificate which suppressed the possibility of suicide. In the same grand manner of fibbing, she described her many lovers as being often like bears, and said that “the best of us won’t know what love is like until we have a Russian lover.” Greene said to me, “That may rule out quite a lot of you.”

Just as Greene greatly admires Conrad, and also W. W. Jacobs and George Birmingham (for his “Spanish Gold”), he has a steady eye for the ridiculous even in the writers he admires. He finds Jane Austen’s irony “heavy going.” Talking of the first version of “Brideshead Revisited,” by his friend Evelyn Waugh, he coughs with laughter about an excised line that read, “She gave him the freedom of her narrow loins.” At the end of the war, “Evelyn and I were having dinner at the Alexander Kordas’,” he said. “Evelyn became unbearably rude. He said Korda was being all wrong in dining there with his mistress, and I said I was there with my mistress, and he said, ‘That’s quite different. Your mistress is married.’ Sometimes Evelyn’s sense of humor was intentionally defunct, like the way he used to affect deafness. But there’s no doubt he was a very troubled man. Troubled by guilt and immensely frightened by death.”

Talk of Korda led us to talk of films and film criticism. Scriptwriter for Korda of “Fallen Idol” (1948) and “The Third Man” (1949), Greene had earlier been a film critic for the *Spectator*, among other publications, and also for *Night and Day*, which was sued out of existence for his hilarious account of Shirley Temple: one that unfortunately cannot be reprinted even now. The hackles of stage mothers rose all over the world. Their little ones were potentially at the mercy of this witty man who had no love for capering dears with saccharine voices. According to Greene, he became the film critic for the *Spectator* by talking his way into the job at a cocktail party. Unjust to himself, no doubt. His film reviews, collected in “Graham Greene on Film” (Simon & Schuster, 1972), are notable for their easy wit and their passionate wishes for better cinema. “In 1967, when I wrote the script for ‘The Comedians,’ with Peter Glenville directing, it had to be in color, because of slavish interest in TV sales, though it should have looked documentary,” said Greene. (The film was based on his book of that title, published here by Viking in 1966.) “But Korda didn’t like aesthetic talk about films. He used to say, ‘When we were young in Hungary, we dreamt of being poets.’ ”

He said to me, as he has said in his film reviews, “Many people go to the cinema, but do they get what they really want or what the middle-class public is said to want—the cinema of escapism? The thousands who come down to Wembley for football matches don’t want escapism. I think that an artist who wants his art to be part of his life should welcome the chance of showing people ways of working with enjoyment, not ways of escaping.” Greene’s early fiction was a sort of popular drama, unlike the mandarin-and-flunky art of many of his contemporaries in England. When he went into the cinema then, he said, he could always hear the crackle of chocolate wrappings, the sound of women’s shopping bags flapping against their knees, the kisses of young couples courting in the back row. “The artist should have taken heed of those crackles and whispers, and realized that they existed only because he had not given the audience what it wanted. It didn’t want to be soothed, it wanted to be excited. I wanted films that seemed to have been made by their spectators, and not just shown to them. Cinema allows the people who are not generally called literate a glimpse of the poetic that has been denied to the common populace since the Puritans closed the theatres.”

Graham Greene’s ideas of what he wishes the cinema to be are, as he makes clear in “Graham Greene on Film,” rooted in Chekhov’s idea that the only matter for art is the contrast between life as it is and life as it ought to be. He dislikes the work of Robert Flaherty, the most admired pioneer documentary filmmaker, for Flaherty’s belief that truth can often be revealed only by distortion. Greene believes that it can be done by juxtaposition, by a kind of trope, just as in his own books. In the Yefim Dzigan film “We from Kronstadt” Greene admires the juxtaposition of the image of the flighting birds and the sight of the stones around the prisoners’ necks. He loves George Hoellering’s “Hortobagy” (a film made, in 1937, by the man who now runs the famous Academy Cinema in London) for what Hoellering shows of the men of the Hungarian plains, acted by peasants and shepherds. Some of Greene’s other favorite films are the early two-reel Chaplins, Chaplin’s “The Gold Rush,” Pudovkin’s “Mother,” Stroheim’s “Foolish Wives.” He quite often comes back to complaining about the crassness of color, which he has always said put the cinema back twelve years. He seems anxious, as he is in his fiction, for the non-vital moments of life to be shown. He wants a cinema that is both poetic and popular: he wants what a younger Englishman of the cinema, Lindsay Anderson, calls “the poetry of the everyday.”

IN 1952, Greene expressed anxiety about “a reign of terror” and a widespread acceptance of the informer in the United States during the McCarthy period. He did it in America, while he was receiving the Catholic Literary Award for “The End of the Affair.” He has never hesitated to speak his mind politically or to risk his life in places of war and revolution. This sort of danger he doesn’t mind: unlike swimming underwater, it doesn’t scare him at all. Swimming underwater terrifies him because it requires trained skill. When he was in Hanoi during the French-Vietnamese War, he says—this man who has such a dauntless sense of humor—he was supposed to be under the constant watch of the Sûreté. “I would go to a book shop and try to buy books of mine in French to create a demand, and the man from the Sûreté would immediately buy all the same books, thus creating double the demand. It became rather ridiculous. So we would play dice in the evening and I would tell him where I had been, for his records and to save him the trouble of following me. He would probably lose the game, but he was grateful. I remember telling him that the worst thing anyone could inflict upon me was Christmas. He didn't understand the horrors of the Anglo-Saxon Christmas. When Michael Meyer and I were in the Pacific, we went by boat to Fiji, and, because there was a terrific storm, we had to stop there on Christmas Eve. The usual balloons and false bonhomie. Then we turned back and crossed the international date line to quiet waters, and had Christmas Eve all over again. The happiest Christmas I have had was in 1941, at sea. There was a dreadful wag of a professor, but he became convivial on Christmas Eve and got finely drunk, and had a terrible hangover the whole of Christmas Day. He was extremely fat. In Africa—and, indeed, almost everywhere except in the Slav countries and the United States—it is striking how thin the policemen are who have been put on to guard me. Why are the police so fat in America? Perhaps they have to weigh sixteen stone to hold back the crowds of America's very brave orange-juice student generation. The vagaries of the United States police and immigration officials are frightening. They are men of iron whim, to borrow someone else's aphorism."

He spoke of being in Russia in 1958, when the Royal Shakespeare Company was in Moscow and Leningrad. Dorothy Tutin was there, playing Juliet, Ophelia, and Viola. (She had been in Graham Greene's own play "The Living Room," in London at Wyndham's in 1953.) He showed me the Russian program. "Dorothy looked quite Slavic," Greene said. "The makeup, or perhaps the atmosphere, had done something to her cheekbones. I suddenly noticed her looking perfectly at home among Russians. You know, a big difference has occurred in the theatre because of films. The Victorians described things statically. We describe things in film terms. The décor isn't separated from the action." We were sitting in a restaurant opposite a fortresslike wall, and a head wearing a uniform cap was just visible moving above the top of it. "Look at that. A perfect phrase in a modern novel, a perfect shot in a modern film. Korda and I did a lot of work on our films on boats. We were going at one time to the East on a yacht, and when we got to Brindisi the American crew said it was too rough to go on. Alex stood there looking like a wrinkled brown nut of a sea captain and said, 'Nonsense.' Then he had a fearsome—and, of course, fantastic—conversation with the crew about how Coca-Cola can render you impotent. The crew skedaddled to carry out his orders. I suppose that's what makes you a film magnate: knowing what it is that will make any people of any nationality skedaddle. To tell you the truth, I really think he frightened himself."

Greene went in 1969, 1970, and 1971 to Corrientes, a little province of its own in Argentina. "The governor installed me at the posh hotel," Greene said. "I found I was the honored guest. There was big trouble in Argentina. By 1971, a three-man junta headed by Lanusse had deposed President Levingston. An Englishman rose and said I was asked to an internment camp where, contrary to my information, everything was 'peaceful and happy.' The next day, he said in the car, 'Unfortunately, there's been a murder. But no robbery.' He spoke like a hostess. I wanted to photograph the body, so that I could do a news story, but the body was covered with brown paper, from the chin to the feet." He looked out of the window of his workroom, in Antibes, and said, "Oh, Lord, there's a vulture. I hate vultures. I used to have six sitting on my roof outside Freetown. At Angkor Wat, the bats are awful. In Liberia, it was the rats. I used to have to have a bath before six in the evening, to beat them to it."

We talked about Russia. He said, "Now and then, I have slight hopes of Russia. I noticed in the news that a distinguished officer of the K.G.B. criticized the Daniel-Sinyavsky trial. He was my old friend and colleague Kim Philby. I wanted to hand over the Russian royalties of my books to Daniel's and Sinyavsky's wives, but my proposal was refused by the Union of Writers in Moscow. I thought, I know how to get out of that one. I wrote to the editor of the Soviet *Literary Gazette* suggesting that I take out a deed of attorney at the Russian Embassy in Paris. I received an answer dismissing the suggestion, as smooth as ice. It frightened me as much as the feeling of Haiti that I tried to communicate in 'The Comedians.' In Haiti at the height of the reign of Papa Doc, one had the sense that even the machinery of tyranny was running down. Anything could happen anytime, anywhere. The Haitians are living in a world of Hieronymus Bosch. A reign of terror has about it a sense of farce. The chaotic is in control, as in farce. Oh, that beautiful, bedevilled country, poor beyond belief. Any door may be opened to you by Boris Karloff. Surely never has there been so barren and ignoble a purpose as here: the lining of a few evil men's pockets. All business that does not offer a kickback is halted. But Haitian common pride cannot be exaggerated. It is a quality oddly comforting to the persecutors, who you would think would relish their victims' humiliation. Even a man released from the torture chamber under the palace—tortured almost to the point of death—will not admit that he has been touched. The great-great-grandchild of slaves is never going to say that he has lost."

Graham Greene expands with the times instead of railing at them. In 1968, he was in Prague in support of Dubček. Other writers fretted at a distance about Allende's Chile; Greene went there. His fiction is often prophetic, in the way that portraits can prefigure what a face is going to look like in twenty years. It is one of the mysterious powers of the imaginative arts. But he says, "I have no talent. It's just a question of working, of being willing to put in the time." He says of his childhood, "I grew clever at evasion. Truancy was established as the pattern of my life." In an effort to overcome his sense of drift and to win his war against boredom, he has been alert to the bankruptcy of colonial regimes, the threat of intelligence agencies with uncontrolled powers, the suppression of private and religious beliefs. He is immensely suspicious of the synthetic. He is moved most by characters who have to be strong because they are weak, who have to be good because they think themselves sinners. In his autobiography, "A Sort of Life" (Simon & Schuster, 1971), Greene crosses and recrosses the paths of his experience, trying to get a compass bearing. The autobiography carries an opening quotation from Kierkegaard: "Only robbers and gypsies say that one must never return where one has once been."

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

An easy means of protecting birds and insects from your young seedlings is to form a cone from a square of old window screen or insect screen and place it over the seedling.—*Hamilton (Mont.) Ravalli Republic.*

Bunnies must look out for themselves.

"AN AIRLINE THAT OVERBOOKS TODAY MIGHT FIND ITSELF UNDERBOOKED TOMORROW."

FRANK BORMAN, PRESIDENT, EASTERN AIRLINES

Last year, overbooking grounded more than a hundred thousand passengers—on all airlines combined.

Airlines overbook because passengers with reservations don't always show up.

A VIEW ON AIRLINE OVERBOOKING FROM EASTERN.

And no-shows mean empty seats on a flight other people want, and lost revenues for the airlines.

At Eastern Airlines, we've developed a better way to help offset no-shows. It's called the Conditional Reservation. And, because of it, our record in honoring reservations is better than any of our competitors'.

With a Conditional Reservation, you know in advance that your preferred flight is already booked, and you might not get on—but that you'll fly free on the next flight with available seats if you don't.

Chances are good that you'll get the flight you want. Because 96 percent of those passengers who have booked a Conditional Reservation on Eastern have gotten on the flight of their choice—a total of nearly 2 million to date.

At Eastern, we know that providing good, personal service is just good business. And, if it takes an innovative idea—like the Conditional Reservation—to serve you better, we'll make that our business too.

After all, there are a lot of airlines you can fly besides Eastern. So, if we expect you to fly with us again, we know we can't leave you on the ground.

At Eastern, we know we have to earn our wings every day.

EASTERN

WE HAVE TO EARN OUR WINGS EVERY DAY

John

You will look and feel more comfortable in summer clothes designed by John Weitz.

Consider the herringbone linen blend suit. The color is cool, the fabric breathes. This suit remains undaunted in weather that would wilt a lesser suit.

The open-weave blazer, in a worsted blend, is equally dauntless.

Both are proudly American. And both uphold a cherished John Weitz belief: The distinction lies in how the man looks, not in how much he pays.

The John Weitz Signature Collection by Palm Beach.

Weitz

Weitz. The American designer for the American man.

Photographed at the UN Plaza Hotel.

PALM BEACH COMPANY, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019. (212) 581-7520

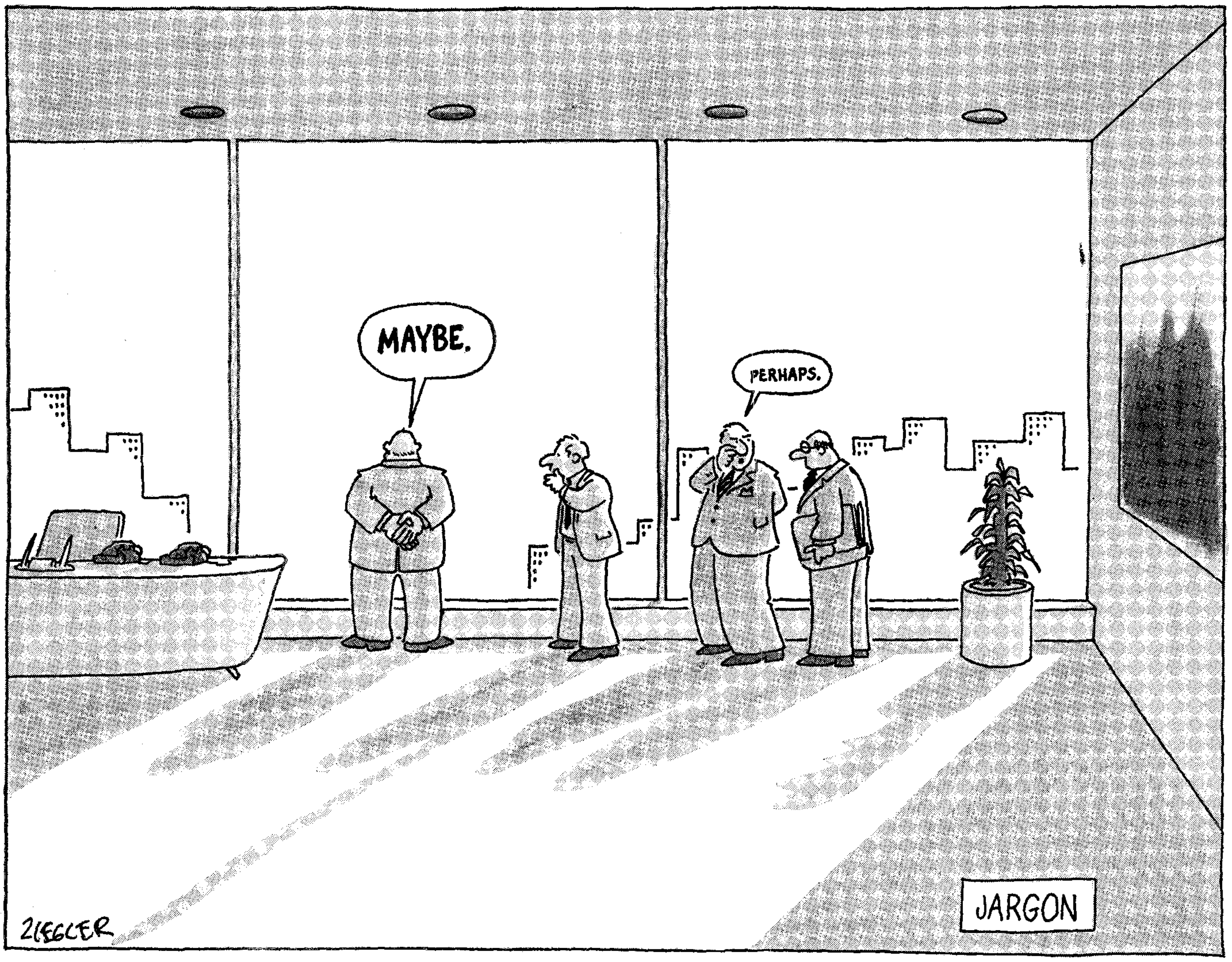
THE THEATRE

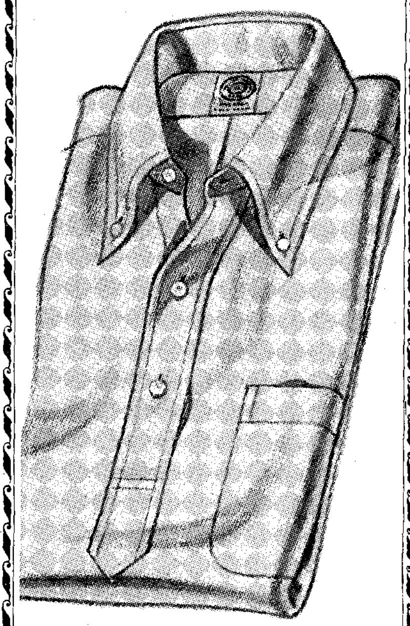
In Praise of Wheels

"SPOKESONG," at the Circle in the Square, is a curious little play in which form and content are often intentionally at odds with each other. As in Behan's "The Hostage," grim matters of life and death are interrupted by snatches of jaunty song. An elegantly turned out Everyman—or perhaps we should call him a Uniman, since he makes his first appearance riding a unicycle—enters and leaves the stage with a whimsical disregard for whatever realistic action may be taking place there; his presence hints strongly that we are expected to perceive the play as an allegory of the present so-called "troubles" in the North of Ireland and, by extension, the troubles besetting us throughout the world. Taking a hint from Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth" (Wilder himself having taken more than a hint from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake"), Stewart Parker, the author of "Spokesong," has much to say about man's good fortune in having invented the wheel and his ill fortune in overexploiting it; Mr. Parker rues the day when the wheel passed from its happiest embodiment, in the bicycle, to its most maleficent embodiment, in the automobile. The wheel is man's best friend; the automobile is his worst enemy. This is an amusing and lyrical conceit, but it mingles uncomfortably with the major concern of the play: that gunfire and bombs are killing people in Belfast and elsewhere in Ireland, in a guerrilla warfare that everyone deplores and that no one can find a means of ending. As a native of Belfast, Mr. Parker cannot resist placing the tragedy of current events at the very heart of his comedy; we are encouraged to laugh and then we are encouraged to wonder what on earth it is that we are laughing at.

The hero of "Spokesong"—the title is a Joycean play on words—is the young, good-hearted proprietor of a bicycle shop in Belfast. His grandfather, the founder of the shop, was lucky enough to meet John Boyd Dunlop, the developer of the pneumatic tire, by means of which the primitive, bone-crunching bicycle of the early nineteenth century became a practical vehicle. A pretty, exceptionally stern-minded young teacher brings her bicycle into the shop for repair, and the proprietor is ready at once to fall in love with her. His brother, who has prospered in faraway London, pays a visit to Belfast and demonstrates how easy it would be for him to carry the teacher off to London with him. Meanwhile, the dead grandparents move in and out of the shop as quietly—and eerily—as they move back and forth in time. A bomb going off outside the shop threatens to wreck it by chance; city planners threaten to wreck it on purpose, by placing a damnable new highway on the site. Life is growing intolerable, and there appears to be no escape from its iniquities; at that moment, a deus ex machina in the shape of a gorgeous tandem bicycle descends from Heaven, and the young man and woman pedal off to the tune of "Daisy Bell."

The six members of the cast—John Lithgow, Joseph Maher, Maria Tucci,





Brooks Brothers

OUR SHORT-SLEEVE ETAMINE

Etamine is French for "porous"—a weave that makes our cotton pullover shirt cool all summer. Made in our own workrooms, with short sleeves, in blue, yellow, white. Neck sizes 14½ to 16½. $24.50

To order by mail:
Send to
Address
City
State Zip Code

Quantity	Size	Color	Price

Brooks Acct. No.
American Exp. No.
Expiration date
Remittance enclosed $

Mail Orders Invited. Please add applicable sales tax and $2 for postage and handling outside the N.Y. delivery area.

☐ Send Charge Account Application

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Virginia Vestoff, Josef Sommer, and John Horton—are all a delight; they make us believe in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land as well as in Belfast. The superb direction is by Kenneth Frankel, the scenery is by Marjorie Kellogg, the costumes are by Bill Walker, and the lighting is by John McLain. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Patrician

UNDER Michael Langham's direction, the distinguished black actors (*with a sprinkling of Hispanic* actors) whom Joseph Papp has assembled at the Public are in the process of becoming one of the most dynamic Shakespeare companies around. "Coriolanus," with Morgan Freeman in the title role, has some weak moments, but when it is good it is excellent. Somewhere near the beginning of the second half, Mr. Freeman, as the contemptuous Roman patrician banished after his great military victory over the Volscians by the contemptible Roman mob (Shakespeare takes no sides), approaches Robert Christian, as Aufidias, his defeated adversary in battle, and offers to join him in an invasion of Rome. Coriolanus is beside himself with bitterness and what he himself knows is spite, and Aufidias, at first wary and incredulous, is suddenly overjoyed. That scene, to the enduring credit of Mr. Freeman and Mr. Christian, galvanizes the whole performance and sets it in focus. The play, with the current of political debate and political attitudes that propels it, must always seem applicable to any age, and it does. Not only that, but Mr. Freeman (a star if ever there was one) also makes it into a fascinating study in temperament—of a complex, tortured man, trained to control his seething rage, repelled by the rebellious plebeians, whom he treats with an abrasive disdain that dismays his fellow-patricians, openly affectionate with his wife and little son, and far too deeply concerned with doing credit to his mother, Volumnia. Gloria Foster's Volumnia—the fierce Roman matron, proud of her son's wounds and eager for more of them—is, I must say with regret, a puzzle, for she seems throughout to be off on a tack of her own, so that the climactic scene in which she persuades her son and the Volscian army he leads to turn back short of Rome, when everyone else has failed to do so, is not nearly as powerful as it should be. It is this off-key performance that accounts for my slight disappointment in the show as a whole; otherwise, this fascinating play is made fresh and dramatic. No aspect of character or subtlety of feeling is overlooked, every thought and every flicker of humor and irony are clear, and the poetry seems as natural as breathing. Mr. Christian is an especially eloquent Aufidias, his rage at Coriolanus, his former enemy, always threatening to erupt, even after they have become partners. Michele Shay, as Virgilia, Coriolanus's loving wife, is strong and beautiful, and more besides; Earle Hyman is fine as Cominius, Consul of Rome; and there are good performances by Maurice Woods, Jaime Sanchez, Count Stovall, Frank Adu, William Jay, and Frankie Faison, among others.

THE hero of David Mercer's "Ride a Cock Horse," at the Hudson Guild, is yet another dispossessed North Country Englishman in London. He is a successful novelist named Peter, obsessed with his working-class origins as a Yorkshire coal miner's son, and we first see him (in a prologue) astride that significant rocking horse as the three women in his life silently look on. They are his wife, who is a doctor, and his two mistresses—an aging actress and a young computer programmer—all of whom he makes miserable in various ways, and who love him in various ways. Peter is a relentless cutup, given to flash mimicry, spur-of-the-moment routines, merciless rudeness, and fits of childishness that seem engaging for a while. However, the childishness slowly grows ominous, the women grow tired of being lied to by him and hurt by him, and the audience comes to realize that underneath all the fooling around (much of it amusing, for Mr. Mercer is a clever enough writer in a familiar tradition) there is real trouble, and that Peter is heading for a serious breakdown.

The young Englishman of low birth expressing his anger and misery and guilt in acrid comedy and general misbehavior has become an old acquaintance. Mr. Mercer wrote this play in 1965, when it was probably more in tune with the times, and he has been very well served by his company, under the direction of Geoffrey Sherman. Megan Cole makes a credible wife—worried, exasperated, and loyal, up to a point. Barbara Caruso is semi-believable in the semi-believable part of the actress, whose desperation almost results in suicide, and Veronica Castang brings life and reality to the computer programmer, who obliges Peter by becoming pregnant with his child. As for Kenneth Welsh, as Peter, he is, as always, acute and effective, but the role seems far too shallow and easy for an actor of his accomplishment. The good settings of the three flats of the three ladies are by Philipp Jung. Costumes by Julie Weiss, lighting by Toni Goldin.

JOHN BISHOP'S "Winter Signs," at the Circle Repertory through April 1st, is an old-fashioned triangle play with spooky and homosexual overtones. The husband is a middle-aged professor of drama in Minnesota, the wife is a teacher of dance, and the former lover is a Broadway director. There are patches of humor and real writing among clouds of guff, but the performances in the non-parts don't amount to much. Mr. Bishop is the author of "The Trip Back Down" and "Cabin Twelve," both of them plays of merit and originality. The acting at the Circle Rep is usually good. Marshall W. Mason, who is one of our better directors, is at least partly responsible for this mess.

"RE-ARRANGEMENTS," directed by the invaluable Joseph Chaikin and performed by the members of his company, is a celebration of life that is as imaginative and penetrating as was Mr. Chaikin's investigation of death in "Terminal," back in 1970. As was true of "Terminal," and also of the Chaikin troupe's "The Serpent," of the same year, the action, though seemingly free-form and random, is entirely disciplined, consisting of movement and dancing and music and words and, in this instance, some irresistible clowning. The show, which will be at La Mama only through March 25th, is always startling and exhilarating, and often funny. The good, spare lines were written by the company, with additional material by Sam Shepard and Susan Sontag; a marvellous comic monologue about sexual fantasy, delivered at breakneck speed, is presumably the work of Mr. Shepard, the old master of the spoken aria. A show as good as this one cannot just disappear, and it is to be hoped that Mr. C. will bring it back for a more substantial run.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Lucille Aly, another Eugenean and member of the University of Oregon English department. Aly has done an autobiography called *John G. Niehardt.*
—*Eugene* (*Ore.*) *Register-Guard.*

Now she's working on her identity problem.

MAN MADE FIBERS
LIFE MADE BETTER
"smile"
It's easier with Kodel.®

Ayres by E. Eysen creates a dress as pleasing as a garden of delights. Styled in Springmaid Seabreeze voile of Kodel polyester and cotton. It's light… feminine…delicately dramatic. With soft summery touches. And smile. Kodel helps keep it looking garden-fresh…all through the day. In cerise or periwinkle. Sizes 6 to 16. Made to sell for about $54. At fine stores including: BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan & Toledo; I. Magnin, San Francisco.

Dress from Ayres by E. Eysen. Springmaid® fabric. Kodel® polyester by Eastman.

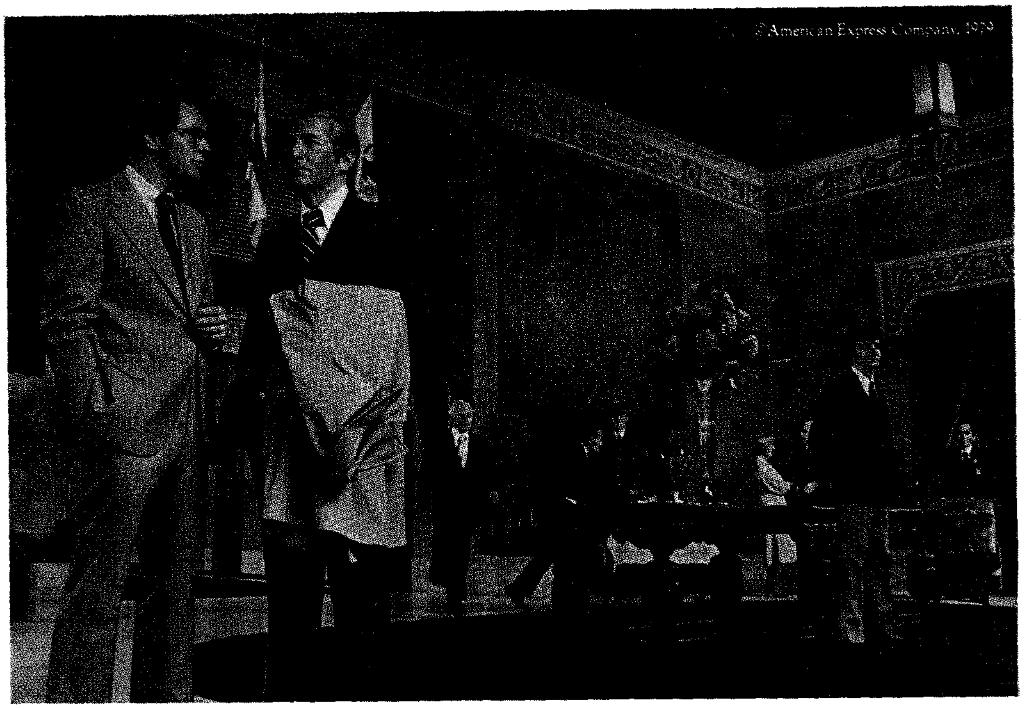
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, 1133 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. KODEL is Eastman's trademark for its polyester fiber. Eastman does not make fabrics or consumer textile products and therefore makes no warranties with respect to such products.

Kodak

LETTER FROM MANILA

Father James Reuter, a Jesuit priest who has spent forty of his sixty-two years in the Philippines, pointed to a spidery bullet hole in the window of his office at Jesuit headquarters in Manila recently and, with a note of pride, told me that the shot had undoubtedly been fired—one morning about a year and a half ago—by someone who didn't like what he and his fellow-activists had been saying and writing about President Ferdinand E. Marcos. Reuter, a stocky man of medium height who looks more like a retired prizefighter than like a priest, speaks of his battles with the government as if he were recounting stories of fistfights with street bullies back in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where he originally came from. Until December of 1976, Reuter was the editor of a four-page newspaper called the *Communicator*, which had been published weekly by the Jesuits for four years along with another paper, called *Signs of the Times*. That December, military authorities closed the papers down, and Reuter and twenty-three other members of the two editorial staffs—priests, nuns, and laymen—were accused of inciting people to violence and sedition. No formal charges were filed against them, and they were not detained, but a formal investigation was initiated by the military prosecutor, military guards were posted at the Jesuit offices, and the movements of the accused were carefully watched. Last July, while Army investigators were still preparing the cases for possible prosecution, President Marcos, on the recommendation of Defense Secretary Juan Ponce Enrile, suddenly ordered the investigation dropped, in line with his recent policy of granting amnesty to persons accused of political crimes—about four hundred and fifty of whom, according to Enrile, are still in jail, on charges of subversion or inciting rebellion. (Amnesty International and other sources assert that the number of political prisoners is much higher. When martial law was instituted, in September of 1972, ten to fifteen thousand people were imprisoned. Most of those original detainees have been released, but political arrests continue.) Enrile said that there were prima-facie cases against the twenty-four people accused but that they would not be prosecuted, "in the interests of national reconciliation and unity." Following the election, last April 7th, of a hundred and sixty-five members of the Interim Batasang Pambansa, or Interim National Assembly, Marcos named as additional members himself and ten of his cabinet ministers, as well as fourteen people from youth and labor groups, to bring the total membership in the new legislature to a hundred and ninety. The election was supposed to be the first step since martial law was declared toward setting the Philippines on a parliamentary instead of a presidential course. At the moment, the sixty-one-year-old Marcos is both President and Prime Minister, and, barring health problems, he will remain so indefinitely. The April voting, especially in Manila, which was the only place where an opposition group put up a bona-fide slate, was organized and controlled by the government, and even some of its staunchest supporters have shamefacedly admitted that the anti-Marcos candidates, led by the imprisoned former Senator Benigno (Ninoy) Aquino, Jr., were cheated out of at least seven—and perhaps as many as fifteen—of twenty-one contested Assembly seats in the Greater Manila area, known as Metro Manila.

Almost since martial law began, the activist minority of the Catholic Church, in this predominantly Catholic country, has been in the forefront of the opposition to Marcos, who was elected President in 1965 and again in 1969, and then, since by law two Presidential terms were the maximum, imposed martial law in 1972 to keep himself in power. For the most part, the Jesuit priests and the nuns who have waged the campaign against the government have concentrated their attention on human rights and the deprivation of justice. The judicial sys-



No wonder these hotels are Preferred.

Name a luxury hotel. Chances are it's on this list.

Captain Cook Hotel
Anchorage

Beverly Wilshire Hotel
Beverly Hills,
Los Angeles

The Ritz-Carlton
Boston

The Drake
Chicago

The Brown Palace Hotel
Denver

Hotel Pontchartrain
Detroit

The Warwick
Houston

The Atkinson Hotel
Indianapolis

Alameda Plaza
Kansas City

Desert Inn and Country Club
Las Vegas

The Pfister Hotel and Tower
Milwaukee

The Marquette Inn
The Northstar Inn
Minneapolis

The Pontchartrain
New Orleans

The Pierre
New York City

The Barclay
Philadelphia

Hotel Roanoke
Roanoke

The Hotel Utah
Salt Lake City

The Stanford Court
San Francisco

The Clayton Inn
St. Louis

The Watergate Hotel
The Embassy Row Hotel
Washington, D.C.

CANADA

The International
Calgary

Park Plaza Hotel
Hotel Plaza II
The Prince Hotel
Toronto

Georgia Hotel
Vancouver

AFFILIATED HOTELS

The Plaza
Buenos Aires

The Dorchester
London

The Gran Hotel Bolivar
Lima

The Grand Hotel National
Lucerne

Hotel Palace
Madrid

Plaza Athenee
Paris

Hotel Bristol
Vienna

Hotel Nassauer Hof
Wiesbaden/
Frankfurt

Dolder Grand Hotel
Zurich

Thirty-six of the world's finest hotels. Gracious, warm, elegant hotels. Each one with a staff waiting to pamper you. And each one a reminder of the grand hotels of yesterday.

Preferred Hotels is an association of independently owned and run hotels.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Preferred Hotels

They're linked by standards—not a chain. For reservations at any of these luxury hotels,* call 800-323-7500 (Illinois 800-942-7400 and Alaska 800-323-3636). In Canada 1-800-661-1262. Of course the American Express® Card is welcome at all Preferred Hotels.

AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it. SM

*Excluding listed hotels outside North America.

Cutlass watching is
60
O'FARRELL, JONES
& HYDE
STREETS

There's a lot of news in Olds today.

All over America people are sitting up and taking note of our snappy-looking Olds Cutlass. For four years in a row now, Cutlass has been America's best selling mid-size. And it looks like 1979 will be no different. That's right, Oldsmobile Cutlass is

the #1 selling mid-size.

And to keep Cutlass ever so popular, we've made a 4.3-litre diesel V8 available. An engine which gives you an EPA estimated ㉔ miles per gallon. With a whopping highway estimate of 32 mpg.

Cutlass Supreme

Now *remember,* compare the *"estimated mpg"* to the *"estimated mpg"* of other cars: you may get different mileage depending on speed, trip length and weather. And your actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy.

When you do compare, you'll find that the diesel V8 Cutlass

getting better and better.
GM

Cutlass Calais

has an EPA rating some subcompacts don't match, and it has

the #1 EPA mileage estimate of any mid-size.

Yes, Cutlass watching is getting better and better. But why watch? Just decide which Cutlass model is right for you.

Supreme. The lowest priced of the three, even with the available whitewalls, sport mirrors and wheel rings which are shown.

Calais. The road car Cutlass. Standard with bucket seats, full instrumentation, and stabilizer bars front and rear.

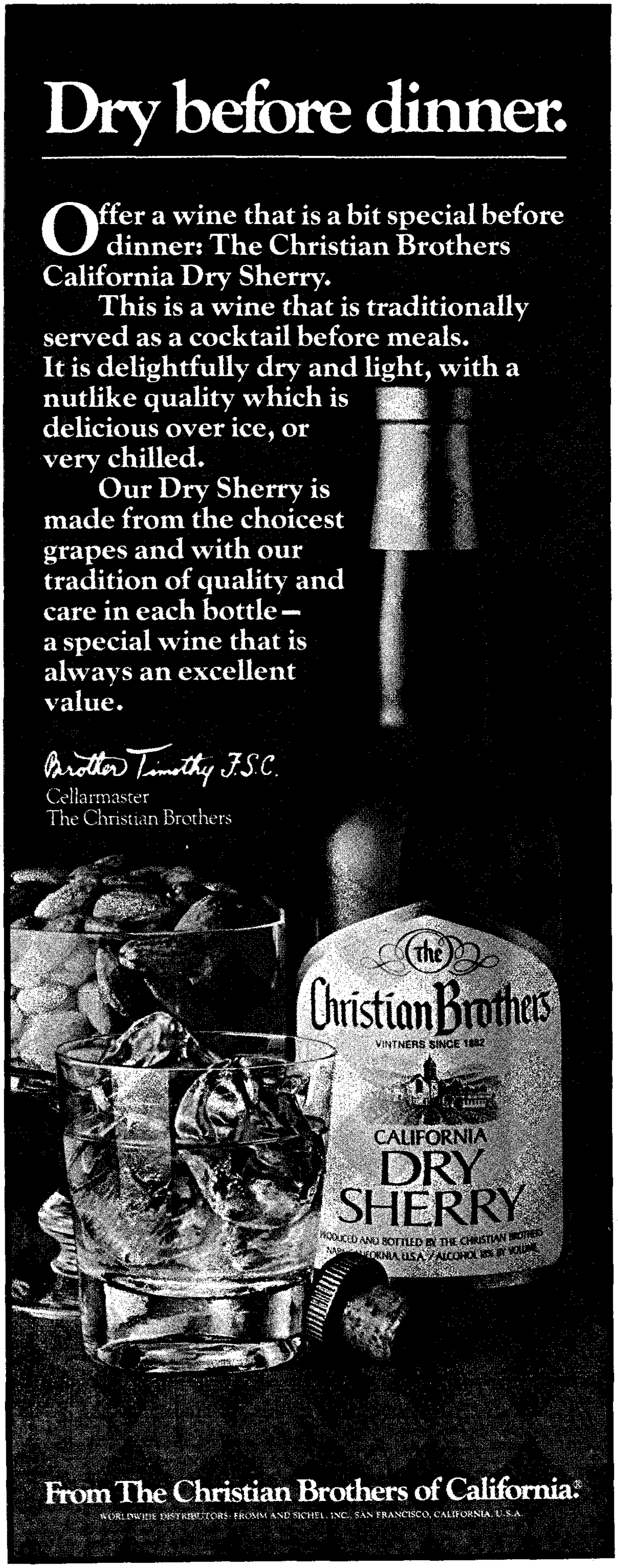
Supreme Brougham. Luxury you'd expect in bigger, more expensive cars—in a practically sized and priced Cutlass.

Cutlass watching. About the only thing better is Cutlass owning. Which begins with a visit to your Olds dealer.

Oldsmobile
Cutlass
Have one built for you.

tem has been completely undermined by Marcos's control over the tenure of all judges, whom he can dismiss simply by Presidential decree or by appointing their replacements. In addition, he established a total of thirty-two military tribunals to handle the more serious political cases, and while he has ordered these military courts to be phased out, as part of what he keeps promising will be a process of "political normalization," twenty-five of them still have some sixteen hundred criminal cases to dispose of. Furthermore, in jails all over the country there are unknown numbers of persons who have been arrested for crimes against the state but who have not been charged. Many of these people are believed or known to be members of a Muslim liberation movement in the southernmost islands of the Philippines or else members or sympathizers of the New People's Army, which is a Communist insurgency group that operates chiefly in Luzon, the northernmost island, where Manila is situated. Marcos says that the existence of these rebel groups, together with the nation's economic condition, prevents him from lifting martial law. He claims that he wants to lift it as soon as possible, but he seems in no hurry to do so.

On several occasions, Marcos has said that the period of martial law would be "a Cromwellian phase," aimed at creating law and order—at eliminating rampant crime and often violent political activity. For several years, the crime rate did go down, but recently it has begun to rise again—in 1978 crime rose nearly twenty per cent over 1977—and among those responsible for the rise have been members of the Army and the police constabulary, who are dominant elements in the society and are among Marcos's chief supporters. In response to widespread criticism abroad, especially in the United States, the government has denied that it has practiced torture on a large scale, but because of pressure from such groups as Amnesty International, the International Commission of Jurists, and the International Law Association, as well as from American congressional investigating committees and ranking officials of the Carter Administration, the government has taken steps in the past two years to punish and dismiss several hundred members of the military and the constabulary who were declared guilty of torturing ordinary citizens. Nevertheless, cases of torture are still reported, and only a few weeks ago Enrile, no doubt keeping in mind



Dry before dinner.

Offer a wine that is a bit special before dinner: The Christian Brothers California Dry Sherry.

This is a wine that is traditionally served as a cocktail before meals. It is delightfully dry and light, with a nutlike quality which is delicious over ice, or very chilled.

Our Dry Sherry is made from the choicest grapes and with our tradition of quality and care in each bottle—a special wine that is always an excellent value.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers

From The Christian Brothers of California®

WORLDWIDE DISTRIBUTORS: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

the fact that Imelda Marcos, the President's wife, was about to visit the United States, promised, somewhat defensively, that military men guilty of using torture would be punished. Last August, political detainees at the Bicutan Rehabilitation Center, near Manila, addressed a six-page open letter to an international-law conference held here. The letter described incidents of torture and degrading treatment of prisoners and maintained that there had been an increase in the number of "salvaging" cases—the government term for summary executions—and of cases in which detainees disappeared and were simply reported as missing. In spite of Marcos's earlier expressions of regret over the use of torture and his promises that it would not continue, the letter added that "the trampling of human rights persists with unbelievable insolence." In December, at a court-martial of three members of the Military Security Intelligence Group, four Filipinos, including a pregnant woman who was the daughter of an Air Force officer, testified that they had been tortured by electric shocks and body blows in May in the offices of the security group. In a speech to the international lawyers, Marcos again denied that the government had been guilty of a general policy of violating human rights. While he has been sensitive to the rising criticism abroad, he has also indicated his resentment of it, and has spoken of "double standards" applied by the United States and other countries. In his speech, he said, further, that all nations must exercise domestic jurisdiction over human rights, without unwarranted foreign interference, in accordance with the United Nations Charter—a position that was peremptorily rejected at the lawyers' conference, which passed a resolution declaring that the condition of human rights in any country was a matter of legitimate international concern.

The cases of torture that routinely go unreported in the Philippine press have particularly aroused the anger of the Jesuits and of the other activist elements of both the Catholic and Protestant churches, and also of a small group of opposition political leaders which includes a number of prominent lawyers and civil libertarians who once sat in Congress. Father Reuter got into trouble with the authorities because of an account he wrote for the *Communicator* in February of 1976. The whole issue dealt with the case of Juan Adriano, a shoemaker, who numbered among his regular customers some nuns and priests. Shortly after five on the

What's so unusual *about this cabled V-neck sweater? Answer: the six ply combed cotton yarn from which it is hand framed and fully fashioned. Six ply denotes strength and durability. Cotton translates into cool comfort. Yellow, camel, natural, dark blue, slate blue or slate green. S. M. L. XL. $52.50. Please add $2.75 for delivery. For N.Y. State destinations add applicable tax.*

Paul Stuart

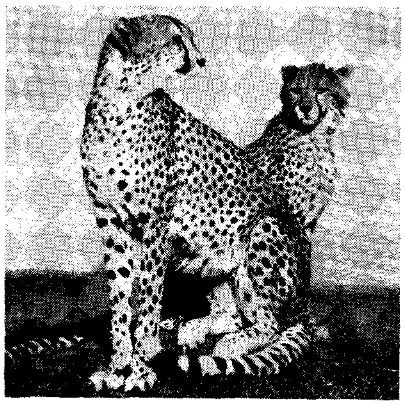
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0320.

AFRICA can be a world of difference when you Travel the World of Lindblad

- ★ We spend tremendous time on research and preparation when planning our expeditions.
- ★ We are pioneers in destinations, the first to be there.
- ★ We travel in smaller groups, enabling us to give members more individual attention.
- ★ We prepare you for your experience with lectures and reading material.
- ★ We offer a variety of "in-depth" programs.

Those are only a few of the reasons why Africa with Lindblad can be a world of difference. Ask your Travel Agent. He knows. Or write for our Africa brochure.

You'll fly to Africa in utmost comfort with British Airways.

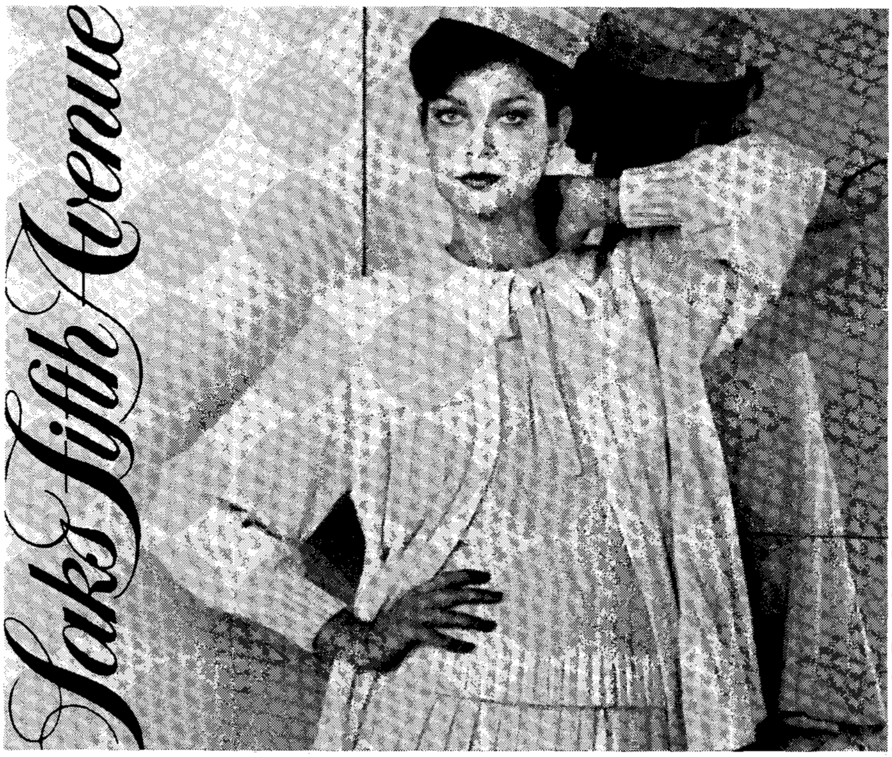


LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
133 East 55th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-2300

Please send us your brochure
on AFRICA.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ____________
My Travel Agent is____________
NY3-26

afternoon of January 22, 1976, the fifty-one-year-old Adriano was preparing to close his shop and meet his wife, Salome, in Cubao, Quezon City, where they had bought a small house. The Adrianos and their four sons had been living in the apartment above the shoe store, and had rented out part of the Cubao house before they moved into it. One of their tenants was a man named Juanito Camalig, who occupied one room with his wife and child. Camalig had agreed to take the room for a single month the previous July but had subsequently refused to move out. The Adrianos were now determined to move in anyway. As Adriano was about to leave his shop that afternoon, a car drew up and two men jumped out and handed him a subpoena ordering him or his wife to appear before Major Rolando Abadilla by six o'clock. Abadilla was the chief of the intelligence and investigation section of the city constabulary, and, according to what Camalig had told the Adrianos' lawyer two days before, was a relative of his, whose name he had used as a threat to avoid being forced to leave the house. When Adriano said that he couldn't possibly get to Camp Crame, the constabulary headquarters, by six in the heavy traffic, he was told that Abadilla, a man known for his toughness, would not wait after seven, and that if Adriano knew what was good for him he would come along with them at once. He did. At six-twenty-five, the phone rang at the shoe store, and Mrs. Adriano's sister, who had stayed there with one of the Adriano sons, answered it. A voice said, "Please come and get him." The sister called Mrs. Adriano, in Cubao, and she went to the Camp Crame dispensary, where she found her husband's body wrapped in a blanket. According to what Father Reuter later wrote, Adriano had a large bruise on his left temple and wounds on his forearms and wrists. The military doctor told Mrs. Adriano that he didn't know the cause of her husband's death, and suggested an autopsy, but the family decided against it, and the body was embalmed. Two days later, without permission, the police took the body from the Cubao house—the Camaligs had moved out in a hurry, sending a friend to pick up their belongings—and performed an autopsy anyway, the results of which were never given to Mrs. Adriano. Adriano was buried by his family a day after the autopsy. A number of nuns and priests tried to find out what had happened to him, but they were refused permission to enter Camp Crame. And, although Major General

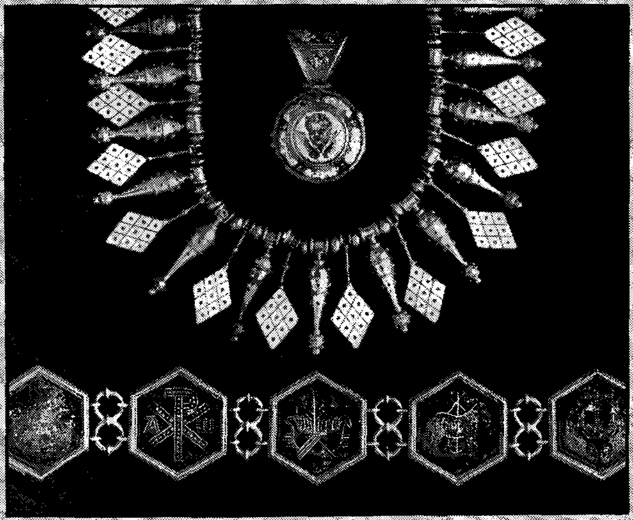


The sweater set...has returned! Bank on it. It's the soft, slight, perfect! finishing touch for narrow, pleated skirts. The pull-over vest, diamond-yoked, with a broken cable-stiched front, and tiny cap sleeves; $30. The cardigan, with a wide, ribbed yoke—front and back—and little tie-neck; $44. These, by Marisa Christina, in natural cotton and acrylic, for sizes S,M,L. Find them in Sweater Collections, Third Floor...where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

ANTIQUE JEWELRY

Auction • Tuesday, April 10 at 10 am and 2 pm
On view from Friday, April 6



Illustrated catalogue $5, order by sale no. 681
with check enclosed to Dept. YR
Inquiries: Alison Bradshaw (212) 472-8436

PB Eighty-Four's standard selling commission is 10% on each catalogued lot sold for over $500.
All property sold is subject to a premium of 10% payable by all buyers as part of the purchase price.

PB Eighty-Four
a division of Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc.
171 EAST 84TH STREET NEW YORK 10028 (212) 472-3483

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea—*Edgar Allen Poe*

Florence Eiseman

From the Florence Eiseman Swimwear collection.
Available at Pattee Anne Shop, Salem; Little Folks Shop, La Jolla; Dena Carll, Los Angeles;
Palais Royal, Houston; Kate Langford, Oklahoma City; Marion Michael, Winnetka; and other fine stores.

A beautiful 16 x 20 poster of the above thought and illustration is available from Florence Eiseman, 301 N. Water St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202.

Fidel V. Ramos, the constabulary chief, asked the constabulary provost marshal to conduct an investigation of the death—this request was also reported to President Marcos and Enrile—Mrs. Adriano has never received any explanation.

Reuter and other priests and lawyers I spoke with told me that the Adriano case was unusual only in its brutality, and that men and women and sometimes children are frequently arrested and imprisoned on the flimsiest of grounds. One morning, I was in the office of Jovito Salonga, a former senator and leading civil-rights lawyer, who has defended Senator Aquino in his long legal ordeal with the Marcos regime, and who also briefly represented the Adriano family, when he received a phone call from Enrile's deputy telling him that a woman and her year-old child were about to be released from prison. The mother and her newborn child had been arrested a year earlier and held as hostages when the woman's husband disappeared after a shooting incident that he had actually had nothing to do with; he had fled in fear when the shooting occurred, and someone had given the police his name. Salonga accidentally discovered the wife and the daughter languishing in the Bicutan prison when he went there to talk to other clients; otherwise the case might never have come to light. Reuter told me of another case, in which a young Filipina living with the Kalingas, a tribal people in north-central Luzon, was jailed without being charged, unfortunately as a result of an article that Reuter wrote for the *Communicator*. The article described her efforts to help the Kalingas keep the government from building a series of dams that would have forced them to move from their ancestral lands to lowland resettlement sites. "Such cases take place all the time, and unless they come to our attention nothing is done about them," Reuter told me. "The situation is getting worse. Many of our priests believe that a violent solution is inevitable, that a civil war will take place. The soothsayers and the faith healers who are now so popular are predicting war within a year. Since the election, people are angrier than ever, especially here in Manila. I'm hoping that the government will collapse of its own weight and that moderate elements of the military will move in and take over, but I have come to expect the worst. To remain silent is unforgivable. At sixty-two, I figure that if I'm going to die I want a good way to do it—if there's nothing worth

"Where's the nearest Store of the Jewelers of the Caribbean?"
5 East 57 Street

AT PEUGEOT,
WE'VE BEEN DELIVERING NEW CARS IN EUROPE
SINCE 1889.

For more information please send coupon to:
Overseas Delivery Dept.,
Peugeot Motors of America, Inc.,
P.O. Box 607,
Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

State__________Zip__________

NYR-M-79

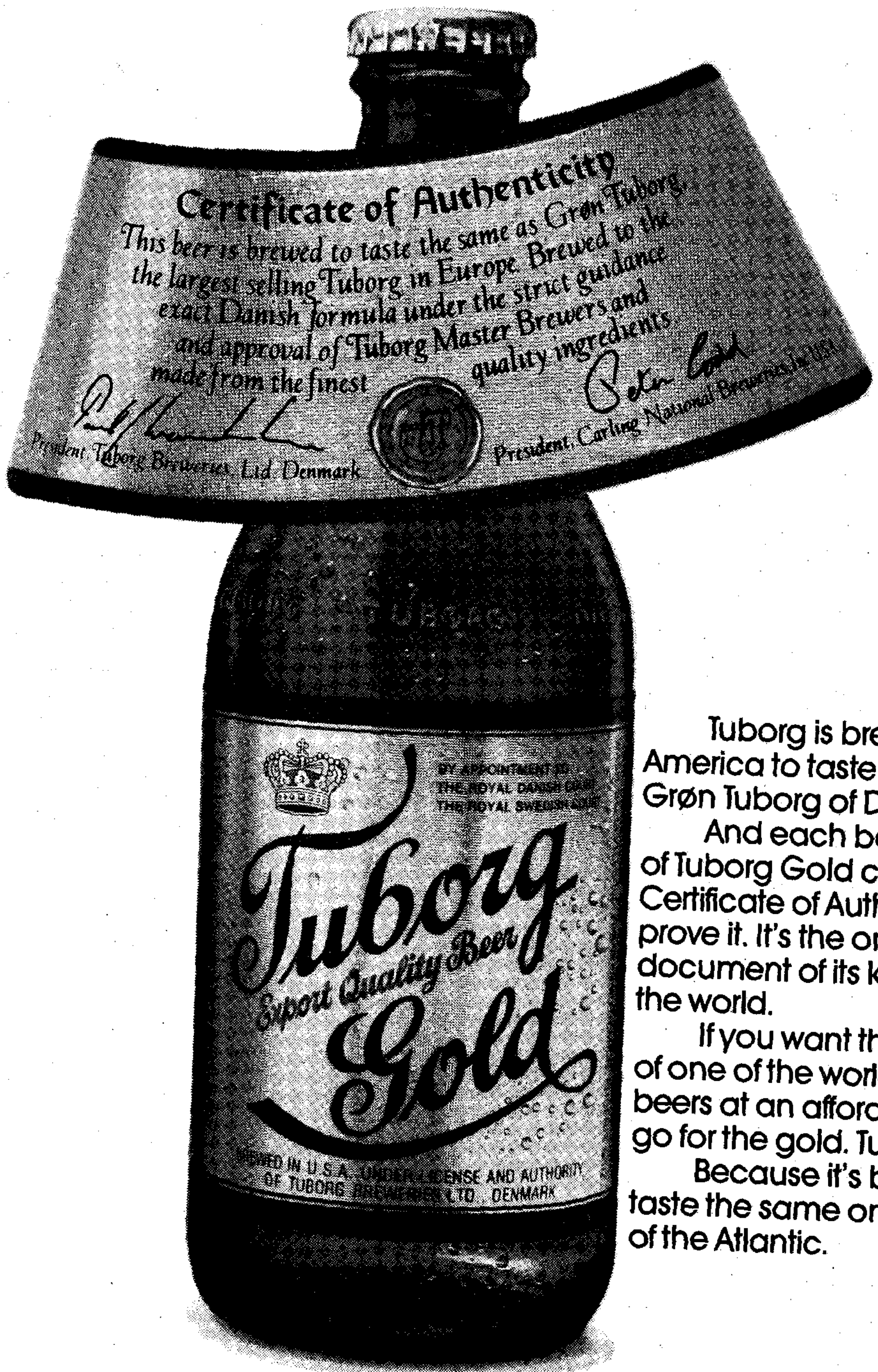
Nothing is more convenient than having your own car in Europe. Especially if that car is a new Peugeot. Because Peugeot has one of the most simplified European delivery programs in America today.

Simply go to your local dealer and make a small deposit on the model and color of your choice.

Your Peugeot dealer will handle all the details. While you save all the money.

PEUGEOT
It's tougher than it has to be.

BREWED TO TASTE THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.


Certificate of Authenticity
This beer is brewed to taste the same as Grøn Tuborg, the largest selling Tuborg in Europe. Brewed to the exact Danish formula under the strict guidance and approval of Tuborg Master Brewers and made from the finest quality ingredients.
President, Tuborg Breweries, Ltd. Denmark
President, Carling National Breweries, Inc. USA
BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH COURT THE ROYAL SWEDISH COURT
Tuborg
Export Quality Beer
Gold
BREWED IN U.S.A. UNDER LICENSE AND AUTHORITY OF TUBORG BREWERIES LTD. DENMARK

Tuborg is brewed in America to taste the same as Grøn Tuborg of Denmark.

And each bottle and can of Tuborg Gold carries a Certificate of Authenticity to prove it. It's the only document of its kind in the world.

If you want the true taste of one of the world's great beers at an affordable price, go for the gold. Tuborg Gold.

Because it's brewed to taste the same on both sides of the Atlantic.

WE'VE PROVED OUR TASTE IS TRUE TO ITS NAME.

Brewed in the U.S.A. by Tuborg Breweries, Ltd., Balto., MD.

Sophisticate's view.
Positive-negative two-piece dress in brown and white tropical print polyester jersey. Worldly versatility at home or while traveling. Separate print neck-or-waist sash, slim brown belt. By Mr. B. 8 to 20 sizes 74.00. Sport Dresses

2001 Broadway,
Oakland, CA. 94612. Add 3.00 postage. I. Magnin charge orders phone toll-free. In Calif: (800) 772-3933, elsewhere (800) 227-1125

Photograph: Skrebneski

I.Magnin

California Seattle Portland
Phoenix Chicago White Flint

dying for, there's nothing worth living for, either."

By no means all members of the Catholic hierarchy feel as passionately as Father Reuter and his fellow-Jesuits do about martial law and the Marcos administration. In fact, the majority, while they uphold the moral principles of the Church regarding personal conduct and social responsibility, also believe in the separation of church and state, and oppose direct intervention in government affairs. Moreover, despite the continuing use of torture and the disregard of constitutional precepts such as habeas corpus, it cannot be said that military repression per se is widely practiced. And, despite loaded or rigged questions concerning the continuation of martial law and Marcos's indefinite tenure in office in five referendums or plebiscites that Marcos has conducted since January of 1973, in which so-called Citizens' Assemblies voted, on the average, ninety per cent in his favor, it is probably true that a majority of Filipinos—up to now, at least—have supported most aspects of martial law; they have welcomed an overall improvement in law and order, brought about partly because Marcos has eliminated the private armies of local or regional politicians and hoodlums, and they have benefitted from some social and economic improvements that the Marcos regime has instituted, including land-reform measures and better roads and communications facilities. Beyond these things, the people are also aware that the Philippines under Marcos and his ambitious wife, Imelda, has gained new stature, particularly in Southeast Asia, as a result of Marcos's balancing his close, if often testy, relationship with the United States against a bold and fresh, if yet untried, diplomacy of friendship with China and the Soviet Union.

WHAT Marcos calls his New Society Movement has not done nearly enough, however, according to studies conducted by the World Bank and other financial institutions, to narrow the vast gap between the rich and the poor, which is still as broad in the Philippines as it is in any other Asian country—perhaps broader. On the first evening of my return to Manila, after an absence of two and a half years—I originally came here as a war correspondent when the city was recaptured from the Japanese early in 1945, and have been back often through the years—I rode in a battered taxi through a violent rainstorm to visit a longtime American friend in San Juan, Rizal, a suburb of the capital. The

When you meet a Danish friend say "Tak for sidst" which means "Thanks for the last time we were together." The thankingest people in the world have a "Tak" for everything. So "Tak Birger Christensen" for the most enviable furs ever.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Østergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

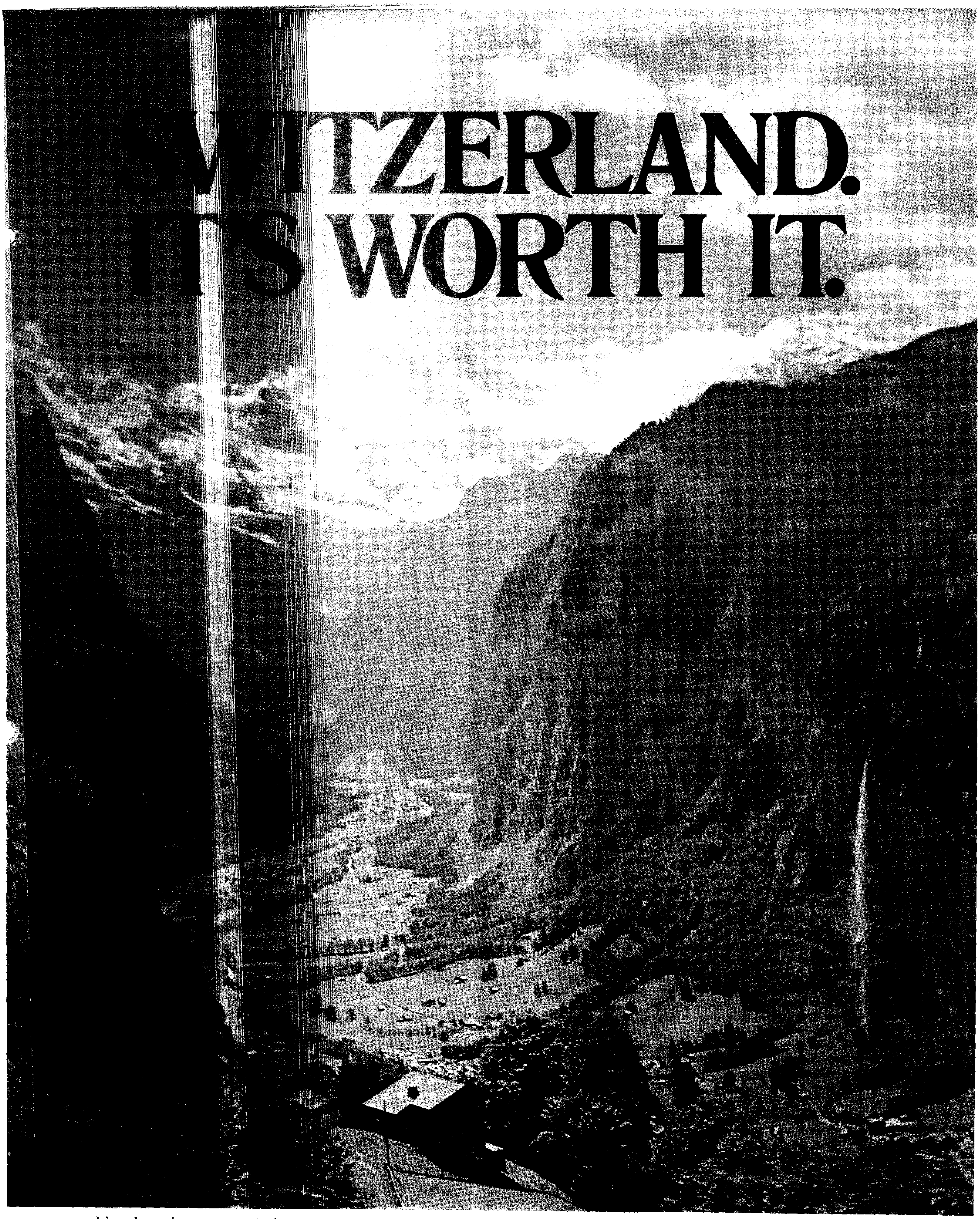
By Appointment to the
Royal Danish Court

ESTATE JEWEL

Platinum, Ruby and Diamond
Pansy Brooch,
Marquise Diamond Center.
$9500

Shown in Actual Size

FIRESTONE
AND PARSON
Ritz Carlton Hotel
Boston, Mass. 02117
(617)-266-1858



It's a clean, decent and logical country, where everything works.

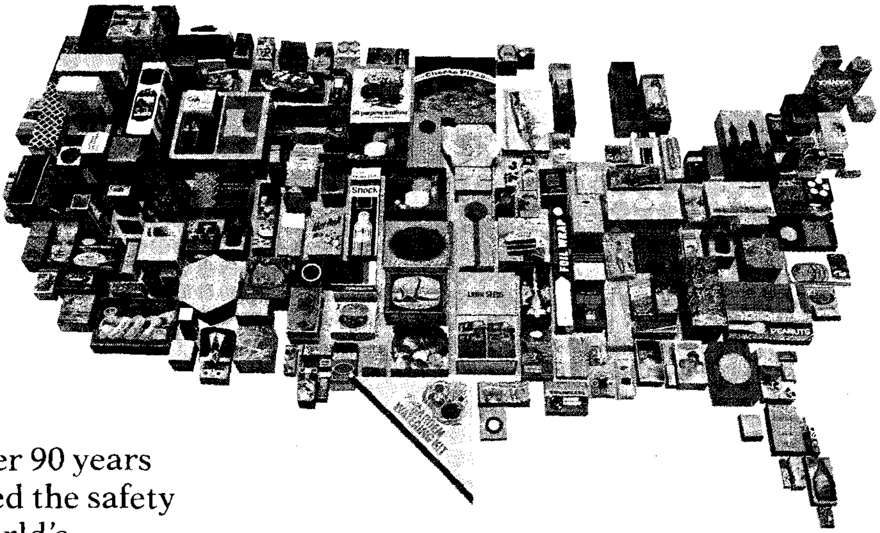
To the Swiss, hospitality is a fine art, practiced and perfected in every hotel and restaurant, everywhere.

[illegible], consistent, extraordinary Switzerland. You feel better just being there.

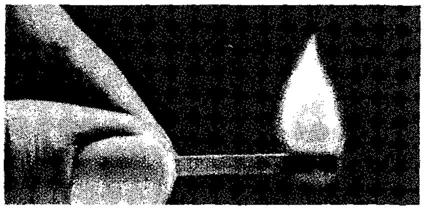
For a free color brochure, write "Switzerland," The Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue, Dept. NY, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Swissair/Swiss National Tourist Office

What Diamond up to now. Besides

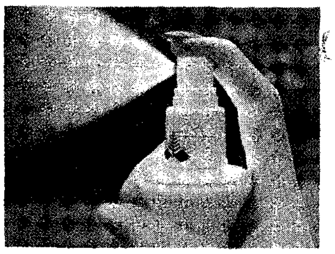


Diamond today is a multi-faceted, forest-based company whose sales have nearly doubled in the last six years to well over a billion dollars. This two-minute progress report will help explain why. It may give you a few surprises, too.



We're a lot more than matches. Over 90 years ago, as Diamond Match, we invented the safety match. And we're still one of the world's largest matchmakers. But matches now account for less than 4% of our business. So that still leaves you about 96% in the dark. And for a billion dollar company that's a lot.

We're a tree company. We grow our own raw materials–1.4 million acres of trees. They're a rich, renewable resource. Our scientific forest management also makes sure that we get maximum utilization from every tree we harvest. And that every tree harvested is replaced.

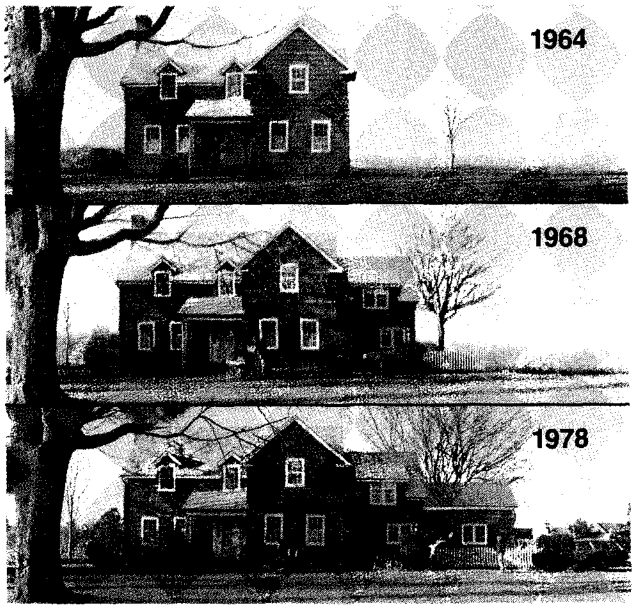


A nationwide packaging company. A lot of our pulp and paper goes into packaging products. Folding cartons. Egg cartons. Trays for meat, produce and for fast food chains. We're also a major can company. And the largest producer of non-aerosol mist sprayers: "The only propellent they use is your finger."

A consumer products company. Yes, though we're known by other names. Like Bicycle,® Congress® and Tally-Ho® playing cards. Vanity Fair® paper towels and tissues. We also make cotton swabs, paper plates, school and office supplies and woodenware products from tongue depressors to toothpicks.

International is a billion dollars.

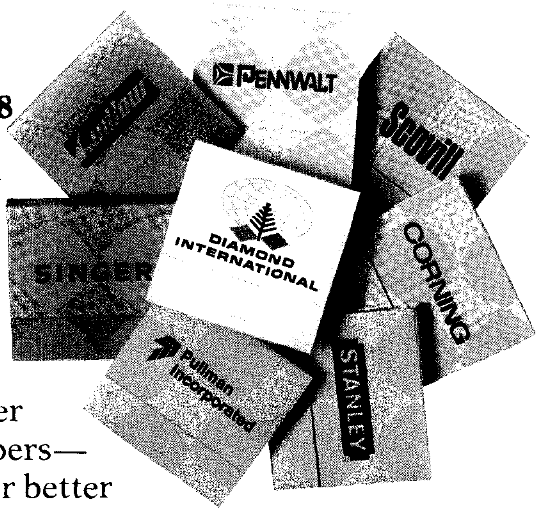
A homemaker. A retailer. Building lumber is big business at Diamond. We sell it for new homes–or home renovation and expansion. We also operate over 100 building supply home centers for professionals and do-it-your-selfers. And we're adding outlets every year.



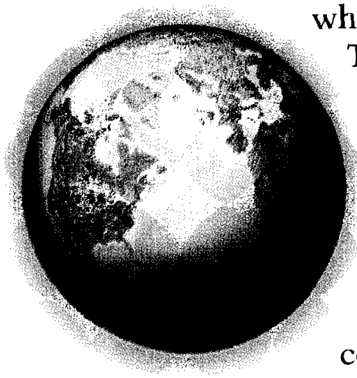
We're expanding because you are.

An anti-cyclical company. We try to avoid big roller coaster rides with product lines that balance and complement each other. Our retail operation, for example. When new housing starts to decline, home remodeling usually booms. So we've got the best of both worlds.

A dividend payer for 98 years in a row. Only seven other New York Stock Exchange industrials—out of over 1,100 members—can equal or better this dividend paying record. Diamond International's average dividend yield for the last five years is also the highest among U.S. forest products companies.



A tomorrow company. You grow best doing what you know best. That's why we've diversified by *design*. Selected markets where we have special expertise. So we're set for tomorrow. Diamond. The 252nd largest company in the U.S. Over $1 billion in sales. And moving.



The Diamond market today.

Write Dept. NY-39 for our quarterly and annual reports.

DIAMOND INTERNATIONAL

733 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Forest Products • Packaging & Printing • Consumer Products
Building Materials & Home Supplies • Machinery Systems

THIS MAN IS A GLUTTON FOR HAPPINESS.

At a time when many people are fed up with the quality of new cars, 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

Having bought five Volvos, the man you see here is ecstatic.

He's Henry Clemons, an interior designer from Massapequa, New York, and he's been buying Volvos since 1969. He's managed to keep all his old Volvos in the family, giving one to his wife, and passing three others down to his sons.

Mr. Clemons estimates he's put a quarter of a million miles on the Volvos he's bought. He's constantly recommending them to friends and business associates. "I've probably sold thirty Volvos that way. My local Volvo dealer loves me."

If you've never felt this kind of love for a car you've owned, consider a Volvo.

Better to know one-fifth the happiness Mr. Clemons has known than never to know happiness at all.

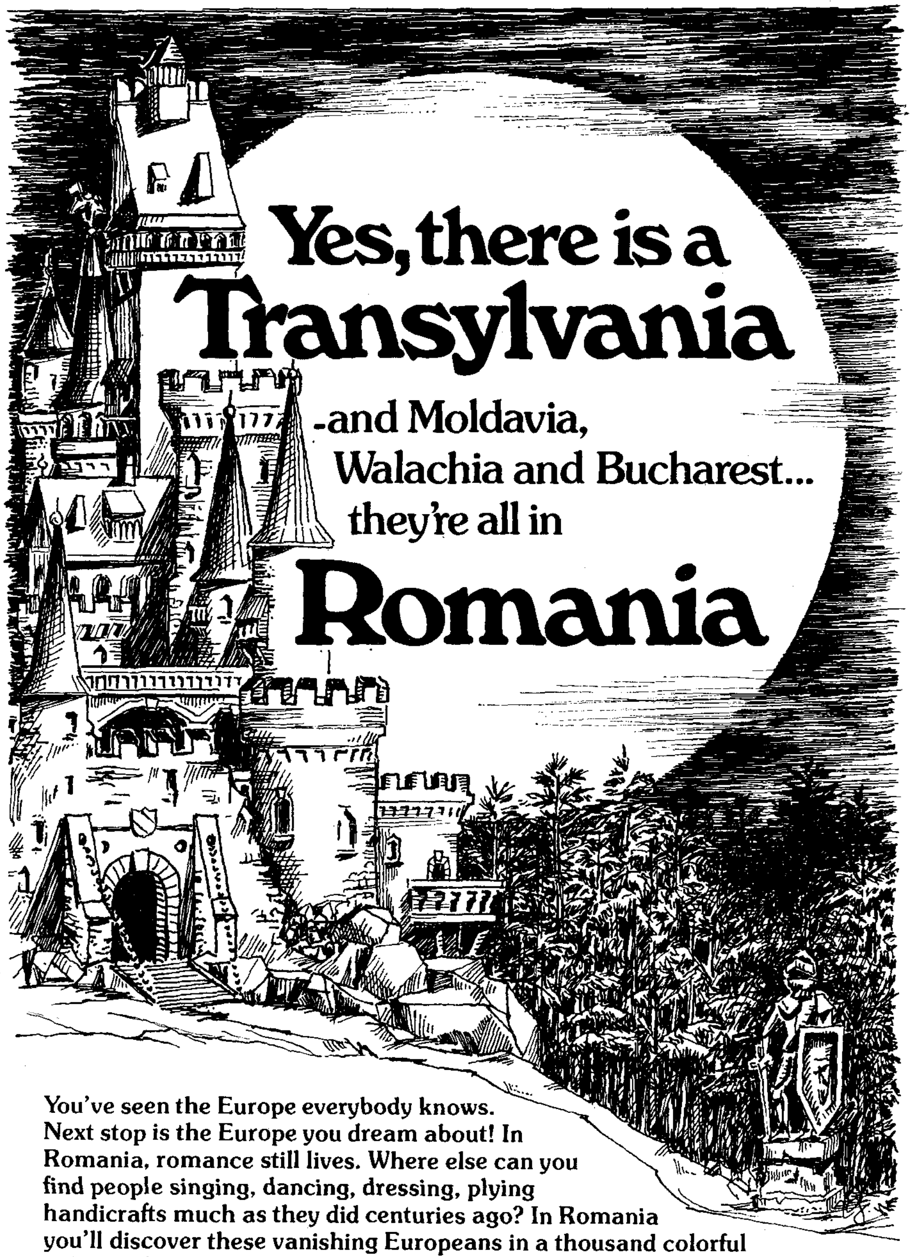
VOLVO
A car you can believe in.

©1978 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

streets were as flooded as I had remembered them always being, and in the slum areas naked children huddled in the doorways of huts that hugged fetid canals, while teen-agers wandered from one stalled car to the next thrusting wet packs of cigarettes or cellophane-covered slices of pineapple at the drivers and passengers, demanding a few centavos. The scene was raucous, frustrating, pathetic, and conscience-stirring all at once, and it was typical of a Manila monsoon dusk.

The people living in the slums of Metro Manila—an estimated one-third of the city's population of five and a half million—have become far more socially and politically concerned in the past few years than they used to be, chiefly because of the work of a handful of dedicated church and lay organizers, who have been particularly active in the Tondo area—the largest and one of the worst slums, which lies alongside the harbor—where demonstrations have several times taken place.

Just how widespread the anger of the poor is, particularly amid rising inflation—the rate has declined in recent years but is now moving back up—is difficult to judge. The government has taken some ameliorative measures, increasing the daily minimum wage in Manila to eleven pesos, or about a dollar and a half, and is talking of an ambitious plan to follow up on rural land reform by introducing urban land reform—limiting the amount of land any individual can own in Manila and prohibiting the eviction of tenants who have lived on their property for ten years and built a home on it. Such reform efforts are vitiated, of course, by the sort of martial-law politics displayed in the April elections; these elections aroused more anger and resentment in Manila and in some other parts of the country—notably the islands of Cebu and Mindanao—than any of the other supposed concessions to democracy that Marcos has made in the last six and a half years. This anger was due to the fact that, having opened the door for the first time to what appeared to be an effort to reintroduce some form of genuine democracy, Marcos abruptly slammed it shut again by depriving the opposition of any real role in a new parliamentary system. "This was the worst fraud I've ever witnessed, and no wonder people are angry," my American friend in San Juan, Rizal, told me. "I'm not a Filipino, but I'm angry myself." My Filipino friends, including several who up to last spring had given Marcos the benefit of the doubt and had been willing to accept martial law as an inevitable antidote



You've seen the Europe everybody knows. Next stop is the Europe you dream about! In Romania, romance still lives. Where else can you find people singing, dancing, dressing, plying handicrafts much as they did centuries ago? In Romania you'll discover these vanishing Europeans in a thousand colorful villages. Or enjoy their folk songs and dances in the restaurants and night spots of Bucharest, while you savor an elegant cuisine and fine wines... and even the prices remind you of Europe of another time!

True! This year prices in Romania are unchanged. It's still one of the best travel buys around.

Romania! There's nothing like it anywhere. Come explore the mountains and castles of legendary Transylvania. See the fantastic painted monasteries of Moldavia. Take the treatments at a world-famous spa or one of Dr. Ana Aslan's geriatric clinics. Visit Bucharest, a strange and wonderful mixture of "Paris 1900" boulevards, Byzantine onion domes and modern architecture.

Romania is all that and much more... the last resort of the tourist in search of adventure. There are hundreds of tours to choose from, excellent accommodations and fine restaurants everywhere to make your visit as comfortable as it will be memorable.

Ask your travel agent,
or mail coupon today.

ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
573 Third Ave. New York, N.Y. 10016
Tel.: (212) 697-6971

Please send tour brochure and guide to Romania.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

NY3/26

King Carl XVI Gustav of Sweden–on the right in these photos–presents the 1978 Nobel Prize in Physics to Bell Laboratories scientists Robert Wilson (top photo) and Arno Penzias.

What does the Nobel Prize have to do with your telephone?

The two scientists on the opposite page are receiving the highest honor a scientist can earn—the Nobel Prize. They are the sixth and seventh laureates who did their prize-winning research at Bell Telephone Laboratories. These scientists shared a common goal—the search for new knowledge to further advance the art of telecommunications.

Clinton Davisson shared the Nobel Prize in 1937 for demonstrating the wave nature of matter. In 1956, John Bardeen, Walter Brattain and William Shockley were honored for their invention of the transistor. Philip Anderson's theoretical work on amorphous materials (such as glass) and on magnetism led to a Nobel Prize in 1977. And in 1978, Arno Penzias and Robert Wilson received the Prize for detecting the faint radiation from the "big bang" explosion that gave birth to the universe some 18 billion years ago.

The search for knowledge

These scientists and their colleagues at Bell Labs, given the freedom to explore, have proved time and again the value of investment in research—not only for telecommunications but for society in general. The transistor, for example, revolutionized communications and brought into being entire new industries—indeed, a new industrial society—based on solid-state electronics.

Other Bell Labs advances—products of this same research environment—have included high-fidelity recording, sound motion pictures, long-distance television transmission in the United States, the electrical digital computer, information theory, the silicon solar cell, and the laser. The impact of this work—on almost every field of commerce, industry, education and even medicine—has been incalculable.

The innovation process

Research done at Bell Labs in the past is the basis for the products and services the Bell System offers its customers today, just as the research going on now is the foundation for tomorrow's telecommunications.

Bell Labs scientists—specialists in physics, chemistry, mathematics and many other disciplines—team their efforts with those of our systems, development and design engineers. They, in turn, work closely with Western Electric manufacturing engineers and with the people of the Bell System operating telephone companies.

This technical integration is the foundation for true innovation. One idea feeds another. A basic scientific discovery can make possible entire new technologies and products for telecommunications, and a concept for a new product or system can stimulate the research to find even more new knowledge. That interaction, that teamwork, has been extremely productive: Bell Labs people have received 18,645 patents between our founding in 1925 and the end of 1978.

Sometimes, the search for knowledge may lead to a Nobel Prize. Often, it benefits all of society. And always, its ultimate aim is better service for Bell System customers.

Bell Laboratories
600 Mountain Avenue
Murray Hill, N.J. 07974

Bell Laboratories

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

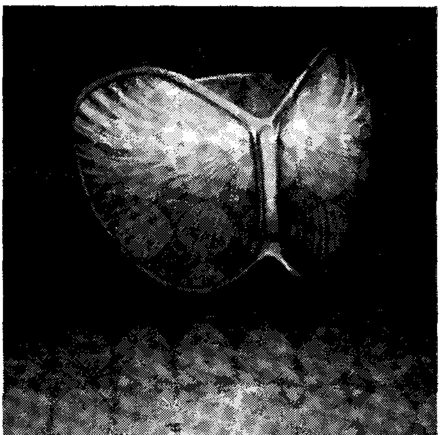
THE GORDON APPROACH...

The tissue weight classic suit in a true plaid. Cooly comfortable in our poly-cotton Ultralite. About $140. The Gordon Approach to sport jackets, trousers and suits at the finest specialty stores. For the store nearest you, write Gordon of Philadelphia, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

GORDON® OF PHILADELPHIA
A Chromalloy Company

to revolutionary chaos, were in the darkest mood I had ever seen them in. "As a moderate, I've lost what little effectiveness I had," one of them, a magazine editor, told me. "The young people I've been able to talk to won't listen to me anymore. Their despair is now matched by their bitterness and hatred, and more and more of them talk of taking to the hills and joining the rebels. If I were younger, I'd be doing the same thing."

If Marcos's initial intentions were at all honorable in deciding to hold the interim Assembly elections, he made several bad errors of judgment. Most important, he miscalculated the strength of his opposition and failed to gauge the mood of the Manila public. He also fell victim to his own legal turn of mind. Having allowed an opposition to emerge, especially in Manila, he then made the mistake of letting Aquino head the opposition slate, even though Aquino was still in jail as a martial-law prisoner and was awaiting a Supreme Court decision on his challenge of the verdict rendered by a military tribunal in November, 1977. That tribunal had declared Aquino guilty of subversion, murder, and illegal possession of firearms. These charges, which Aquino not only had denied but also had refused even to answer in court, on the ground that they were contrived and false, arose from his connections with the Communists in his native province of Tarlac—connections that he has privately admitted he maintained, but only to gather intelligence about the Communists' operations. Marcos has further accused Aquino of being indirectly associated with assassination plots against him. When Marcos announced his election plans a year ago, he figured that the Liberal Party—of which he himself was a member until he switched to the other major party, the Nacionalista—would put up a number of candidates in the various regions of the islands. The Liberals, in fact, were going to do so, but the Party leaders—Aquino, Salonga, and Gerardo Roxas—decided to boycott the voting after Marcos announced that it would be held not for individuals but for party slates. Given Marcos's complete control of the political situation, through the military and through his use of patronage, the Liberals realized that they would have no reasonable chance under this bloc-voting scheme. But after nearly six years of languishing in jail as Marcos's chief political rival, Aquino decided, for personal as well as political reasons, to run his own ticket in Metro Manila, and he persuaded his fellow-Liberals to support him in backing a twenty-one-



Important pieces of jewelry by Marguerite Stix . . .

the first to use the seashell as a precious "gem" and to have it accepted as such by a sophisticated international following.

". . . she composed her diverse materials into pieces of originality, variety, and distinction, realized with impeccable craftsmanship. The result was to raise the jeweler's craft once again to the realm of art . . ."

from The Art of Marguerite Stix
by Richard McLanathan

Joe DeMers Gallery
Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

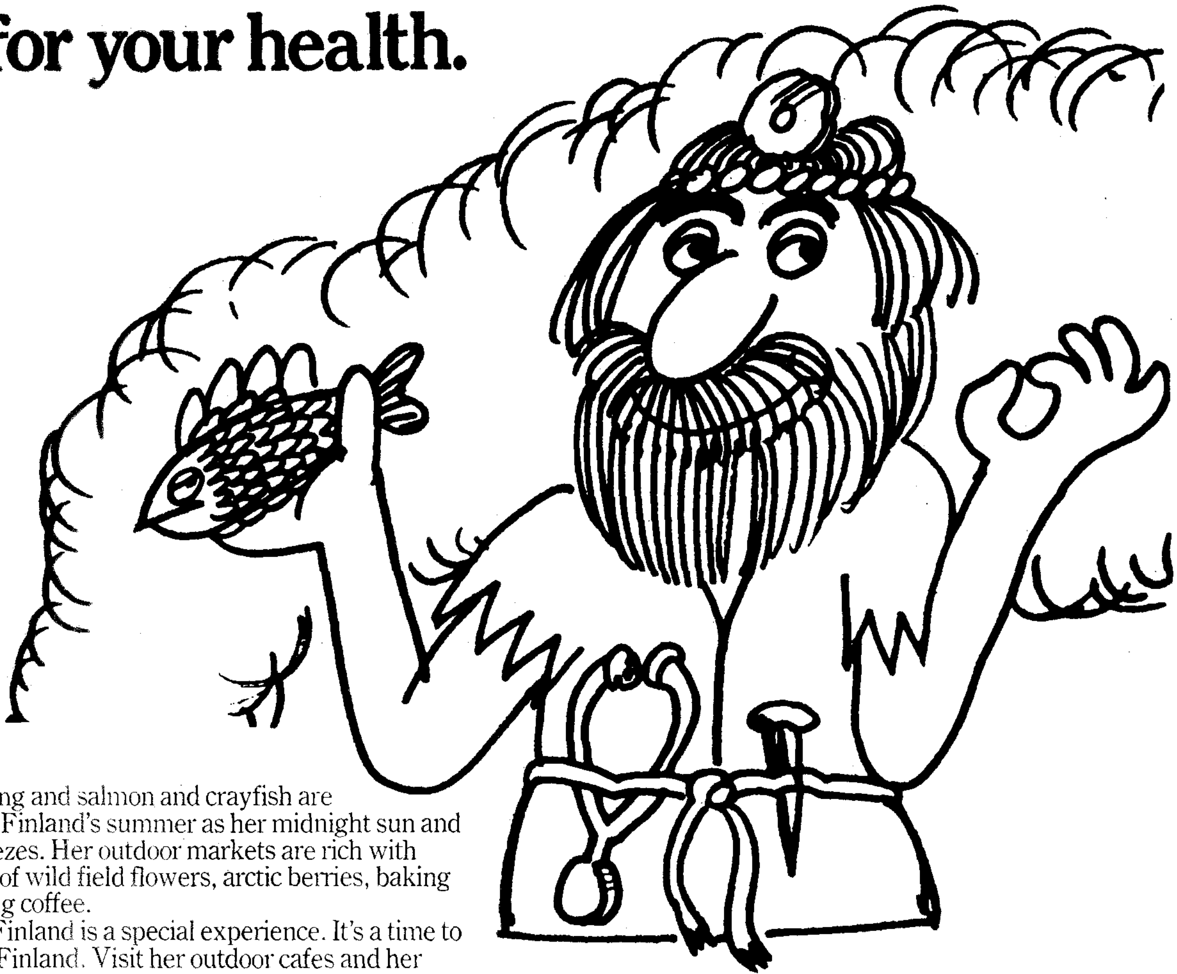
For those who appreciate the difference.

Grand luxe service. A welcome that recalls the graciousness of early California. Cuisine to delight the connoisseur. Where Wilshire Boulevard meets Rodeo Drive, you will find a hotel dedicated to the discriminating international traveler.

Hernando Courtright

Beverly Wilshire Hotel
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212 • (213) 275-4282
Room reservations (800) 421-4354
In California (800) 282-4804
Member of the Preferred Hotels Association
Represented by HRI
The Leading Hotels of the World

In 729 A.D. Paavo Muikku, the first Finnish Surgeon General, smoked a Baltic herring for the first time and discovered it was good for your health.

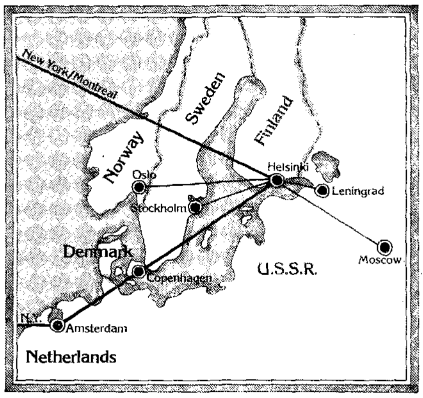


Today, herring and salmon and crayfish are as much a part of Finland's summer as her midnight sun and balmy Baltic breezes. Her outdoor markets are rich with the heady aroma of wild field flowers, arctic berries, baking bread and roasting coffee.

Summer in Finland is a special experience. It's a time to savor the best of Finland. Visit her outdoor cafes and her 6,000 island archipelago. Explore her medieval castles and towns. Discover some of the most advanced architecture, fashion and design in the world.

Finland in the summer comes alive with music, dance and drama festivals. Wherever you are in this extraordinary corner of our world, you're not far from a major cultural event: an opera festival in a fifteenth century castle, a jazz festival set on an island in the picturesque town of Pori.

Take a Finnish sauna. The authentic one. Grin and bare it. You'll feel terrific when you're through. All set to relax and enjoy the traditional post-sauna beer, and some hearty sausages sizzled over a pine fire.



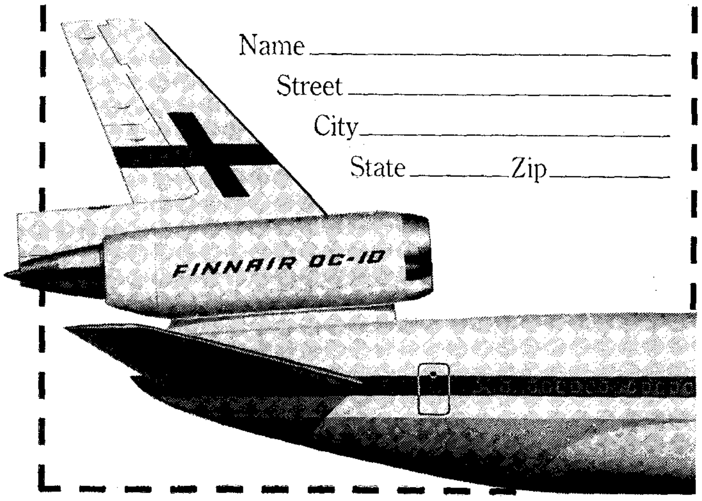
It's surprising how easy your own discovery of Finland can be with Finnair. In fact, Finland is the ideal place to start your Scandinavian vacation. Not only does Finnair offer the only DC-10 non-stop and direct service to Finland, Finnair has the best travel packages under the midnight sun. Call your travel agent today.

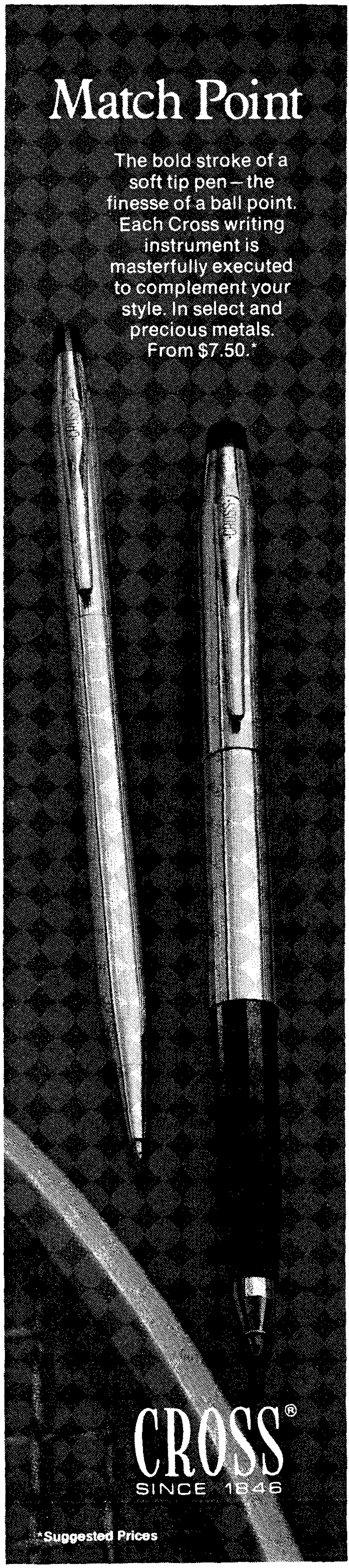
FINNAIR

Great vacations start
with the Flying Finnish

Finnair, Dept. NY 3-26, P.O. Box 186, Halesite, N.Y. 11743.
Please send me Finnair's Vacation Ideas Kit.

Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________
State ______ Zip ______




Match Point
The bold stroke of a soft tip pen—the finesse of a ball point. Each Cross writing instrument is masterfully executed to complement your style. In select and precious metals. From $7.50.*
CROSS®
SINCE 1846
*Suggested Prices

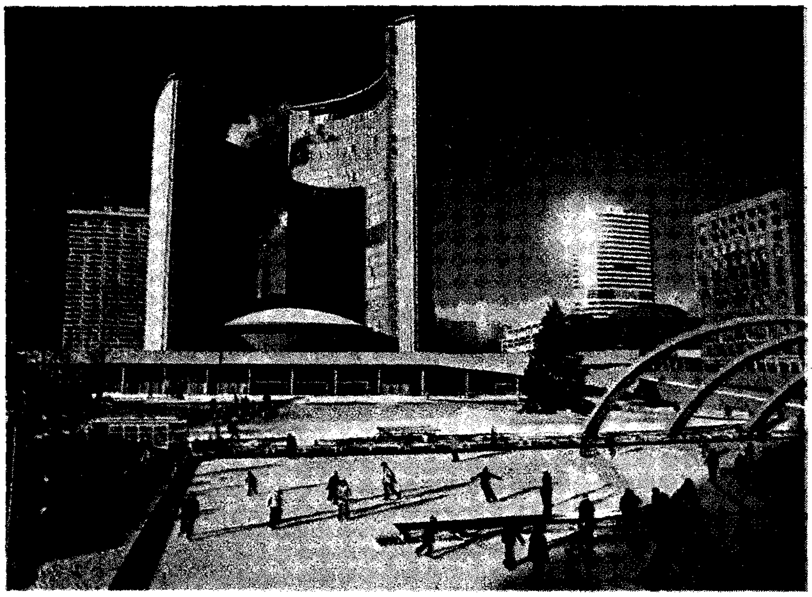
member slate that ran under the banner of a new party he formed called Lakas Ng Bayan, which in Tagalog, the main native language, means People's Power, and which came to be known by the acronym of LABAN, or "Fight." Even though Aquino had been sentenced to death by the military tribunal that tried him (he refused to appear during the trial proceedings on the ground that it was a stacked court, although he did make a final statement before the tribunal, proclaiming his innocence), Marcos, fully aware of the worldwide human-rights implications of the case, and of the fact that his own political reputation was at stake, decided to let Aquino run. It was a legal decision that he was to regret—since the Supreme Court's ruling was still pending, he could easily have decided otherwise—and it revealed his ambivalent feelings about his long battle with Aquino, as well as the complexities of his strained relationship with the Americans, who had been privately urging him to free Aquino and to make good on his "desire" to end martial law.

The election campaign, during which Marcos allowed more freedom than at any other time since martial law had been declared, was frenetic and volatile, and the partisanship it engendered took everyone, including Marcos, by surprise. Aquino's slate was composed of some well-known former politicians, labor and student leaders, and two activist women—Trinidad Herrera, of the Tondo slum area, and a lawyer named Charito Planas, who later fled to the United States. The government candidates ran under the party label Kilusang Bagong Lipunan, or New Society Movement, and the ticket was headed by Imelda Marcos, who was already Governor of Metro Manila and Minister of Ecology and Human Settlements but, ostensibly as a result of the pressure of public opinion, was persuaded to stand for the Assembly, too, in what, it soon became clear, was part of a plan to have her appointed Deputy Prime Minister and thus successor to Marcos if he should become incapacitated. As the campaign progressed, the LABAN slate made a growing impression on the public in Manila, which is traditionally anti-administration.

The Filipinos have always had a predilection for theatrical, flamboyant behavior, which they refer to as *palabas*. An American friend who has lived here for fifty years says, "Everything for the Filipino has to be bigger than life, and politics is all a game, in which personalities are more important than issues, and form counts for more than substance." In the two decades following independence, in 1946, guns and goons always played a major role in elections, and the press was flagrantly reckless, furnishing scandal and gossip in daily gobs that entertained everyone but scarcely nurtured any awareness of what democracy was or could be about. License to do anything and get away with it—a license amounting to anarchy—was virtually the national pastime. While the level of violence in last April's elections was lower than it used to be, the mudslinging was on a par with the past. The private lives of the Marcoses were attacked by LABAN—one handbill implied that Marcos was not the father of his eldest daughter, Imee—and the government made charges that several of the LABAN candidates were either Communists or Communist collaborators. Aquino was not allowed to leave his fairly comfortable prison quarters, but he was permitted to make one television broadcast, from a studio set up in the compound where he was held, during which he denied charges made against him by Defense Secretary Enrile that he had once worked for the American Central Intelligence Agency. Aquino said that on two occasions, in 1958 and 1965, he had been asked by former Presidents Carlos Garcia and Diosdado Macapagal to make inquiries abroad—in Indonesia and Algeria, respectively—regarding, among other things, the reported use of the Philippines as a staging area for foreign insurrections, but that these missions had involved only some checking with the C.I.A. In rebuttal, Aquino charged that the government had signed a million-eight-hundred-thousand-dollar contract with an American public-relations firm, Doremus & Company, in order to improve the Philippines' reputation in the United States, and that the company had at least one former C.I.A. employee and other former government-agency employees on its staff. Three days before the election, a crowd of twenty thousand, mostly workers and students, burned Marcos in effigy at a downtown rally, compared him to Hitler, and demonstrated with torches, flags, and placards, demanding an end to martial law. On election eve, a tremendous, noisy demonstration took place in LABAN's behalf all over Manila. The drivers of cars and jeepneys (jeeps converted into small open-air buses) honked their horns, and people everywhere poured out of their homes and offices and banged loudly for three hours on pots and cans. Churchbells pealed, and in some areas fireworks (which are illegal) were set off.

It may have been this demonstration and its proof of LABAN's strength which prompted Marcos, according to some observers, to decide that nothing short of a complete victory for all twenty-one government candidates was permissible. He had already ordered all public employees to support the New Society Movement candidates or lose their jobs, and to list the addresses of the polling places where they voted. He had given them raises and housing allowances, and had handed out bonuses to teachers, who had been assigned as poll watchers. Even so, it was generally felt that—for foreign consumption, if for no other reason—he would permit three or four LABAN candidates to win, to make it look as if the election had been fair, and to provide some semblance of genuine opposition in the new interim Assembly. Still, as some observers pointed out, he could not afford to let Aquino win, and Aquino was obviously the leading LABAN vote-getter. In any event, there was no doubt that a vast amount of fraud took place, that many ballot boxes were "lost" or not counted, and that others were simply stuffed. The final results were not announced for days, though semi-official returns published and broadcast showed LABAN winning, until Marcos himself appeared on television the morning after the election to declare, prematurely, that the government had won "a clean sweep." When I saw Marcos a few weeks later, he admitted that there had been "fraud on both sides, but it did not affect the results"—a conclusion that virtually no one else I spoke to, from jeepney operators and taxi-drivers and hotel-room boys to clergymen, lawyers, and impartial observers, including diplomats, supported. A group of a hundred and twenty-one parents of schoolchildren expressed dismay over teachers' being used as poll watchers, by sending an open letter to superintendents, supervisors, and teachers in the Metro Manila public schools in which they called the bribing of teachers an "act of corruption." Describing the election as "the dirtiest election in our whole lifetime," the parents wrote, "many of us are products of the public-school system. In spite of its many defects, we had been quite proud of the fact that most of us studied in, or graduated from, the nation's public schools. But today we feel we have no right to be proud. Instead, we bow our heads in shame. . . . What we have now is an

CANADA

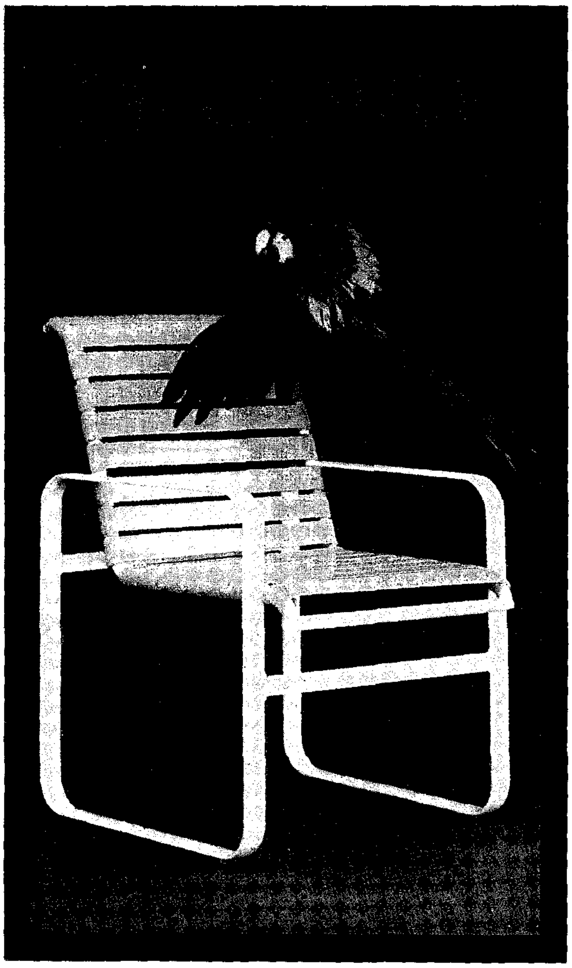


Ontario

ALIVE IN THE CITY

Children laughing, people scurrying. The energy and excitement of city life, always a pleasant experience in friendly Canada.

Canada
SO MUCH TO GO FOR.



Exciting!
From Tropitone

Here is contemporary Bauhaus design to enhance your lifestyle. A dramatic statement inspired by that most beautiful South American capital. And it's only one of seven complete groups of casual furniture in an almost infinite number of colors. Send $3 for our 48-page full color catalog and the name of your nearest dealer. See why people say, "Tropitone. Probably the finest."

Tropitone **East:** P.O. Box 3197,
Sarasota, FL 33578
West: 17101
Armstrong, Irvine,
CA 92714

tropitone

CANADA

Ontario

COME DINE WITH US

Experience the elegance of dining in one of the world's first class restaurants. The aromas, the tastes, the sensual pleasures of a vacation in Canada.

Canada
SO MUCH TO GO FOR.

Take a secretary to lunch.

For your next business meeting or lunch, take along Rolfs Executive Secretary or Appointment Secretary. They both feature note pad, pen, extra pockets for business papers, and come in a variety of fine leathers. So don't go to lunch without taking along an attractive secretary. One with the name Rolfs.

ROLFS . . . it shows you care.

West Bend, WI 53095. Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada.

acute shortage of honest, upright, and courageous public-school teachers. Our children should have reason to greet them: 'Good morning, teacher,' instead of 'Good morning, cheater.' "

If Marcos had proved, as Salonga commented, that "he is congenitally incapable of holding fair elections," he lost no time in bolting the gate against further protests and demonstrations. Two days after the vote had been held, LABAN organizers and supporters planned another march, this time protesting the election frauds. They expected a crowd of three thousand, but, after hearing that some Communist sympathizers who had supported LABAN had plans to mount a march of their own, the moderate LABAN leaders hastily obtained permission to hold a prayer rally in front of the Manila Cathedral instead. At this point, only about five per cent of the votes had been counted, and reports of illegal ballots cast by "flying voters" the government had bused into town were spreading all over the city. Nearly six hundred marchers—mostly students and workers and some priests and nuns—started out from Quezon City toward the Cathedral, but long before they reached it they were rounded up and arrested. Among them were half a dozen of the top LABAN leaders, including former Senator Lorenzo Tañada and other LABAN candidates. Except for Tañada and five others, they were released two days later, and Tañada, for health reasons, was set free three days after that, but the remaining five, including former Senator Francisco (Soc) Rodrigo, were kept in prison for nearly two months. Another of those detained was a Jesuit priest named Romeo Intengan, whom the government has since accused of forming a military wing of a new Social Democratic Party, which, according to the government, wants to overthrow the regime by violence. After the police arrested Intengan, a physician who was ordained a priest in 1977, two youths who were working for him at the Loyola House of Studies were also arrested, and a week later an anonymous caller telephoned Loyola House and informed the director that one of the two, seventeen-year-old Teotimo Tantiado, had been beaten to death but that the Army had diagnosed his case as acute hemorrhagic pancreatitis. The Jesuit fathers sought to obtain proof that Tantiado was killed, but, although Marcos promised a thorough, open investigation, nothing was ever disclosed, and a doctor's affidavit that the youth died from natural causes was officially accepted.

Seventy-five Jesuit priests addressed a letter to Marcos citing election irregularities and asking that an investigation be conducted by a neutral body instead of by the Commission on Elections, which Marcos appoints. They also asked that all charges against the arrested demonstrators be dropped and that the press be allowed more leeway to criticize. Marcos set up a panel headed by Enrile to meet with a committee of the Jesuits, but after three sessions, during which Enrile cited the continuing existence of a clear and present danger because of the rebel Muslim and Communist activity and the need to maintain a policy of firmness as long as martial law obtained, the meetings were abandoned. One of the Jesuit leaders who attended told me afterward, "We soon saw that it was useless to continue the dialogue. The government simply saw Molotov cocktails everywhere." The head of the Catholic hierarchy in the Philippines, Jaime Cardinal Sin, who has taken a position moderately critical of the Marcos regime, agrees that the election was a fraud; in an open letter to his flock, he called for an impartial investigation and expressed his concern over the "dangerous" atmosphere in Manila. Since Marcos has frequently consulted him, Cardinal Sin has been able to use his influence in quiet ways; he was instrumental, for example, in obtaining Father Inteñgan's release. In a talk I had with the Cardinal, he said that he had no objection to Father Inteñgan's activities as long as the priest refrained from condoning violence, but that he believed that the Church, over all, should remain aloof from politics, though not from issues of human rights. Cardinal Sin, who has also urged Marcos to release Aquino, has taken a somewhat stronger anti-government position since he was detained at Manila International Airport in May of 1978, because his name was on a list of persons not allowed to leave the Philippines. After a slight delay and some calls to the Presidential Palace, Malacañang, he was allowed to depart, but he has not forgotten the episode. He believes that Mrs. Marcos ordered him detained because of a testimonial he delivered last spring at the funeral of Mrs. Sergio Osmeña, the widow of the second President of the Philippine commonwealth, in which he praised her passion for anonymity and her modesty—qualities that Mrs. Marcos, whatever her other virtues, scarcely possesses.

Having seen to it that the LABAN slate was wiped out in Manila, Marcos quickly arranged for an opposition of

CANADA

Québec

IT'S ENTERTAINING

There's a personal welcome that visitors find in our local theatres, cabarets and restaurants. It makes a vacation more enjoyable. And you'll find it right here, in Canada.

Canada
SO MUCH TO GO FOR.

Česká
An enduring testimony to man's creative genius.

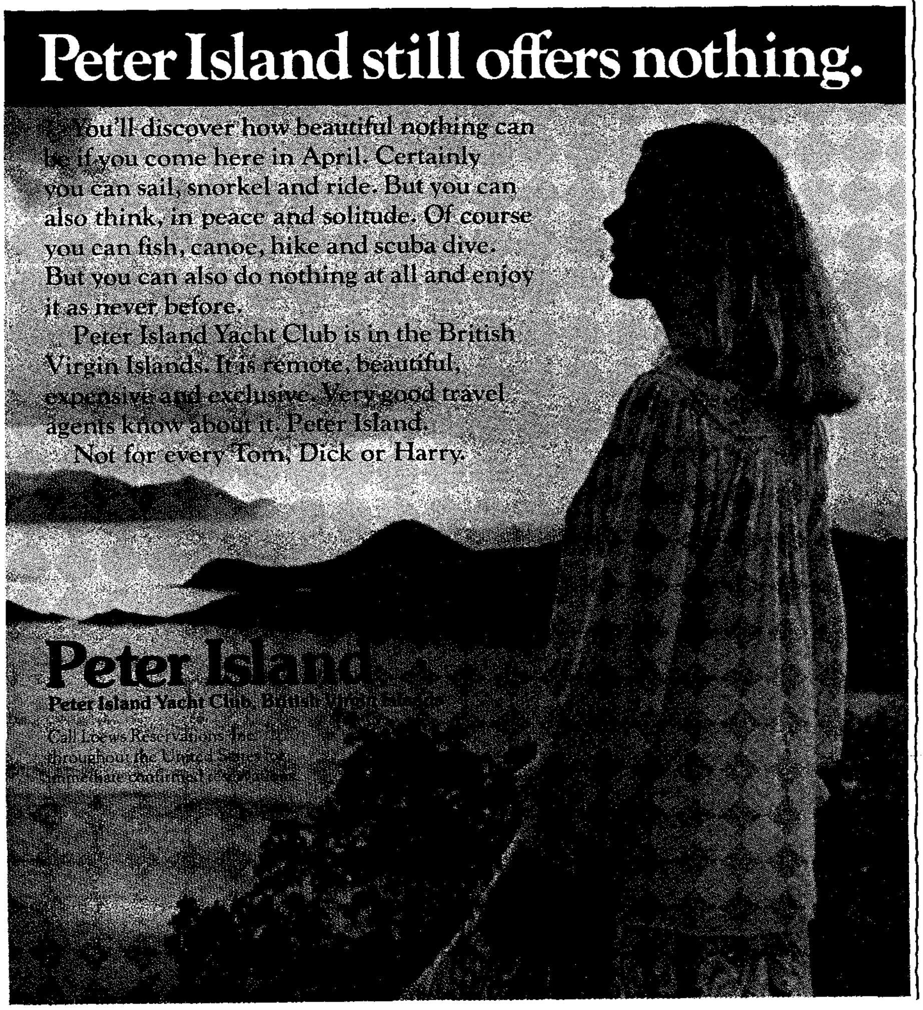
Grand Renaissance Centerpiece
$450.00 10"dia.

212 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10010 Phone (212) 532-3735.

COTTON
CLASSICS™

Our finest shirt collection. 100% mercerized San Joaquin cotton. Cool and comfortable. No-iron Fusilier collar stays neat and smooth. Classics. At fine stores everywhere.

MUNSINGWEAR®
We bring quality to life
Munsingwear, Inc. Minneapolis, MN 55405


Peter Island still offers nothing.

You'll discover how beautiful nothing can be if you come here in April. Certainly you can sail, snorkel and ride. But you can also think, in peace and solitude. Of course you can fish, canoe, hike and scuba dive. But you can also do nothing at all and enjoy it as never before.

Peter Island Yacht Club is in the British Virgin Islands. It is remote, beautiful, expensive and exclusive. Very good travel agents know about it. Peter Island.

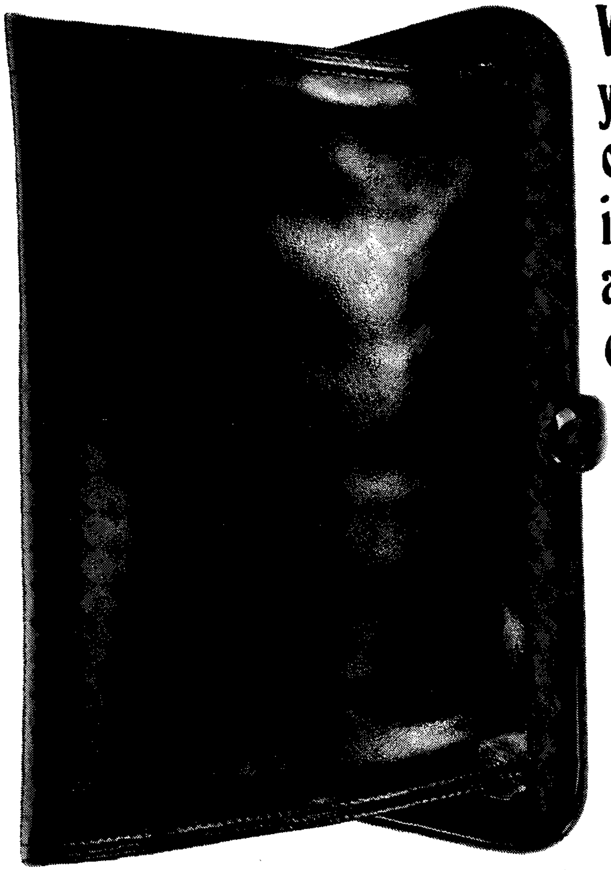
Not for every Tom, Dick or Harry.

Peter Island
Peter Island Yacht Club, British Virgin [illegible]
Call Loews Reservations Inc. [illegible]
throughout the United States for
immediate confirmed [illegible]

sorts to be elected on the island of Cebu, where, after a dispute over the counting of ballots, thirteen members of the Visayan Alliance Party were designated victors by the Commission on Elections. Of the thirteen, however, only four are regarded as legitimate opponents of the government, along with one man elected in Mindanao. When the Assembly met, in its expensive new building near Quezon City, Marcos declared that the Assembly's creation marked "in formal form the shift from the authoritarian form into liberalism, against the trend in history which claims the irreversibility of the drift toward authoritarianism and centralism." He also said he would offer a further general amnesty to political prisoners (he subsequently did so), but made no mention of Aquino, who had formally applied for amnesty, had asked for permission to leave the country, and had pledged "not to impair the image and security of the Republic." Marcos also told the Assembly that he had "no intention" of utilizing his power to accept resignations from judges—since 1972, he has had on hand a signed letter of resignation from every judge in the country—but he warned that he would "abort any untoward development that will unmoor us from the reforms of the last six years." In a separate statement, he said that any further attempts to stage demonstrations or create hysteria would be dealt with harshly. As for holding local elections, which a year earlier he had promised to do, he reneged and said that the "disruptions and divisions" of the elections for the Assembly had "raised doubts of the capacity of the nation to endure another election while in the midst of a crucial political transition and current economic difficulties." (In January of this year, he postponed local elections indefinitely.) The Assembly passed some routine measures, including a new budget, and did little to disprove its critics—who described it as a "tame" body that would simply do Marcos's bidding and would show little initiative of its own—although two or three of the older politicians who had consented to be government candidates did speak up occasionally. One of them, former Senate President Arturo Tolentino, a constitutional expert, said that the time had come to abandon martial law. Before adjourning the first session, a number of assemblymen nominated Mrs. Marcos to be Deputy Prime Minister, and therefore Marcos's successor, but this performance was so flagrantly staged that Marcos himself was forced to step in and suggest that the matter be temporarily postponed. Most Filipinos believe, however, that she will get the job sooner or later.

IT is difficult to tell how sincere Marcos is in his declared intention to restore some degree of democratic freedom, and it is doubtful whether he himself knows. He has enmeshed the entire legislative and judicial process in an intricate web, and at this point it seems highly unlikely that he can undo what he has done without destroying not only the web but himself as well, thereby paving the way for the very chaos and violence he keeps talking about. There are those who are convinced that when he declared martial law he never intended it as a temporary measure but as the first step to keeping himself in power indefinitely. Others still believe him when he says that the Assembly election and the establishment of semi-parliamentary government will eventually lead to the evolution of some form of democracy, however limited. But there is no indication that Marcos will relinquish his hold even if martial law is ended, and as Prime Minister he retains the constitutional right to abolish the new interim Assembly (or any succeeding assembly that might replace it eventually) and simply issue more decrees, general orders, and letters of instruction—the three devices he has used to run the country for the past six and a half years.

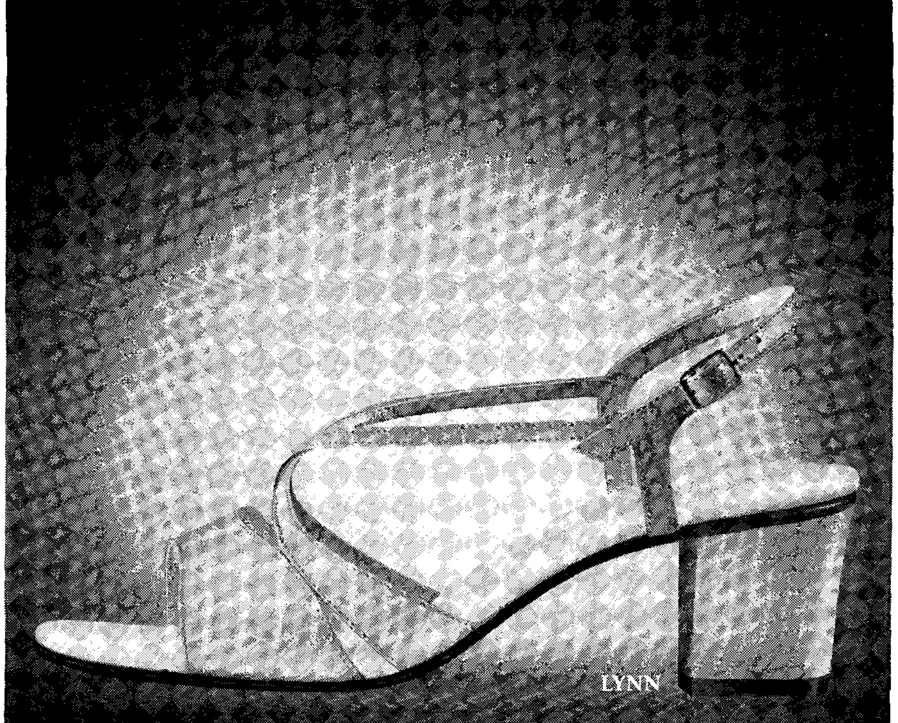
In a daring speech a month before the elections, former Senator Tañada reminded the faculty and students of Far Eastern University, in Manila, that Marcos had said his two main reasons for declaring martial law had been to save the republic from armed rebellion and to reform society. "It is our submission that he has failed to achieve either objective, because instead of saving the republic he destroyed it, and instead of reforming our society he deformed it," Tañada said. "He destroyed our republic by imposing upon our people through his martial-law powers a government *conceived* in sin—*born* through falsification, deceit, bribery, and intimidation—*existing* because of American military and economic aid, *secured* by the enlarged military forces [numbering sixty thousand at the start of martial law and now exceeding a hundred and sixty thousand], and *strengthened* by terrorism, torture, and the massive suppression of our human rights." Tañada, who is one of Aquino's counsels, celebrated his eightieth birthday in Au-



When your own initials are enough™

BOTTEGA VENETA
655 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.

At the foot of fashion. Selby's wishbone silhouette sandal on an easy low heel. In black patent, navy, bone, white leather. $32



Selby Fifth Avenue

417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. In the New York-New Jersey area call 212-725-0100 for a free catalog. Outside this area call 513-841-4236 for the store nearest your location.

From the St. Regis: a weekend on the town.

Our sophisticated and elegant On-The-Town Weekend includes two nights and starts any Friday.* We'll offer you breakfast for two one morning and a sumptuous brunch on the other. We'll surprise you with complimentary cocktails for two. The best of New York shopping, shows and sightseeing is outside our door. Inside, there's entertainment, music, dining, and dancing. It's New York the way you want it. Call toll-free 800-325-3535; or 212-753-4500. The On-The-Town Weekend is yours for $125 per couple, including gratuities. Taxes additional. A suite is only $25 extra.

*Also Saturday or Sunday on long holiday weekends.

St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND INNS, WORLDWIDE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

gust and was given a large party at a local club by his friends, at which he delivered another speech, calling for a "nonviolent crusade" against martial law. He again traced the history of Marcos's maneuvers to grab power and hang on to it. They date back to the fall of 1970, two years before martial law was declared, when Marcos called a special election, to be held in 1971, for delegates to a constitutional convention to change the form of government. Many then suspected that his intent went beyond trying to create a more orderly parliamentary system. Three hundred and twenty delegates were duly elected and, amid constant bickering, began the laborious process of preparing a new constitution. Marcos and his wife, meanwhile, were wining and dining scores of delegates in order to obtain a draft that would allow him to remain President until an interim National Assembly could be called, at his discretion.

The situation in the country went from bad to worse in this period. In the campaign for the regular off-year Senate elections in August of 1971, two fragmentation hand grenades were thrown during an opposition Liberal Party rally in Manila, and all eight Liberal candidates, led by Salonga, were injured, three of them seriously. It was never determined who threw the grenades—ordinary hoodlums hired by a right-wing mob, or the Communists, or henchmen of Marcos's Nacionalista Party. Aquino, the leading Liberal, was not up for reëlection that year, but he was being hailed as Marcos's successor in the next Presidential election, if it were ever held; he arrived late at the rally and escaped injury, and afterward took the lead on the Senate floor, where, declaring that Marcos was trying to create "a garrison state," he delivered a number of privileged speeches that set forth the growing plight of the country and denounced the President and his cronies as responsible for the total collapse of law and order, for reaping personal profits through extortion and corrupt deals, and for economic mismanagement that, among other things, had increased unemployment to two and a half million. Immediately after the grenade incident, Marcos suspended habeas corpus and began to talk openly of declaring martial law. The Liberals handily defeated the Nacionalistas in the election, winning six of the eight seats being contested, and political passions intensified, as did violence. Several buildings, including the Manila Hilton, were bombed, demonstrations took place continually, and two dozen

$22.

The English Kent Table

An appealing reproduction of an indispensable English design treasured for its warm characteristics and wide variety of uses throughout the home. A most unique accent piece made of mahogany. 23" high, 12"x 9" top. The price is just as warming: $22 each. Please add $3 each for shipping and handling. Your delight is guaranteed. To expedite your order telephone us or send check or money order or charge AE, VISA, MC or DC. Please include your exp. date. Send $2 for our full color catalogue.

The Bombay Company
P.O. Box 53323 – Dept. NY
New Orleans, Louisiana 70153
Showrooms: Uptown Square
Call Toll-Free 1-800-621-5809
(In Illinois call 1-800-972-5858)
24 hours, 7 days a week.

Dromoland Castle

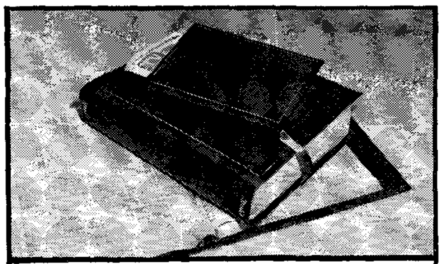
IRELAND'S FINEST

And DROMOLAND'S CHARMING CLARE INN

Luxurious Living in historic surroundings

Just 8 miles from Shannon Airport
DROMOLAND CASTLE, NEWMARKET-ON-FERGUS,
CO. CLARE, IRELAND Phone (061) Shannon 71144 Telex 6854

U.S. Reservations
McDonough Hotels, P.O. Box 1825
Parkersburg, WV 26101 Telex 86-9412
TOLL FREE 800 624-1921



Leather Phone Book Covers

Moire-lined cowhide with gold tooling, 9½x11".
☐ **Metropolitan** (1¾-2¾"), ☐ **Suburban**, (¾-1¾"),
☐ black, ☐ brown, ☐ red, ☐ green. $20.00.
☐ **TV Guide Cover**, 6x8". $12.50. (Same colors.)

T. ANTHONY LTD.
772 Madison Avenue at 66th Street, New York 10021
Postpaid in USA. In NY add sales tax. We initial free.

For the Travel Experience of a Lifetime...Join a Discovery Tour to the Middle East

September 19 to October 5, 1979

Visit the glorious sites of ancient Egypt, the Holy Places in Israel, the archeological treasures at Kurium on Cyprus and at Ephesus. See the magnificent cathedral of Hagia Sophia, and stroll through the exotic bazaars of Istanbul.

Travel in the company of Museum scientists and scholars. Let Egyptologist Cyril Aldred heighten your understanding of the Pyramids, the Valley of the Kings, the temple complex at Karnak. Learn about celestial navigation from Thomas D. Nicholson, astronomer and Director of the Museum. See the ancient city of Kurium along with David Soren, an archeologist who has worked at the site for several years. Expand your knowledge of birds with John Bull, a distinguished ornithologist. Listen as Norman Newell, a specialist in paleontology and geology talks about Greece and Turkey, and enjoy the insights that classicists, R. M. Ogilvie and Barry Cunliffe can provide.

A combination of relaxation and learning in a unique travel adventure. Your home for this exceptional voyage is the m.t.s *Orpheus*. Normal occupancy is 300 passengers, but for this special cruise, only 200 will be on board. Rates per person, two in a cabin, are $2473 to $3623 and $2973 to $4023 for single-cabin occupancy. Round-trip air fare, New York to Athens, is approximately $523. The cabin rates *include* a contribution of $350 to the Museum.

For more information call (212) 873-1440 or fill out the coupon below.

....

Detach here

Ron Valente
Discovery Tours
American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024

Please send me the itinerary and other information for your "Middle East Cruise."

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

Zip ____________ Telephone ____________

American
Museum of
Natural
History

Discovery Tours

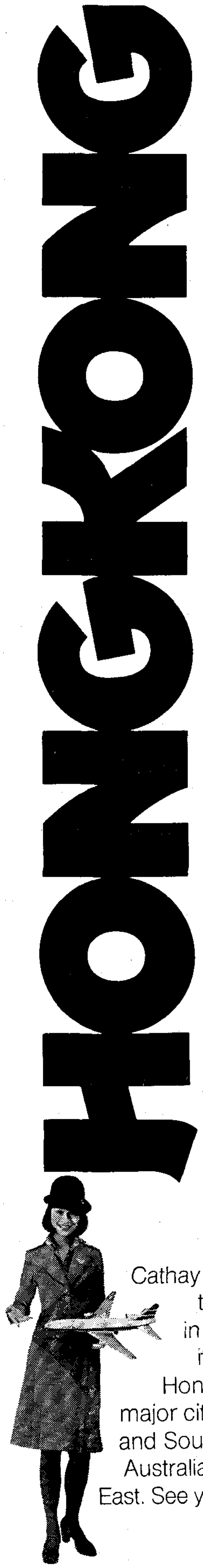
students and civilians were killed. Wealthy citizens were kidnapped and held for high ransoms. The Communist New People's Army widened its area of activity and captured virtually all of Isabela Province, its longtime stronghold in northern Luzon, while the Muslim rebels in the southern islands—notably Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago—stepped up their attacks against the ineffectual armed forces and police. Terror spread throughout the country, and a revolutionary uprising did indeed seem imminent.

WHEN I last saw Marcos, this past August in his Malacañang office, I asked him if, looking back on his declaration of martial law and on what has happened since, he would have done things differently if he could have.

"There were probably no other options for the steps I initially took," he said. "Either I ran away to save my skin and let the country go to the dogs or I organized a military junta and established a revolutionary government. Given my background, however—my legal training, my grounding in constitutional principles—I did what I had to do, by establishing constitutional authoritarianism. If I wanted to promote a peaceful constitutional revolution, I had to start with Congress itself, and that was the purpose behind calling a constitutional convention. And I had to assume responsibility personally. Though the fact has never been publicized, I also offered the opposition a coalition—they could have shared every ministry except Defense, which I wanted to keep myself—and I even offered the Communists a chance to participate in a democratic dialogue and in elections. All this was before I declared martial law, but my offers were rejected. The Liberal Party leaders with whom I met, including Aquino, turned me down, even though the only thing I wanted in return was a disavowal of the use of violence. From that, you can start conjecturing what might have happened. There were things I didn't anticipate. First, a foreign country's supporting a secessionist movement here"—he meant Libya's support of the Muslim rebels—"with hundreds of millions of dollars to help the twenty thousand armed Muslims. And, second, I didn't anticipate that the United States would cut down on assistance to the Philippines. The Americans said they were too busy in Vietnam. I even considered invoking the Mutual Defense Treaty of 1951 at one juncture, but the medicine would have been worse than the disease. A third thing I didn't anticipate was the oil crisis. These unrelated events delayed the return to normalcy."

It was true, as Marcos said, that in fiscal 1972 the United States cut back its military-assistance program to the Philippines—which included sales credits and training programs—from fifteen and a half million dollars to just over fourteen million. But in fiscal 1973 the totals were back up to seventeen and a quarter million, and the following year they rose to nearly twenty-four million; in the past two years, they have been about thirty-seven million. Economic aid, including grants and loans which enabled them to purchase machinery and other equipment for agrarian programs, continued throughout these years at about the same annual pace—between seventy-five and a hundred million dollars. Many Filipinos, in fact, have felt all along that Marcos was too dependent on the United States and that he was using the military aid he was receiving to build up his own power base rather than to curb the insurgencies—among other things, he appointed more than fifty new generals and three hundred new colonels to assure the Army's loyal support. If the Americans really wanted to help the Philippines, many people asked, why didn't they bring pressure on Marcos to institute some genuine economic and social improvements instead of just talking about reform?

The questions were justified, and in many ways it was like Vietnam all over again. When I was in the Philippines in January of 1973, four months after the proclamation of martial law, I received a long letter Aquino had had smuggled out of his jail cell, in which he gave his analysis of the real and contrived events that led to its imposition. "How does Washington feel about all this?" Aquino asked. "Is the C.I.A. behind Marcos? Did they give him their blessing before the coup? Will Washington give him all-out military and economic support?" Neither Aquino nor any of the other opposition leaders said anything about Marcos's having consulted them before his declaration, and Aquino said in his letter, "Frankly, while I talked about an impending martial law, my instincts told me it could and would never happen. I felt the Filipinos would never stand for it, never tolerate it." By this time, the two-year-old constitutional convention had already become a farce, and by November, 1972, Marcos had got the draft he wanted, and planned to call for a national referendum on it in mid-January. But various polls showed that



Cathay Pacific Airways, the British airline in the Orient, links its home base of Hong Kong with the major cities of the Orient and Southeast Asia, with Australia and the Middle East. See your travel agent.

Hong Kong's discovery airline
CATHAY PACIFIC
The Swire Group

'On our 7th day, we went to the races, Chinese style.'

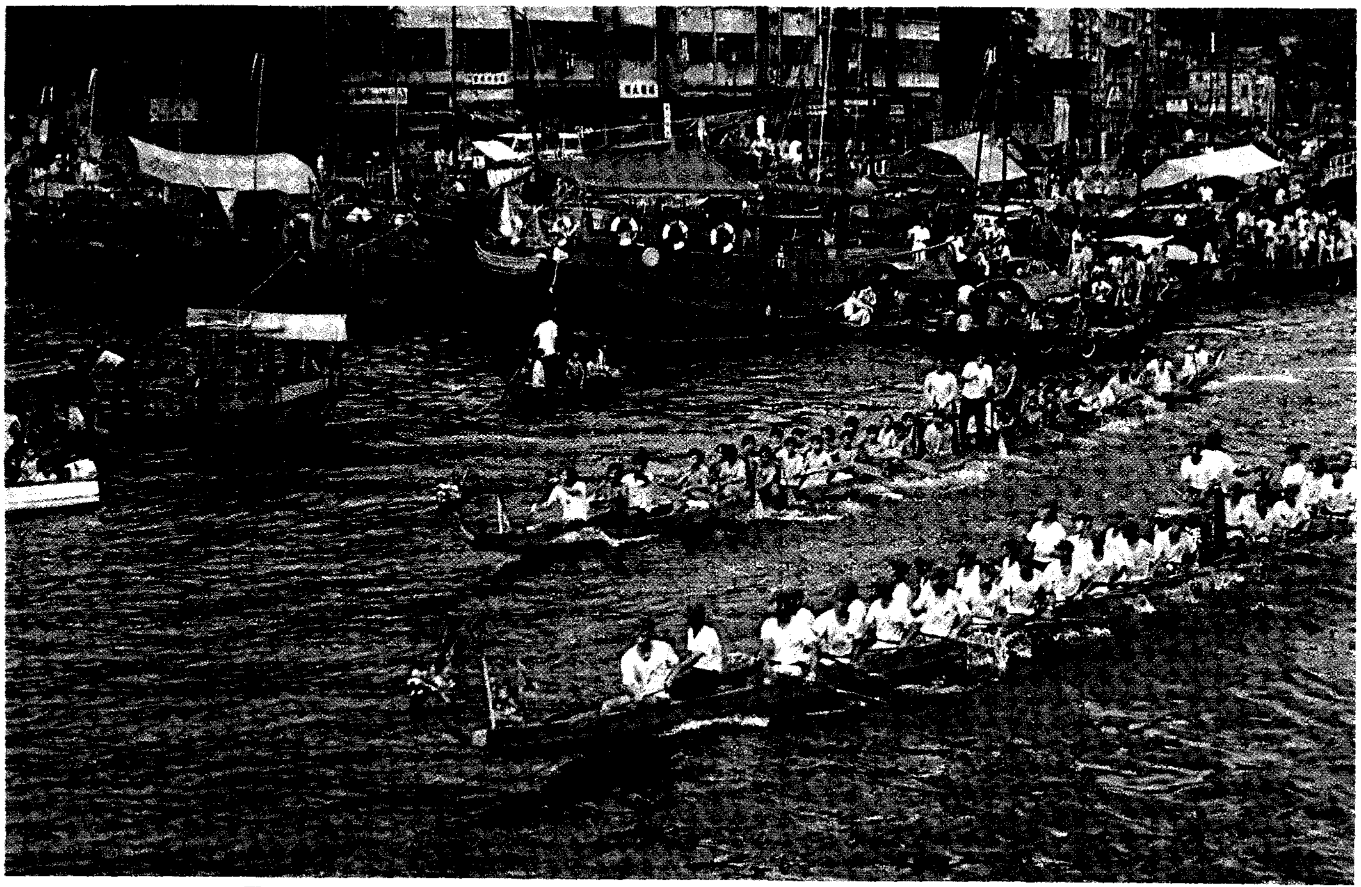
Come to Hong Kong this summer and discover all the excitement and tradition of the Orient in a single place. Everywhere you go, you'll be welcomed as a friend.

Spend your first few days out doing what Hong Kong is so famous for. Shop duty-free in more places than ever. Discover that special keepsake in jade or jewellery. Get to know the many delights of true Chinese cuisine. Sail away for the day to a remote island where life hasn't changed for ages.

Try and make your visit coincide with a Chinese festival such as the Dragon Boat Festival, which this year falls on June 16th. On this day, races are held in many areas to commemorate the drowning of a famous poet many moons ago. Watch colourfully-decorated long boats thrash through the water, urged on by the beating of drums and the roar of the crowds.

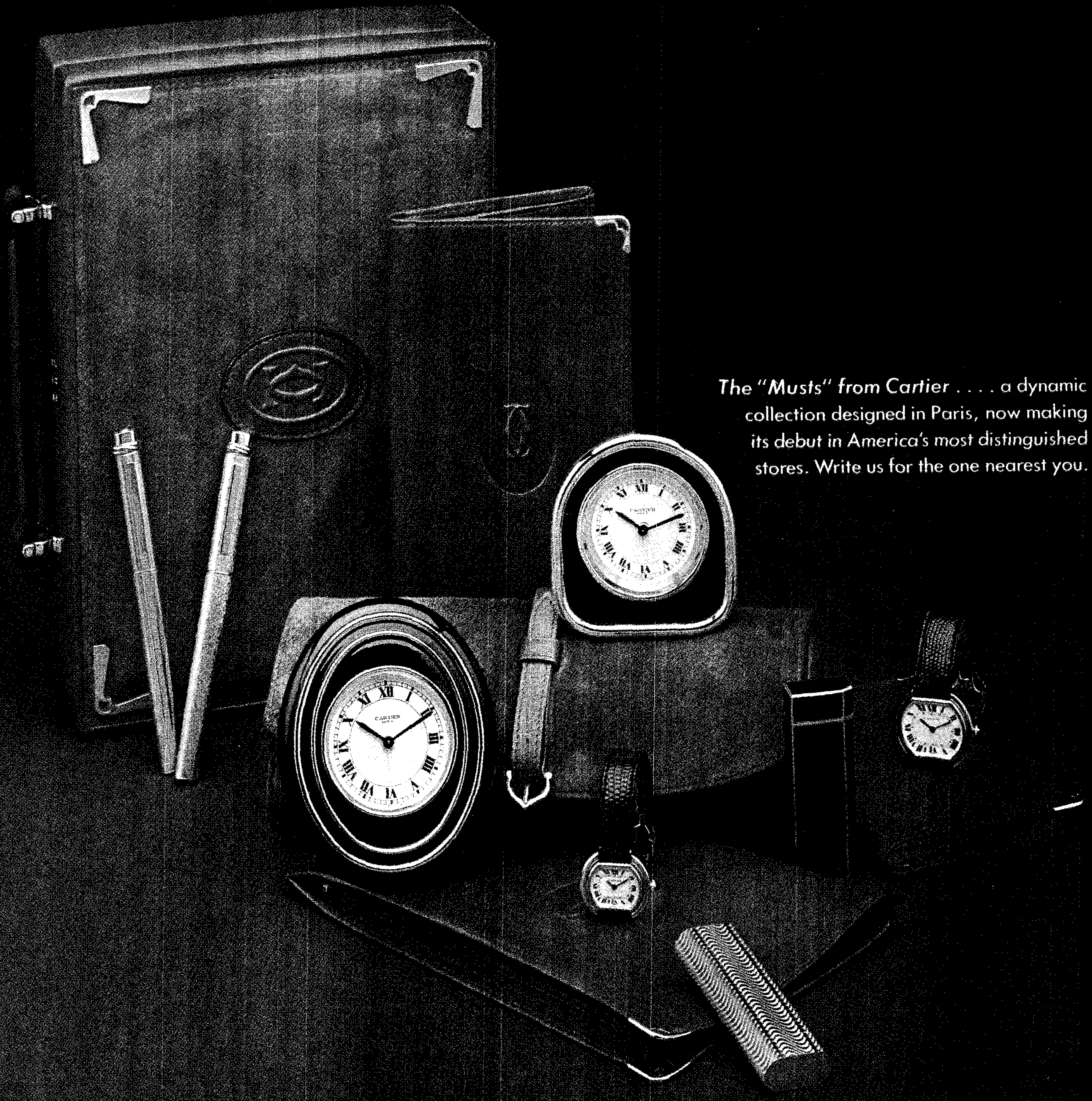
And the day after? A tantalizing choice still awaits. You'll be amazed how much there is to do on a summer vacation in Hong Kong. And you'll never run out of interest. Only time.

For further information on a vacation in Hong Kong, please contact your travel agent or write to The Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. NY 26-3-79



HONGKONG

les must® de Cartier



The "Musts" from Cartier . . . . a dynamic collection designed in Paris, now making its debut in America's most distinguished stores. Write us for the one nearest you.

les must® de Cartier

16 East 52nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (212)753-7004

there had been so much scandal attached to the writing of it that the vote would be overwhelmingly against it. Marcos then established the first of his so-called Citizens' Assemblies, under the Barrio Charter Act of 1953, whereby barrio assemblies, to include all citizens eighteen years old and above, could meet to help run village affairs. He lowered the age to fifteen and hastily arranged for thirty-five thousand such assemblies to meet, and he provided the assembly leaders with questionnaires and ready-made answers to the six questions submitted, so that the assemblies could render approval of the new constitution and of martial law as well. These assemblies, which included many illiterates, voted 90.6 per cent in favor of all the government propositions. On January 17th, Marcos announced that the new constitution, eventually to replace the one in use since 1935, had been ratified, and was now in effect, along with the old one (until some unspecified time when elections would be held). This left him in absolute control of the country, and legally holding five jobs: President under the old constitution; martial-law administrator as commander-in-chief; acting ceremonial President under the new constitution; acting Prime Minister; and acting Speaker of an interim national assembly, which he had just postponed summoning. In 1976, the Philippine Supreme Court, which had been packed with Marcos supporters and had ruled in 1975 that martial law was constitutional, held that the 1973 ratification of the constitution had not been valid, because the Citizens' Assemblies had included illiterates, feebleminded people, and ex-convicts who were barred under the Election Code, and because "no official ballots were used in the voting: it was done mostly by acclamation or open show of hands." The court added, "Secrecy, which is one of the essential features of the election process, was not therefore observed."

Reflecting afterward on my post-election talk with Marcos, my thoughts went back thirteen years, to the night when he was first elected President, in 1965. The postwar Presidents had been a motley lot, ranging from American-sponsored figures of some stature who had acquired nationalist credentials of their own—notably, Ramón Magsaysay, who took over in the mid-fifties—to mediocrities such as Elpidio Quirino, who preceded him, and Carlos Garcia, who succeeded him, both of whom played *palabas* to the hilt and presided over years of corrup-

Saks Fifth Avenue

Our water-proof reversible vinyl slicker, with outside pockets, and a hood, is red/yellow, yellow/navy, or green/navy. For P,S,M or L, $13. Full length in red/yellow, beige/brown, navy/green; $20. By Aquasheen. Our umbrellas in solid slicker navy, bone, or red nylon, each with a striped ribbon. Shoulder-strapped, $20. Stick umbrella, $16. In Umbrella and Travel Rainwear Collections, Street Floor...where we are all the things you are.

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

What's news in POLAND? This 14th Century cathedral.

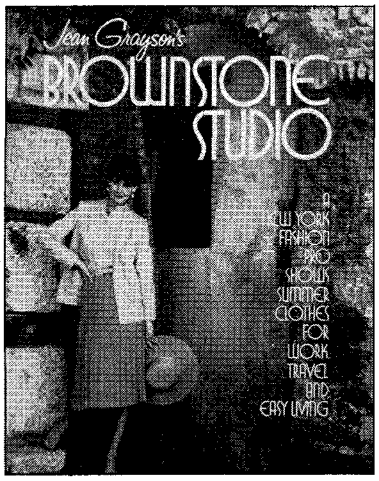
There is a Gothic cathedral in Cracow, Poland, older than St. Peter's of Rome. It's one of many treasures of Wawel Hill, Poland's "Acropolis," which was fascinating sightseers long before the election of the Archbishop of Cracow to the papacy. And Cracow is only a highlight among the innumerable tourist delights of Poland. We want you to see them all, to feel the spirit of the Polish people, to share our pride in our 1000-year old traditions. A variety of low-cost tours are available; you may have a 10-day all-inclusive tour for $220 (land only).

Come join us! For travel ideas and information on Poland, see your travel agent or write:

POLISH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
500 Fifth Ave.,
New York, N.Y. 10036
333 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill. 60601

What's in this for you?

Call today or tonight and see for yourself!


Jean Grayson's
BROWNSTONE STUDIO
A NEW YORK FASHION PRO SHOWS SUMMER CLOTHES FOR WORK TRAVEL AND EASY LIVING

When you receive your free copy of our sunny day fashion brochure you'll find dozens of ideas for putting your summer wardrobe together. You'll see separates, dresses, coats, sportswear, intimate apparel, accessories—all carefully selected and coordinated by a fashion pro. And everything comes from the top New York designer houses.

If you wear sizes 6 thru 20 you'll find this is such an easy way to shop. Starting with summer, we'll send you our fashion brochure four times a year at no charge.

Call TOLL-FREE

800-221-2468

Seven days a week, twenty four hours a day.

New York State Residents call Toll-Free
800-522-2292
In New York City, Westchester and Nassau County call
212-953-1170
or write
BROWNSTONE STUDIO,
Dept. N1,
342 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

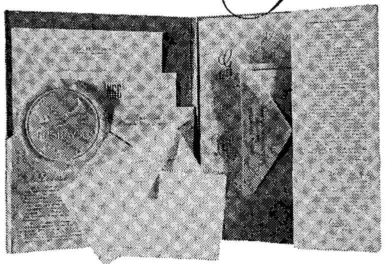
BROWNSTONE STUDIO

tion. Then, after a four-year interlude during which the well-meaning but inept Diosdado Macapagal tried but failed to follow in Magsaysay's footsteps, along came Marcos. A handsome man from the Illocos Norte region of Luzon, he completed his legal studies before the war while he was in prison on a murder charge involving the killing of an enemy of his father, who had defeated Marcos senior in a 1935 election for Congress. After successfully defending himself, Marcos became a war hero, and then, after the war, a brilliant lawyer. He, too, went into politics, became a representative and then a senator, and dramatically campaigned for and won the Presidency in 1965, at which point he was hailed as a potential savior of his country, a man who had both the strength and the fortitude to set things right. He had enhanced his already glamorous image, in 1954, by marrying Imelda Romualdez, a Filipina beauty queen from Leyte, thereby broadening his political base.

I was with Marcos on the night of his big Presidential-election victory, when he threw a vast party at his plush suburban home awash with liquor and lovely ladies—they came to be called Blue Ladies, because all of them dressed in blue, which is Imelda's favorite color. Marcos, lithe, and immaculately dressed in a cream-colored *barong* Tagalog shirt with beige trousers, moved gracefully among the clusters of guests like an Asian version of Jay Gatsby, imperial and exuding a sense of almost mystic power and assurance—qualities he has always possessed. It seemed to everyone present that he could become the great leader the Philippines required—a President who would make good on his promises to end the futile political bickering and bureaucratic ineptitude of the past, and set the country on a path of progress and prosperity. "This nation can be great again," he said in his inaugural address a short time later. "This I have said over and over. It is my article of faith, and Divine Providence has willed that you and I can now translate this faith into deeds. . . . We must harness the wills and the hearts of all our people. We must find the secret chords that turn ordinary men into heroes, mediocre fighters into champions."

Marcos is a first-rate orator and a prolific writer and compiler of books consisting of his speeches, statements, analyses, and interpretations, some of which—notably two volumes that were published two years ago under his name

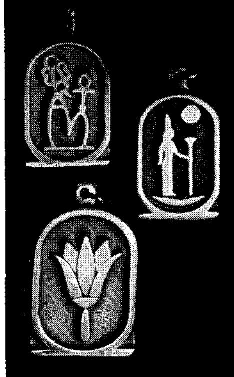
Elegant Engraved Stationery



Beautiful Downs engravings, produced by master craftsmen on luxurious Crane papers . . . these are the ingredients of the Downs Collection. Included are 21 monogram and address dies on 15 Crane papers.
Send $2.00 for this sampler collection for ordering your personal letters or a very special gift.

Downs
Since 1835

229 N. Charles St. Baltimore, MD. 21201
Telephone: 301/752-7770

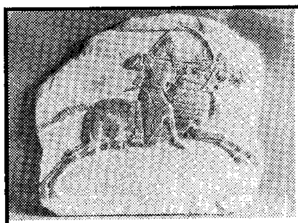


Fruits of the Sun

An exclusive line of precious gold jewelry by master goldsmiths, in exquisite deep relief Egyptian designs. Produced in **14k and 18k Gold Electrum**, a special blend of pure gold and sterling silver revered by the ancients.

Send for free brochure.

Fruits of the Sun
984 Filbert St.,
San Francisco,
Ca. 94113



CAPTURE A CLASSIC

King Assur-Bani-Pal, an Assyrian of 7th-cent. B.C., enlivens a 24x27" stone-finish relief. Orig. in British Museum. $185 pp.

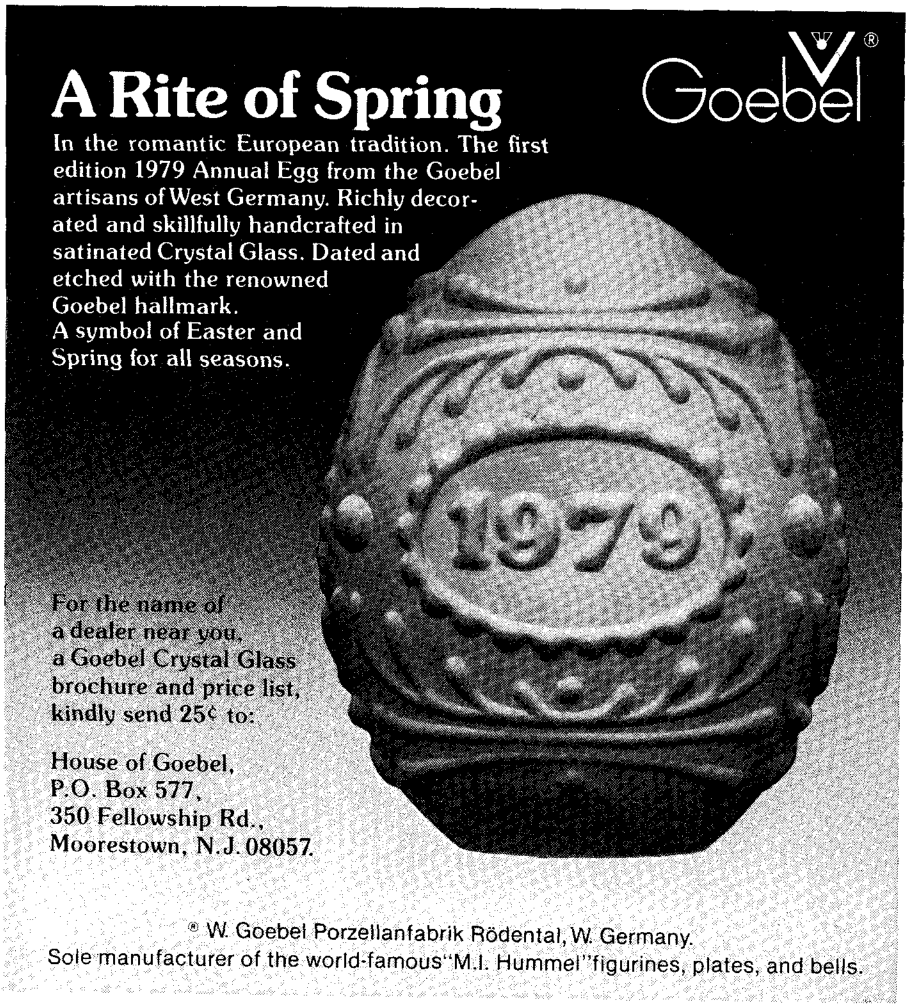
From a famous collection of classical reproductions hand-finished by master craftsman Lino Giust.
Send for free catalog.

GIUST GALLERY
261 Newbury St., Boston, MA 02116

and that bore the title "Tadhana," or, roughly, "Heritage"—are made up of articles prepared for him by academic specialists in various fields. Still, even his opponents concede that he is a considerable historian in his own right, whose highly legalistic mind is matched by literary style and imagination, all of which, along with his suavity, charm, and ruthlessness have made him the consummate politician he is. Over the last thirteen years in power, these attributes have also helped make him one of the richest men in Asia, if not in the world; endless bounty of profits derived from government-sponsored contracts and concessions and private deals, including everything from highways and nuclear-energy plants to fashionable golf clubs, are shared with his wife and relatives as well as with selected friends who make up his inner entourage and who are part of what has become a fully functioning dynasty. That such a dynasty exists is not altogether surprising; while he has become a dictator in modern dress, his role is in keeping with the strong monarchic orientation of the Philippines, which, despite forty-eight years of comparatively mild colonization by the United States, retains the imprint of the three hundred years of Spanish rule which preceded it and of the centuries of domination by Muslim sultans and other tribal chieftains in the pre-Western era.

THE atmosphere in Malacañang, the beautiful, if crumbling, stucco palace on the banks of the Pasig River, remains regal today, with Marcos receiving an endless line of daily visitors who come to pay tribute or seek favors and rewards. Although there is now a concerted effort to replace the use of English and Spanish with a lingua franca called Pilipino, which is a combination of Tagalog and other dialects, the language one hears around Malacañang is English. And certainly the culture of this cosmopolitan capital, with the exception of a few families still steeped in Spanish ways and traditions, remains more American than anything else, down to the hamburger stands and snack shops and discothèques one sees all over the city. A campaign by Mrs. Marcos to promote cultural nationalism has had some success—among other things, she has sponsored an expensive Cultural Center and an emporium of native products called Philippine Village—but the nationalist tendencies that prevail and are increasing are far more political than cultural, and it is no accident that, notwithstanding the still prevalent Amer-

cuoio
New York: 7 West 57th Street, (212) 838-7880 Hartford: 1 Civic Center Plaza, (203) 525-1476
Boston: 115 Newbury Street, (617) 266-4336 and 170 Faneuil Hall Market Place, (617) 742-4486


A Rite of Spring

Goebel®

In the romantic European tradition. The first edition 1979 Annual Egg from the Goebel artisans of West Germany. Richly decorated and skillfully handcrafted in satinated Crystal Glass. Dated and etched with the renowned Goebel hallmark. A symbol of Easter and Spring for all seasons.

For the name of a dealer near you, a Goebel Crystal Glass brochure and price list, kindly send 25¢ to:

House of Goebel,
P.O. Box 577,
350 Fellowship Rd.,
Moorestown, N.J. 08057.

® W. Goebel Porzellanfabrik Rödental, W. Germany.
Sole manufacturer of the world-famous "M.I. Hummel" figurines, plates, and bells.

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Bean's Two Eyelet Boating Mocs

(For Men and Women)

Manufactured by us, these shoes combine the comfort and fit of true moccasin construction with the safety of skid proof soles. Designed for boating on fresh or salt water, casting from rocks or wherever sure footing is required. Full grain leathers used are specially tanned to retain softness after repeated wetting and drying, even in salt water. Durable rubber soles cushion the foot. Special traction design and sticky rubber compound of the sole provide good grip on dry or wet surfaces. Popular two eyelet pattern provides snug, non-binding fit. Handsewed toe piece.

Suede moccasin is made of full grain Laramie leather with "rough" side out. Dark Brown moccasin is made of full grained vegetable tanned leather for comfort and long wear. Brass eyelets and rawhide laces. Non-slip soles.

Colors, Dark Brown with White Sole. Sand Suede with White Sole. Women's sizes: 5 to 10. Whole and half sizes. Narrow and Medium widths.

Men's sizes: 6 to 13. Whole and half sizes. (No size 12½) Medium and Wide widths.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

Please Ship Postpaid

______Women's Boating Moc @ $23.00
Color______, Size______, Width______
______Men's Boating Moc @ $25.00
Color______, Size______, Width______
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ VISA ☐ American Express

Card Number______
Exp. Date ______

Name ______
Address______
City ______
State______ Zip______

L. L. Bean, Inc.
818 Casco Street
Freeport, ME 04033

ican sociocultural tones, the current public mood is more anti-American than ever before.

There are a number of reasons for this. President Carter's strong stand for human rights is supported by the minority of oppositionists here but not by members of the government. Most of the uninformed public has little or no knowledge of the Carter position but certainly voices its own grievances increasingly in private conversations, and is becoming more critical of the United States on various issues that affect the Philippines. Looking back, one can fairly say that Marcos's decision to introduce "constitutional authoritarianism" after he declared martial law can be attributed in part to his disillusionment with America over Vietnam and to his growing awareness that, along with other Southeast Asian nations, the Philippines had to go its own way and move out from under the protective umbrella of the United States. Having at first warned that a Communist victory in Vietnam would "signal the reactivation of Communist insurgency all over Southeast Asia, including the Philippines," and having dispatched his Civic Action Group to South Vietnam, he was having private doubts about the American cause as early as 1967, and on three occasions between then and 1970 when I saw him in Manila he asked me probing questions about the war—why weren't things going better militarily, why were the South Vietnamese incapable of solidifying themselves politically, and what was really the point of it all? Domestically, his first term in office had not been the great success he had hoped: he had built thousands of miles of new roads and hundreds of new schools, but the fact that much of the money for these improvements had come from the United States, and that not all of it had been used honestly, simply encouraged the growing opposition of students and intellectuals who had begun to demonstrate against the Vietnam War and against the continued existence of the big American air base, Clark Field, and the naval base at Subic Bay, both on Luzon. The rising anti-Americanism was fanned by incidents involving the killing of Filipinos by American soldiers on or near the two bases—in one particularly nasty case, an American soldier who was off duty and out hunting killed a Filipino civilian whom he said he "mistook for a wild boar." The proliferation of prostitution, gambling, and black marketeering in towns near the bases led to more violence, and the

Shoot the Rapids

Shooting the Rapids is an exhilarating experience. The roar of the rapids . . . breath-taking — the speed, splash and spray of a mighty river . . . unforgettable.

An exciting variety of guided whitewater raft trips are available on the New, Cheat and Gauley rivers, March thru November, including weekday FAMILY and GROUP overnight expeditions and our excellent KAYAK SCHOOL.

For free color brochure and poster with complete details, write or call **1-800-624-8060 toll free** for reservations.

Appalachian Wildwaters
P.O. Box 126
Albright, West Virginia 26519

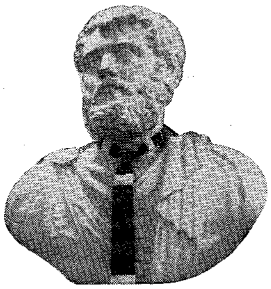
Alexander Shields

MY ORIGINAL 3" SWISS WOVEN SILK TIE

HORIZONTAL
OR
DIAGONAL STRIPES

$25

WE'LL SEND
COLOR SWATCHES



484 PARK AVE. AT 58TH ST. • NEW YORK 10022

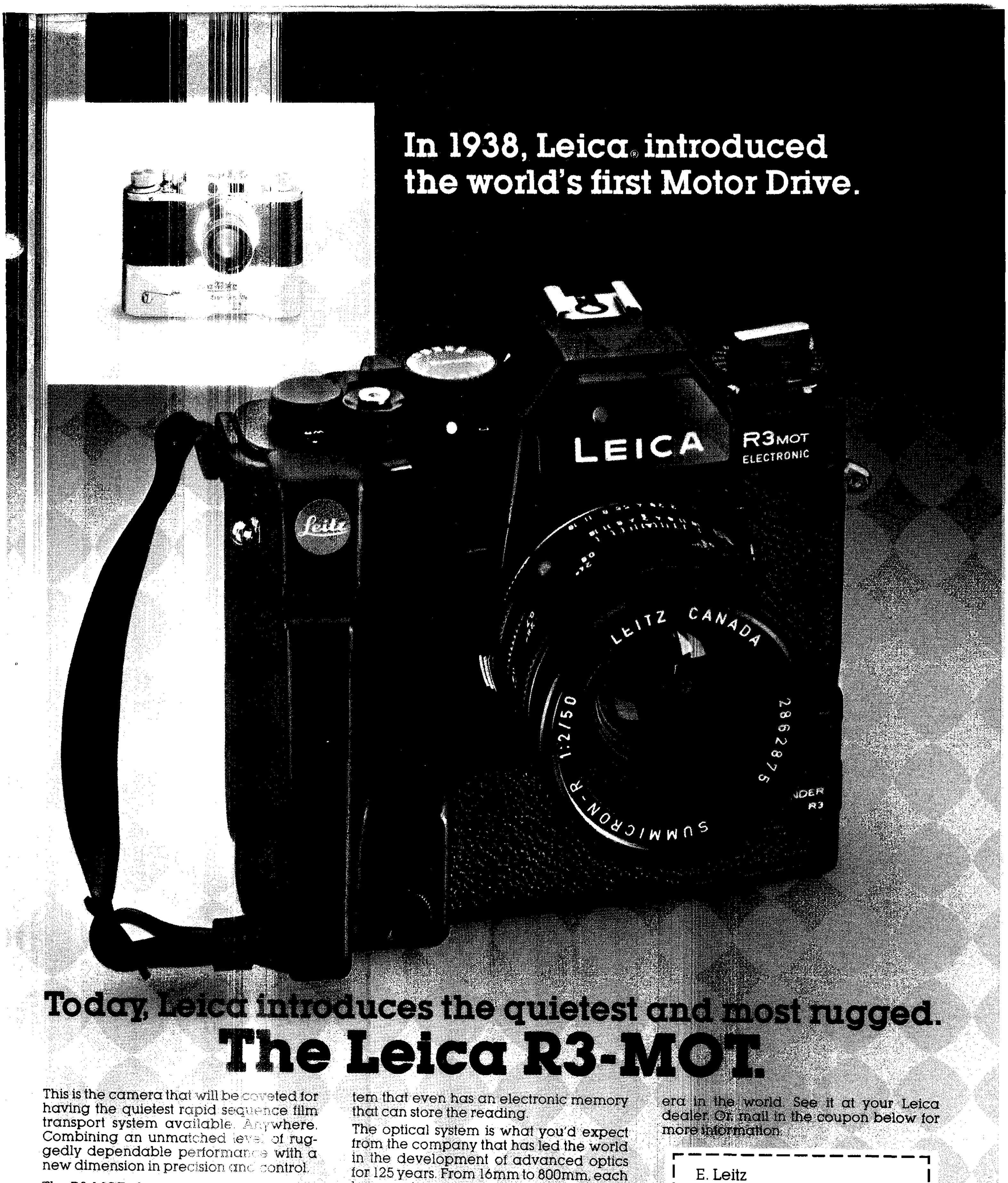
Land of Legends
Mongolia

See breathtaking mosques and mosaics. Stay in a remote nomadic tent camp. Explore the Gobi. Visit renowned Lake Baikal. Small groups, stimulating lectures. 22 days. Write for detailed itinerary.

Society Expeditions
Dept. NY Box 5088, University Station, Seattle, WA 98105

Name
Street
City/State/Zip

Expeditions also to: ☐ New Guinea ☐ Antarctica
☐ Patagonia ☐ Galapagos Is. ☐ Easter Island



In 1938, Leica® introduced the world's first Motor Drive.

Today, Leica introduces the quietest and most rugged.

The Leica R3-MOT.

This is the camera that will be coveted for having the quietest rapid sequence film transport system available. Anywhere. Combining an unmatched level of ruggedly dependable performance with a new dimension in precision and control.

The R3-MOT also provides the most accurate exposure control metering system Leica has ever offered. Manually or automatically. The flick of a switch and you can choose either the integral averaging mode or, the selective spot metering system that even has an electronic memory that can store the reading.

The optical system is what you'd expect from the company that has led the world in the development of advanced optics for 125 years. From 16mm to 800mm, each lens performs with superior sharpness, contrast and chromatic correction. Each lens is hand-assembled and re-checked with film tests at several apertures.

The Leica R3-MOT: Destined to be the most sought-after, proudly-owned 35mm camera in the world. See it at your Leica dealer. Or, mail in the coupon below for more information.

E. Leitz
Rockleigh, N.J. 07647

Please send me information on the Leica R3-MOT.

Name __________
Address __________
City __________
State__________ Zip_____
TNY-3-26 1019

Leitz means precision. Worldwide.

BLUE DIAMOND
smokehouse
hickory smoke flavored
ALMONDS
NET WT. 6 OZ.

Great snack for a party of one

The hurly-burly day is over. You're alone at last—with a good movie on TV and a big bowl of your favorite Smokehouse® Almonds. (No preservatives in this snack, just all-natural ingredients.) So indulge yourself. Enjoy every crisp, crunchy bite of that tantalizing Smokehouse® flavor.

Smokehouse® Almonds

One Nibble Is Never Enough SM

BLUE DIAMOND *the Almond People*

California Almond Growers Exchange. P.O. Box 1768, Sacramento, CA 95808

Americans were widely blamed for readopting colonial attitudes.

In all likelihood, Marcos was considering martial law a year or more before his reëlection, in 1969, and it was partly for this reason that he spent around a hundred million dollars to buy votes and to buy hours of television time in order to assure victory over Senator Sergio Osmeña, Jr., the lacklustre son of the postwar President. Marcos won by close to two million votes out of almost nine million cast, and would have won handily without spending anywhere near what he did. More than two hundred persons were killed during the election period—an unprecedented number—and, with political animosities at a new high and the economy a wreck (the government was spending far more than its income but doing nothing to alleviate the enormous disparities between the wealthy and the poor), it seemed that the whole society was on the verge of disintegration. Marcos still spoke of meeting the challenge firmly yet democratically, but no one really believed him. He blamed the oligarchs of the former regimes such as the rich Lopez, Laurel, and Osmeña families, for all the trouble, and because they were his personal enemies he began seizing their properties—a process that has been going on ever since—while he protected the interests of other rich family groups, including most of the sugar interests, who had supported him during the election and have continued to support him. At the same time, he welcomed the influx of multinational corporations, including American ones, which stimulated the economy but aroused the opposition of many who felt that they were draining off the national wealth.

In his foreign policy, egged on by Foreign Secretary Carlos P. Romulo, who had previously been one of the most ardent pro-American spokesmen and had served on General Douglas MacArthur's staff during the Pacific war, Marcos enunciated a New Developmental Diplomacy, which included an effort to break away from almost total dependence on the United States and to change the whole structure of the American-Filipino relationship, notably the reliance on American bases to protect the Philippines. Romulo wanted the entire question of the bases reviewed, and also the Mutual Defense Treaty, under which the Americans had agreed to come to the aid of the Philippines according to their own constitutional requirements rather than immediately if the Philippines were attacked. As the Vietnam War, in which the bases played an

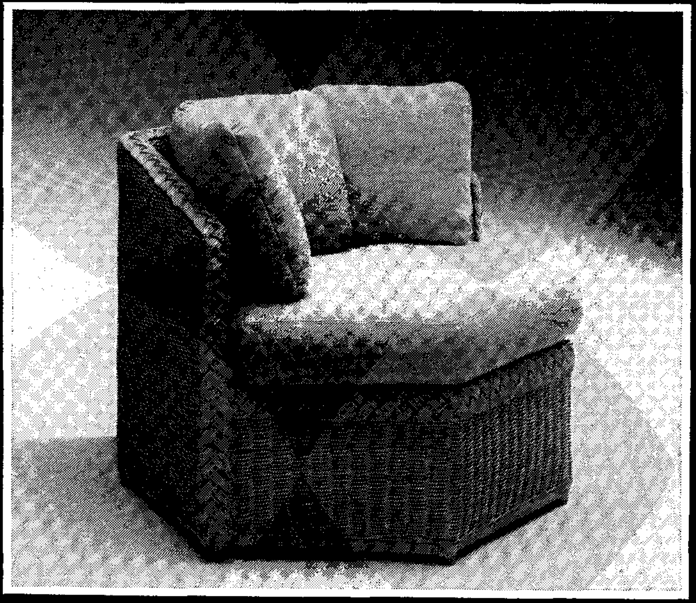
Wagner's
The Ring Of The Nibelung
Seattle Opera / 1979

Maupintour presents two escorted opera tours from New York and Chicago including hotel, opera tickets, special events, sightseeing, transfers, air ticket:

July 7 to July 15 (German cycle).
July 15 to July 23 (English cycle).
For folder and reservations, please contact:

Maupintour
telephone 212/688-4106 *quality touring since 1951*
Maupintour, 408 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022

BROWN JORDAN
RATTAN



Prelude.
From the Calif-Asia® collection.

Excellence in hand-woven rattan.
Design. Craftsmanship. At a price that reflects its quality.

Through leading stores and interior designers. Write for a free brochure and the address of your nearest dealer.
Brown Jordan Rattan, Dept. NY-2, Box 5688, El Monte, California 91734.

WHO. WHAT. WHEN. WHERE.

The New York Times
Wall Street Journal
Newsweek
Special Issue: Pictures of '79
Forbes
U.S. News & World Report
The Great American Beaucracy
BusinessWeek
The U.S. Bias Against Saving Leads To
Business Day
Competition

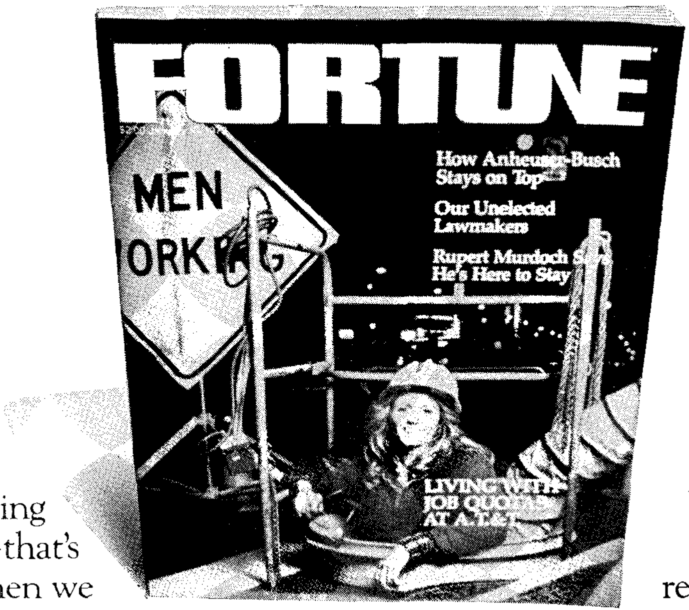
In a word, that's the difference between Fortune and all the others. Fortune takes today's barrage of business news and information and goes beyond it—sorts and sifts it, digs deeper, and looks ahead. Our readers get more understanding of why things are happening and what to do about them. Essential, authoritative information that they simply won't find anywhere else.

There's Fortune's uncannily accurate forecasting and analysis, plus skillful reporting with the kind of insights that make news.

Fortune's high-level access means penetrating coverage of the people and companies that are shaping events everywhere in the world. And now that Fortune's a biweekly, there's more scope, more subjects, more fast and fascinating reading in every issue. Just what today's business ordered.

That's why Fortune's circulation is

WHY.


FORTUNE
How Anheuser-Busch Stays on Top
Our Unelected Lawmakers
Rupert Murdoch S… He's Here to Stay
MEN WORKING
LIVING WITH JOB QUOTAS AT A.T.&T.

moving up rapidly. Our big new advertising rate base is 660,000—that's 35,000 more than when we were publishing monthly.

It's why we closed out last year with a 30 percent increase in advertising pages.

It's why our readers are more involved. They're sending us an astounding 30 percent more mail per issue in reaction to content.

It's why our press pickup has grown 40 percent, giving Fortune clear title as the most-quoted of all business magazines.

It's why Fortune is read and re-read up and down the management line and ends up looking good and used. And why today, more than ever, readers and advertisers have made Fortune their most essential business equipment.

FORTUNE
ESSENTIAL BUSINESS EQUIPMENT

© 1979 Time Inc. All rights reserved.

How to buy value in art.

"Greasborough Dusk," an original lithograph by George Guest. At $130 it typifies the very remarkable value that Christie's Print Collection offers in original etchings, lithographs, linocuts, etc. Attractive landscapes and figurative works by rising young artists from around $100 to $150. And of course the works of such masters as Chagall, Miro, Moore.

Each work is an authentic original, numbered and signed by the artist. Then it is stamped with Christie's seal of authentication and delivered to your home.

Let us send you our free colour catalogue and price list. There's no better place to buy original prints. There's no better time than now.

Christie's Print Collection

8 Dover Street, London, W.1, England

Please send me your free colour catalogue. I understand there is no obligation.

Name (Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip NY2/03/79C

important part, continued to deteriorate, Marcos, in one of his first acts after being reëlected, pulled his small Philippines Civic Action Group out of Vietnam. In his formal public and private statements, he continued to profess pro-American views, but it was apparent that in other ways he was responding to the new wave of nationalist, anti-American sentiment. This sentiment was aroused mainly by students, who had begun to blame the Americans for just about everything that was wrong in the Philippines, including the collapse of public morale, the surging wave of crime, and the destruction of values such as belief in the family system and the sanctity of the Church. I remember, during those days, talking to student leaders, carping newspaper columnists, and adversary academics. Very few of them had any concrete suggestions to make about what should be done to save the Philippines from internal collapse, but it was obvious that the postwar, American-created government was no longer functioning. Most of the opposition politicians were at one another's throats as well as at Marcos's. On one occasion, ten thousand students and workers marched on Malacañang and hurled stones at the palace, and then proceeded to the American Embassy. The disorder had its deeper sources in a host of legitimate grievances, such as a lack of genuine land reform, urban poverty, and in a belated anti-imperialist anger directed at a former colonial master who had blundered into a disastrous venture in another Asian country and dragged its erstwhile possession in with it.

Much of this new Filipino nationalist spirit was reflected in the recently concluded negotiations between Washington and Manila over new arrangements concerning the two big American bases, Clark Field and Subic Bay. During the Ford Administration, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger offered to pay the Filipinos a billion dollars over a five-year period—half of it to represent economic aid, the rest to constitute rent for continued use of the bases. The Filipinos turned him down, wanting a clearer definition of outright rent for the bases, and a separation of that from economic aid—mostly agricultural assistance of one kind or another. The Carter Administration met that demand to the extent of agreeing to ask Congress for annual amounts of economic aid. The Americans had already agreed to Marcos's demands that the Filipinos should be given sovereignty over the bases and that the bases should be run by Filipino commanders

Taste Life Santa Fe Style

The hospitality, warmth and easy pace of the old Southwest awaits you at The Bishop's Lodge. A cluster of comfortable accommodations nestled in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains at a 7,300 foot cool, clear, invigorating elevation. 1,000 private acres for recreation and relaxing. All the amenities of a full service resort hotel. Only minutes from the romance of historic Santa Fe and great opera. Summer counselors for youngsters. Fabulous food and outstanding accommodations. Perfect for business meetings, too. Write or phone.

THE BISHOP'S LODGE

P.O. Box 2367N Santa Fe
New Mexico 87501
(505) 983-6377

Another cooking aid from France!

Gas-Saver Lighter

Eliminates Wasteful Pilot

Now, save up to 30% on gas simply by turning the shut-off valve to your pilot lights! One click and the high-intensity spark lights your burner every time, without putting your hand near the flame.

Convenient holder mounts on any surface near stove. Money-back guarantee. **$7.25** + .70 shppg.

Putnam Antiques
2 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

© 1978

THE GLOBETROTTER by *Allen Edmonds*

$69

6-16: AAA to EEE
12½ & 13, add $3.00
14 to 16, add $5.00
Send for free catalog
Major Credit Cards Honored

A classic plain toe blucher with waterproof cushioned crepe bottoms. Black or brown calf - in Allen Edmonds' nail-less construction.

Fellman, Ltd.

12 E. 46th St. N.Y.C. 10017 - 212-687-6788
3 NYC shops - Stop in or order by phone or mail
Add $1.50 shipping & tax per pair - no COD's
INDIVIDUALITY IN MEN'S FOOTWEAR

CUSTOMER INFORMATION FROM GENERAL MOTORS

HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT SIZE ENGINE

BIGGER ISN'T NECESSARILY BETTER IN NEW, MORE EFFICIENT GM CARS.

The lighter the car, the less power it takes to move it. That's the most important thing to know when you're trying to decide what engine to order for your car.

The power-to-weight theory holds true no matter how you intend to use your car: city, highway or suburban driving; with two passengers or six; with a small trailer or pulling a heavy boat.

Since we redesigned almost all our cars to make them lighter and more efficient, the power-to-weight theory enables us to move them with smaller engines that use less gas. You can get good performance from a full-size GM car under most conditions with a six-cylinder or a small eight-cylinder engine instead of a larger optional V8. Mid-size cars, luxury cars, and redesigned compacts to be introduced this spring follow the same pattern.

To help you choose an engine, we designate one as standard for every model. It is an engine that provides enough acceleration to merge safely with traffic when entering a freeway, enough pick-up to cross a street quickly after heeding a stop sign, and in most models, even enough power to haul a trailer weighing up to 1,000 pounds.

Standard engines cost less than bigger, optional engines and get better gas mileage, especially in city traffic. There is no difference in durability between standard and optional engines. However, to get the most out of any GM engine, follow the maintenance schedule in the GM Owner's Manual. And remember, please, that small engines are as durable as large engines only if you give them the same care.

There are some reasons for choosing larger, optional engines: if you intend to carry six passengers and luggage with any frequency, if you intend to haul a trailer over 1,000 pounds, and if you expect to drive often in hilly terrain. For people who drive mainly in altitudes over 4,000 feet we offer a special high-altitude package, including a larger engine, to ensure satisfactory performance.

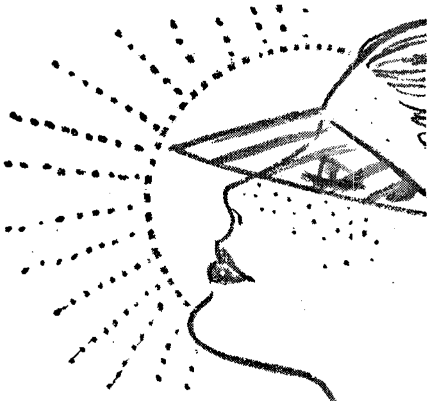
Finally, your own sense of how a car should "feel" must be the deciding factor. GM dealers have cars that you can take for a test drive. Take that test drive. Drive the same model with a standard and an optional engine, if the dealer has "demonstrators" with both configurations. You're the driver. Decide for yourself.

We charge more for optional engines. Even so, our honest advice is to buy the smallest engine that fits your taste and needs. You'll save money when you buy your car, and in most cases, you'll save money on gas for as long as you own it. That's the nice part of energy conservation.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

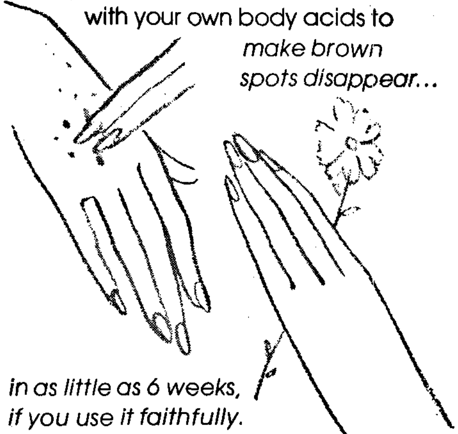
General Motors
People building transportation
to serve people

The Denney® Beauty Line



Are you bothered by brown spots caused by the sun? Or age spots...or "the Pill" spots...or uneven skin tones...or freckles in all the wrong places?

Fade-Away is our answer. It contains Hydroquinone, which combines with your own body acids to *make brown spots disappear...*



in as little as 6 weeks, if you use it faithfully.

Clinical tests have proved that Fade-Away is gentle...non-toxic, non-irritating to most skins.

And Fade-Away is effective. Thousands of women...*and* men ...have used it for almost two decades ...because it works.

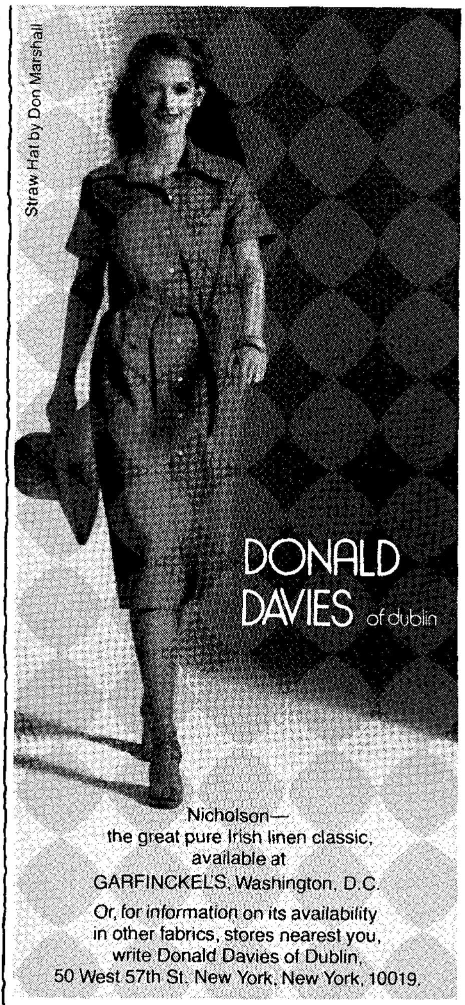
DENNEY
FADE-AWAY

Susan Payson Fine
Creative Director

FRANCES DENNEY
The newest thinking in beauty.

as long as the United States was assured of effective command and control over American personnel, employees, equipment, and facilities, and retained "unhampered" control of military operations involving American forces. On New Year's Eve, an agreement was finally signed, whereby the United States agreed to pay the Philippines half a billion dollars (half of what Marcos had earlier rejected) over a period of five years, after which the situation would again be reviewed. The money will be allocated, with congressional approval, for economic aid and arms sales, credits, and training. Though the issue of sovereignty over the bases was decided, with the Americans retaining the operational rights *they wanted, the Filipinos did not* receive jurisdiction over American servicemen who commit crimes against Filipino citizens within the bases, and this remained a source of contention.

Despite the accord, a growing body of opinion, both in the Philippines and in the United States, continues to argue against retention of the bases. Labor and youth organizations here, including a large youth group led by Imee Marcos, have campaigned for the dismantling of the two bases. The Civil Liberties Union of the Philippines has repeatedly cited the fact that no serious external threats exist to the republic, and that even if there should be a threat the United States would be unlikely, after Vietnam, to come to the aid of the Philippines, despite its treaty commitments. The bases "mock our independence" and "not only contribute to the deprivation of our freedom [but] threaten our very survival as a people," the C.L.U.P. said in a declaration last June, which also pointed out that in the event of a nuclear war the bases would be targeted for attack, the more so since the United States is believed to have some nuclear weapons stored in the Philippines. There is a further fear that, even though Marcos signed an agreement with Hanoi in 1976 in which he pledged that the bases would not be used for intervention in Vietnam or against other countries in the region, they might be used to help protect Thailand in the event of a Vietnamese attack on that country. The bases also serve as a target for domestic trouble. If the Communist insurgents of the New People's Army—now, according to Enrile, numbering two or three thousand regularly armed men, with four thousand combat support elements, six thousand service and support personnel, and thirty to fifty thousand sympathizers—should step up their activities and seek to provoke an Ameri-



Straw Hat by Don Marshall
DONALD DAVIES of dublin

Nicholson—
the great pure Irish linen classic,
available at
GARFINCKEL'S, Washington, D.C.
Or, for information on its availability
in other fabrics, stores nearest you,
write Donald Davies of Dublin,
50 West 57th St. New York, New York, 10019.

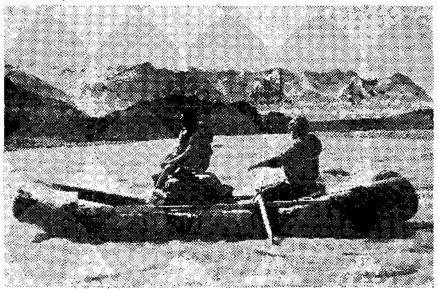
If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. In summer when it is warm there is swimming, fishing and boating. And in winter, quite the other way, ice skating, a bit of skiing, a quiet winter walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



CANADA BY RAFT!

Down virgin rivers in mountains of British Columbia. Untouched wilderness. Sparkling Chilcotin and mighty Fraser Cruise glacier walled fjord, fly over icefields of Coast Range plus 240 thrilling yet safe whitewater miles through cleanest, most magnificent scenery on this Continent! $835 10 days ALL incl. from Vancouver.

Canadian River Expeditions, 1005 Highland Drive, Suite B, West Vancouver B.C. (604) 926-4436

can response by threatening Clark and Subic, a likely American refusal to help quell an internal rebellion under the rather vaguely defined obligations of the treaty would probably increase the tempo of rebellion and pay political dividends to the rebels.

Another potentially dangerous condition derives from the Philippines' claim to the Spratly Islands and to the Reed Bank area, two hundred miles northeast of the Spratlys, in the South China Sea. Because of possible offshore oil deposits, the Spratlys are claimed by Peking, Taipei, and Hanoi. The Filipinos, who maintain a small garrison force on some of the islands, insist that the Mutual Defense Treaty calls for the United States to come to their defense if hostilities break out over these islands. Washington denies this, and during the recent negotiations made its denial clear. Even so, a refusal to help protect the Philippines' claim could heighten nationalist tensions and lead to a demand that the Americans get out of Clark and Subic entirely, and Washington might have no choice but to comply, agreement or no agreement. Finally, from the standpoint of global strategy, despite the obvious advantages the United States Air Force and the Navy obtain from the use of Clark and Subic, neither base is essential to the defense of American strategic interests in the Pacific, including the defense of Japan and Korea. Alternative air and naval facilities could be built up in Guam and the Mariana Islands to the east, or in Japan itself; to the southwest, access to additional facilities in Singapore could probably be obtained, and possibly in western Australia as well, and this would be sufficient to serve the Pacific fleet and counter any Russian moves in the area. The argument that Clark and Subic are absolutely necessary for the defense of air and sea lanes stretching from the northern Pacific through Southeast Asia and the Indian Ocean to the Middle East and Europe is therefore not sustainable, especially in an age of nuclear aircraft carriers and long-range bombers and cargo planes. In sum, the two Philippine bases are convenient, as was most recently demonstrated when American ships steaming out of Subic Bay patrolled the South China Sea during Sino-Vietnamese hostilities, but they are not essential; their continued usefulness could easily be impaired by events that might embroil the United States in situations that would not make their strategic value worth the political price.

This could become the case in Luzon, for example, if a Soviet-supported

We've been winning awards longer than most other American wines have been in existence.

Long before many other American wines were even being thought about, Simi wines were being talked about.

You see, the Simi Winery of California was founded in 1876.

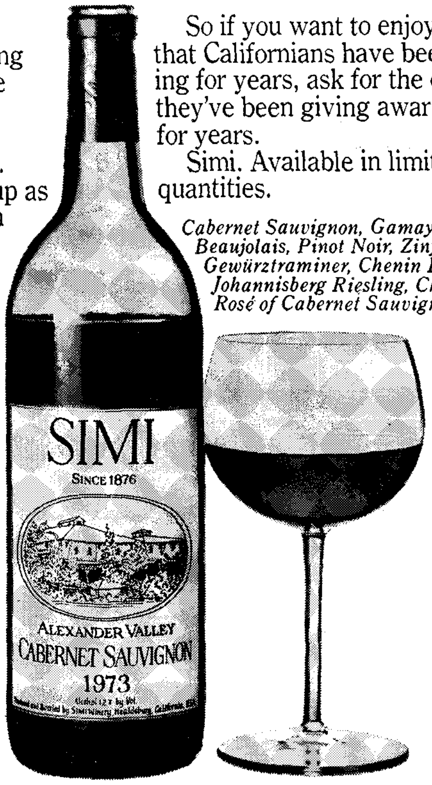
Today Simi wines are held up as a standard of excellence and, in 1978, our 1973 Cabernet Sauvignon was awarded the Orange County Gold Medal.

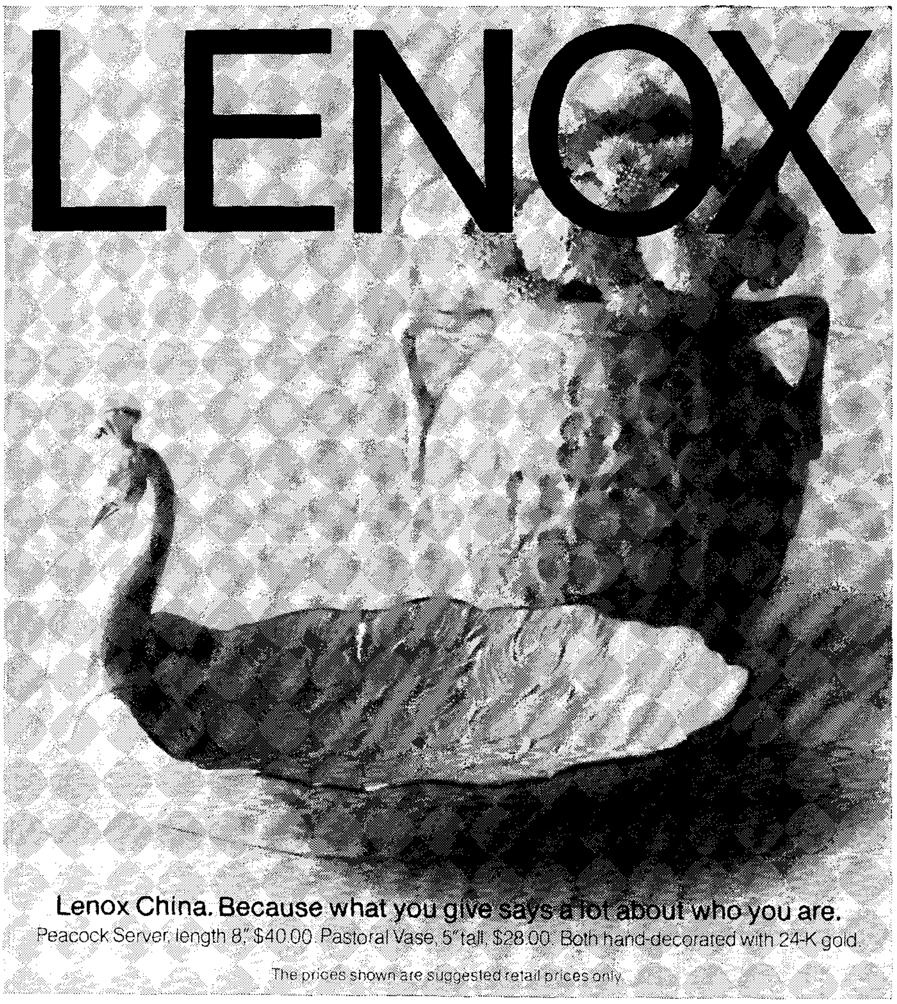
In fact, in the last five years Simi wines have received 15 major awards from California wine competitions.

So if you want to enjoy the wine that Californians have been enjoying for years, ask for the one they've been giving awards to for years.

Simi. Available in limited quantities.

Cabernet Sauvignon, Gamay Beaujolais, Pinot Noir, Zinfandel, Gewürztraminer, Chenin Blanc, Johannisberg Riesling, Chardonnay, Rosé of Cabernet Sauvignon.





Lenox China. Because what you give says a lot about who you are.

Peacock Server, length 8", $40.00. Pastoral Vase, 5" tall, $28.00. Both hand-decorated with 24-K gold.

The prices shown are suggested retail prices only.

The European-style elegance that made The Pierre instantly fashionable in 1930 has remained contemporary ever since.

Some people call it tradition.

The Pierre
New York's most beautiful hotel

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021
TELEPHONE: 212-838-8000

Henri Manassero, Vice President and General Manager
MANAGED BY TRUST HOUSES FORTE, LTD.

Cuban effort to counter the Peking-oriented New People's Army were made—there is already a new, pro-Moscow group of Communists trying to regain control of the Party. Under such circumstances, the insurgency could spread more rapidly to other parts of the archipelago, and even beyond. And if the war in the south for Muslim independence continues indefinitely, with Egypt and Libya backing different sets of rebels, it could drag the Philippines into a new Middle East crisis, and the United States could find itself involved, as a result of its support of Israel, against Arab extremists seeking to foment further trouble in Southeast Asia. The long-drawn-out southern war, which has its roots in racial antipathies dating back four hundred years, shows no signs of abating, despite sporadic attempts to establish ceasefires and create some sort of framework for autonomy in half a dozen of the Muslim-dominated provinces. The basic struggle between Muslims and Christians in the area has been aggravated by factionalism within the Muslim ranks. Under the banner of the Islamic Conference of forty-two Islamic nations, a ceasefire was agreed on at Tripoli in 1976, but it fell apart after a follow-up conference held in Manila early in 1977. The over-all rebel strength remains at about twenty thousand armed men. The government has approximately fifty thousand Army and constabulary soldiers fighting in the southern islands, at a cost of nearly thirty million dollars a month. Many of these troops engage in random killing of civilians—of the total of fifty thousand killed in the past six and a half years of fighting, a majority have been civilians, and tens of thousands more have been rendered homeless. According to Bishop Francisco Claver, the most outspoken of a score of activist clerics in the south—seventy others there have stayed aloof from the conflict—the massacre of Muslim and Christian civilians is far greater than the government acknowledges, though recently Marcos has responded to complaints by ordering his troops to behave better. But negotiations with the Moro National Liberation Front—the leading Muslim insurgent group—to reach some sort of compromise on autonomous or semi-autonomous rule in the provinces where the Muslims predominate over the Christians continue to founder, partly because of the differences among the Muslims themselves and the decline of authority of their traditional religious leaders.

In the past several weeks, there have been signs of dissension among officers serving in the south. Perhaps antici-

In 1947, this Ten Dollar Gold Piece sold for under $100. In 1978, New England Rare Coin Auctions sold it for ***$20,000.***

Elite coins should be sold at an elite auction.

If you have a major collection of rare coins, now is an ideal time to liquidate. Market demand is extremely strong — enabling sellers to realize record auction prices for fine material.

New England Rare Coin Auctions is now accepting consignments for the outstanding 1979 auction of the American Numismatic Association. Annually, the ANA Auction is attended by the most active, astute buyers in the rare coin marketplace.

Call toll-free and ask about our free appraisals and cash advances for major collections. Or visit our consignment table at the ***Metropolitan New York Convention,*** Mezzanine Level, Barbizon Plaza Hotel, March 29 - April 1.

New England Rare Coin Auctions
89 Devonshire Street, Boston, MA 02109
Toll-free 1-800-225-6794
In Mass. 617-227-8800 ☐ Extension #99

THE NILE & THE SUN 1979

The leisurely tour that visits all the most important sites as well as some of the lesser known, but still leaves you with time to relax on the sun-deck of the Nile steamer or by the pool of your hotel.

The 21 days in Egypt are escorted throughout by an eminent Egyptologist and an experienced Tour Director. Flights to and from Cairo are by the scheduled services of IATA airlines with departures from October through December. Join the luxury tour that leaves you mentally stimulated but physically relaxed after the holiday of a lifetime. Planned and organised by Raoul Moxley from whom details of this and other tours may be obtained. Write or call:

RAOUL MOXLEY TRAVEL
76 Elmbourne Road, London SW17 8JJ,
Tel: (01) 672 2437 England

EXPERIENCE
The Buccaneer
St. Croix, Virgin Islands
TENNIS, LOVE?
Eight smashing courts
on the Caribbean.
Contact Ralph Locke 212-586-3070
NY

pating this, Marcos reorganized the country's military administration last August, creating thirteen regional commands to replace four zones as a means of maintaining better discipline. And, in another recent move to shore up his authoritarian regime, he established a security and intelligence unit in every government office, to monitor all unfavorable criticism. These units come under Major-General Fabian Ver, the head of the Presidential Security Command and the National Intelligence Agency, who is slowly accumulating more power in what looms as a contest that could affect the question of succession to Marcos among Ver, Defense Secretary Enrile, and Constabulary Commander Ramos, a quiet but forceful and intellectual officer, who is a cousin of Marcos but whose chances are diminished by the fact that he is a Methodist. Mrs. Marcos has recently acquired additional powers as a result of her Ministry of Human Settlement's assuming jurisdiction over a wide variety of social and economic programs under the acronymic heading of BLISS. (In addition to taking care of her husband and three children, she will now be tending to "a family of forty-four million Filipinos," she has said.) Whether, however, she could survive a cross-fire contest within the military establishment is doubtful, and there are those who believe that even if she is chosen by the Assembly to succeed her husband she would soon find herself in a position similar to that of Evita Perón, in Argentina.

For the present, at any rate, Marcos, despite his poise and bravura, remains a man on a tightrope. The revolutionary strings in the Philippines are being ever more tightly drawn, and when they break or unravel the country will have to find new leaders and new solutions to solve the problems of consolidation and development under unpredictable conditions of change that affect all of Asia. The pendulum, here as elsewhere, could swing further to the authoritarian right, or it could swing left, under some form of Communism. But it surely won't stand still, and Marcos's efforts to prolong his stay in power and to enrich his family and friends will merely postpone the day of reckoning.

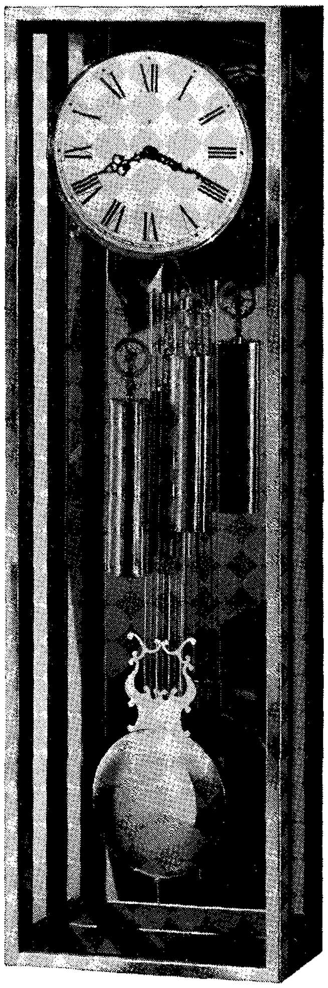
—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

DEAR READER,

If you find this sales letter different from others you may or may not have read, it's probably because this writer does not make it a practice of reading such letters.—*Subscription solicitation from a periodical called etcetera.*

We'll never know.



It conquers walls.

This clock is a work of moving sculpture. One that will become the focal point of any room.

The great lyre pendulum disk is suspended from alternating bars of chrome and brass.

The moving pendulum —and the gleaming brass weights — are reflected in a mirror.

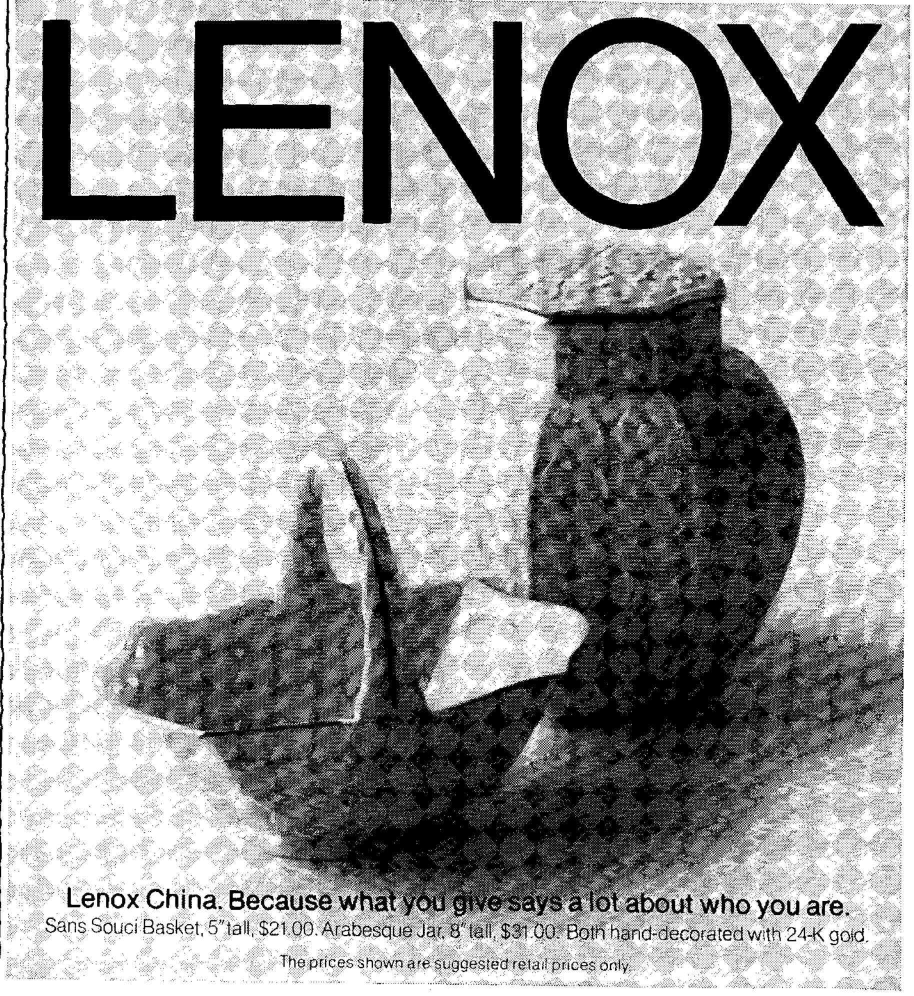
All, including the ivory porcelain dial with its brass bezel, are enclosed in glass.

Contrast is provided by the rich ebony case and polished chrome door frame.

The cable wound eight-day movement strikes on the half-hour and counts on the hour.

Ask your Howard Miller dealer for the Contemporary Regulator.

Howard Miller Clock Co.
Zeeland, MI 49464



LENOX

Lenox China. Because what you give says a lot about who you are.

Sans Souci Basket, 5" tall, $21.00. Arabesque Jar, 8" tall, $31.00. Both hand-decorated with 24-K gold.

The prices shown are suggested retail prices only.

AROUND CITY HALL

INS AND OUTS

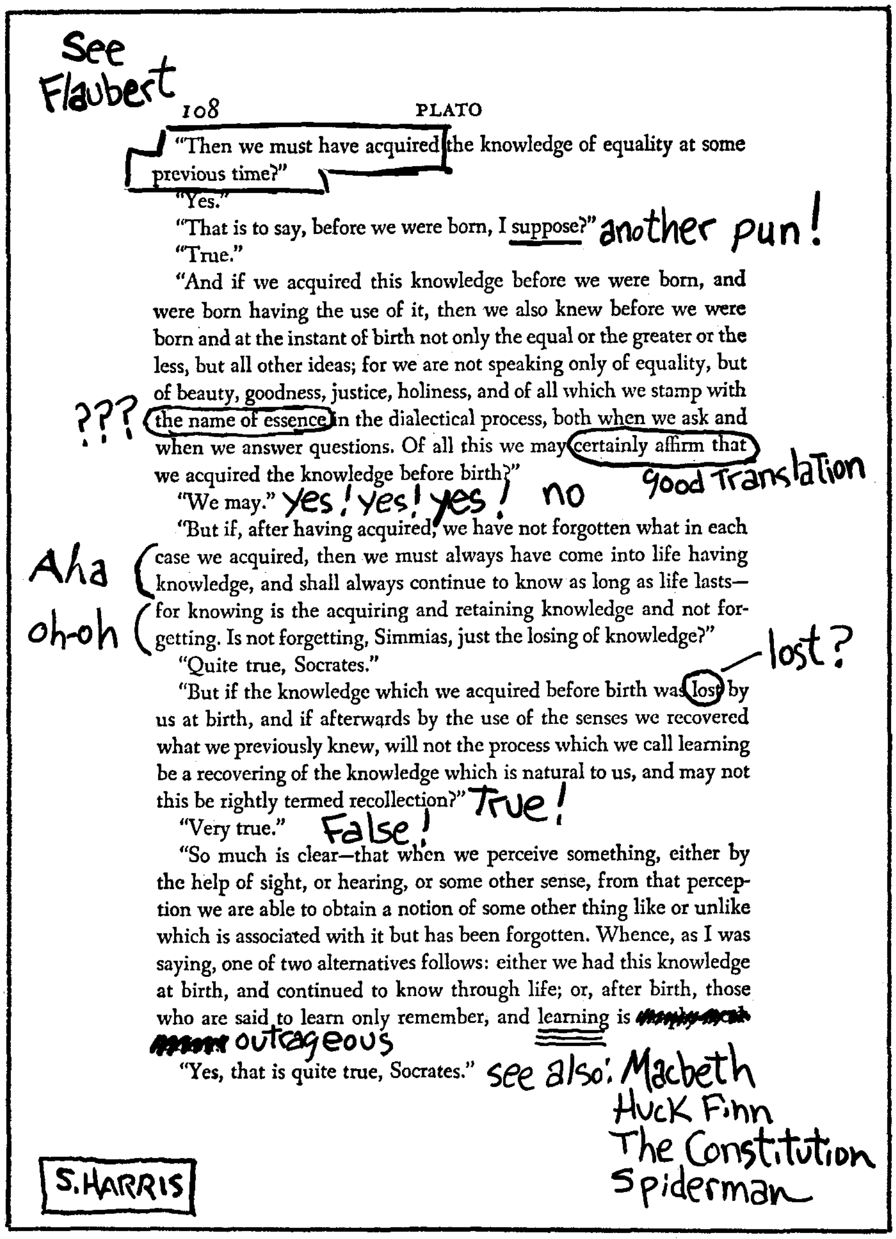
IN each four-year period, there is only one year, such as 1979, when there are no elections in New York of any consequence. In the even-numbered years, both congressional and legislative elections are held, and in one of these there is also, of course, an election for President. Two years later, when the seats of state legislators and local members of the House of Representatives are again at stake, so is the governorship. In the odd year between comes the citywide election for mayor and other municipal offices. In the fourth year, politicians here have rested, but only from campaign-time politics. Traditionally, it has been during these quadrennial intervals of remission that laws get passed and administrative actions are taken which clearly reflect more concern with responsible government, the general good, and the long view than with panicky calculations about the number of angry protesters that special-interest groups can summon to march on City Hall or the Albany capitol, waving signs whose large-lettered messages include "WE'LL REMEMBER IN NOVEMBER." In such years, free of the urgencies and importunities of election-year politics, the people's chosen representatives will occasionally consider on their merits proposals that are sure to arouse the wrath of organized tenants, landlords, union leaders, bankers, construction workers, and other powerful blocs that politicians depend on to get out the vote or get up the money in their election campaigns. Last month, when New York's Mayor Edward Koch sent up to Albany a proposed civil-service-reform bill that—in the view of nearly everyone but municipal-union leaders, whose opposition promised to be formidable—would improve the efficiency of city government, he said he thought the bill had a good chance, since 1979 is not an election year. Heavily relied upon in such years is the theory that voters won't remember a year from November.

Unfortunately, it seems more probable each day that 1979 will not be one of those welcome intervals here when officeholders attend more to government than to politics. Because of developments on the national scene, it could turn into another year of politics most of the way. When John F. Kennedy declared himself a Presidential candidate in January of 1960—which, of course, was the year of the election—it was considered rather precipitate of him. However, the year and a half that George McGovern devoted to winning the 1972 Democratic nomination, followed by Jimmy Carter's successful two-year pursuit of not only the nomination but the Presidency, have apparently put an end, perhaps forever, to national campaigns of a sensible length. The first three candidates for the 1980 Presidential nomination made their announcements in the late summer and fall of 1978. By this week, twenty-two months before the next Presidential inauguration, at least nine Republicans either have formally declared their candidacy or have notified the Federal Election Commission that they are setting up exploratory committees to that end—which means that the commission counts them as candidates. And then there is Gerald Ford, who has said that he wouldn't run again but that, on the other hand, he never says never, and that anyhow he probably won't enter the first few primaries. Ford, the last incumbent President to ask the electorate to extend his time in the White House, announced his candidacy for the 1976 nomination in November, 1975, the same month that his major opponent, Ronald Reagan, formally entered the race. Last month, however, Jack Meehan, the Democratic chairman of Hillsborough, New Hampshire's most Democratic county, told reporters that because Jimmy Carter was not a formal candidate for reëlection he was "missing the boat in New Hampshire," the site of the first 1980 Presidential primary. Meehan added, "This race will be won or lost in the next few months, not next year." Three weeks ago, the news broke that a Jimmy Carter Presidential Campaign had been incorporated. California's Governor Jerry Brown said in January that he would become a formal candidate this spring, but those who encountered him during his recent swing through the East, which included some of the obligatory ethnic stops in this city, had no doubt that he was already hot on the campaign trail.

The swelling procession of 1980 Presidential candidates is a national rather than a local event, of course, and among the contenders who have so far announced their candidacy there are no New Yorkers. It is true that there are reports that the White House is uneasy about what is back of Governor Hugh Carey's new aggressiveness in criticizing the Carter Administration and about some other indications that he is eager to establish himself as a presence on the national scene. Carter's own explanation, however, is that it is valuable for New York to have its governor seen as an important national figure rather than as merely a hangdog mendicant (Carey's necessary role during the city's prolonged fiscal troubles) and a walking reminder of the national urban crisis, which most Americans would prefer not to be reminded of. The big White House question is whether the game Carey has been playing has anything to do with his long association with the Kennedy family. Suspicions along this line were not dispelled last month when Carey, asked whether he was backing Carter for reëlection, replied, "Ted Kennedy says he's supporting President Carter. I'm supporting whoever Ted Kennedy is supporting." In any event, even though no New Yorker is anywhere near stage center in the 1980 Presidential show so far, local political leaders are not being treated as mere faces in the crowd. The city is where a lot of the political money is, and it is the largest city in the state that will have the second-largest delegation at both major-party conventions (after Ronald Reagan's and Jerry Brown's California). As a result of the 1980 census (whose effects on national life many believe may be greater than those of the 1980 election), the strength of Northeastern states like New York will inevitably shrink in comparison with that of states in the flourishing Sun Belt. In the next election, however, New York will still have the forty-one electoral votes that New York political leaders keep insisting were what put Carter over in 1976. Combinations of other pro-Carter state votes could make the same claim, but Carter accepted the New Yorkers' version at the time. In the hour after it became clear that he would be the next President, he put in grateful calls to Carey, to Abraham Beame, who was then New York City's mayor, and to the Democratic county bosses of Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx. His message to Beame was "I love you." It was the very large Carter vote in this city that had carried the state for him, and thus, it seemed, the election. In the time since, the liaison between local politicians and Carter—always a matter of

mutual need rather than passion—has cooled noticeably, and a number of other Democrats and even some Republicans have the right to hope that they could be the ones for whom the city's voters could make the difference in 1980.

MARGINALIA



108 PLATO

"Then we must have acquired the knowledge of equality at some previous time?"

"Yes."

"That is to say, before we were born, I suppose?"

"True."

"And if we acquired this knowledge before we were born, and were born having the use of it, then we also knew before we were born and at the instant of birth not only the equal or the greater or the less, but all other ideas; for we are not speaking only of equality, but of beauty, goodness, justice, holiness, and of all which we stamp with the name of essence in the dialectical process, both when we ask and when we answer questions. Of all this we may certainly affirm that we acquired the knowledge before birth?"

"We may."

"But if, after having acquired, we have not forgotten what in each case we acquired, then we must always have come into life having knowledge, and shall always continue to know as long as life lasts—for knowing is the acquiring and retaining knowledge and not forgetting. Is not forgetting, Simmias, just the losing of knowledge?"

"Quite true, Socrates."

"But if the knowledge which we acquired before birth was lost by us at birth, and if afterwards by the use of the senses we recovered what we previously knew, will not the process which we call learning be a recovering of the knowledge which is natural to us, and may not this be rightly termed recollection?"

"Very true."

"So much is clear—that when we perceive something, either by the help of sight, or hearing, or some other sense, from that perception we are able to obtain a notion of some other thing like or unlike which is associated with it but has been forgotten. Whence, as I was saying, one of two alternatives follows: either we had this knowledge at birth, and continued to know through life; or, after birth, those who are said to learn only remember, and learning is [redacted] outrageous

"Yes, that is quite true, Socrates."

A SERIOUS problem Republican Presidential candidates maneuvering for local endorsements encounter is finding Republican politicians in this town to talk to. When John Connally announced his candidacy, in January, his major local endorsements were those of Herbert Brownell and Leonard Hall, two men whose active participation in Republican Presidential contests goes back at least to the Dewey campaigns. Of the eighteen local members of the House of Representatives, only one—William Green, of Manhattan—is a Republican. All eight members of the city's Board of Estimate are Democrats, and, of the forty-three members of the City Council, only four are Republicans. In 1970, Republicans controlled the governorship and both houses of the Legislature and held both United States Senate seats. Even the Mayor of New York, John Lindsay, was still a Republican. Now they have just lost the governorship for the second time in a row and are down to one United States Senator—Jacob Javits, who will be seventy-six when he comes up for reëlection next year but who has given no sign that he will retire. The Republican candidate for mayor in the 1977 election, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, received four and three-tenths per cent of the vote. The Republicans do still control the State Senate, and are thus in a position to block any state legislation. If it appears that Hugh Carey's recent posturing about a higher role reflects serious intentions about national office, things might go badly with the bills that Koch has sent up to Albany from the city. By scuttling them, the Republicans would demonstrate that Carey couldn't even deliver for his Democratic allies in the five boroughs.

Visiting agents for G.O.P. Presidential candidates also won't find a familiar Republican state chairman here to talk to. Nelson Rockefeller's chosen chairman, the dramatically bald Richard Rosenbaum, joined with Rockefeller in the intense lobbying effort that finally delivered most of New York's votes at the Kansas City Convention to Gerald Ford and gave him the nomination over Reagan. (Carter was not the only national politician who owed a great deal to New Yorkers in 1976.) Rosenbaum resigned from the chairmanship in mid-1977, not long after Rockefeller retired from politics, and is now practicing law in Rochester. It is widely believed that the reason the present state chairman—Dr. Bernard Kilbourn, a dentist from upstate Oneida County—continues to hold the office despite his party's recent debacles is that no one else will take it. The visiting Republican Presidential candidates will spend much of their time trying to do business with the Republican bosses of the city's five boroughs. Although these bosses have almost no influence on the way the city is run, they will control a large number of New York's delegates at their party's Convention next year, and thus will conceivably be in a position to choose the next President. In the past, it has been only in Presidential-election years that anyone has made the Republican chairmen feel wanted. Now that the campaign timetable has been stepped up, they are already being treated like small mahatmas. Courted with telegrams, telephone calls, and invitations to parties, they are urged to converse on subjects of mutual interest with the candidates when any of them are in town, which is often. On a recent day, Reagan was at the Hilton deploring Carter's lack of leadership to a group of businessmen, and Ford was at the Pierre explaining to a bankers' club that if he had been elected in 1976 the inflation rate would now be less than four and a half per cent.

IT is no problem to locate Democratic political leaders in this city, and the Carter Administration knows where to call them. In recent weeks, while he was also trying to cope with

YUGOSLAVIA Has Everything!

In Yugoslavia, you get more for the dollar. Sun drenched beaches and medieval walled cities; shimmering mountain lakes and ancient Roman palaces. Secluded pirate lairs and picturesque Alpine villages contrast with modern skyscraper cities to give you a land of relaxation and excitement.

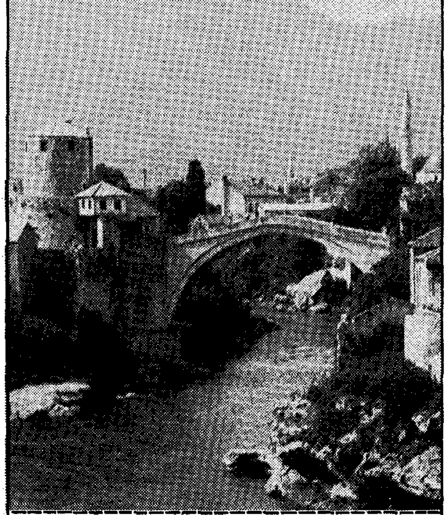
Shopping that rivals Paris, London and Rome...hotels that are more luxurious than the Costa del Sol...casinos as exciting as Monte Carlo ...AND ALL AT PRICES THAT ARE STILL AFFORDABLE.

Choose from 4 one or two week tours with prices starting at a low $539 including airfare.

And, General Tours takes care of all the details. We know what you want to see and make sure you see it. We have over thirty years of experience in planning the kind of tours that leave you with a lifetime of memories.

From $539* Including Airfare

*per person, double occupancy



General Tours INC

49 West 57 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
212-751-1440

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

My Travel Agent is NY326

I am also interested in your tours to
☐ Russia ☐ Israel ☐ India
☐ Eastern Europe ☐ China ☐ Egypt

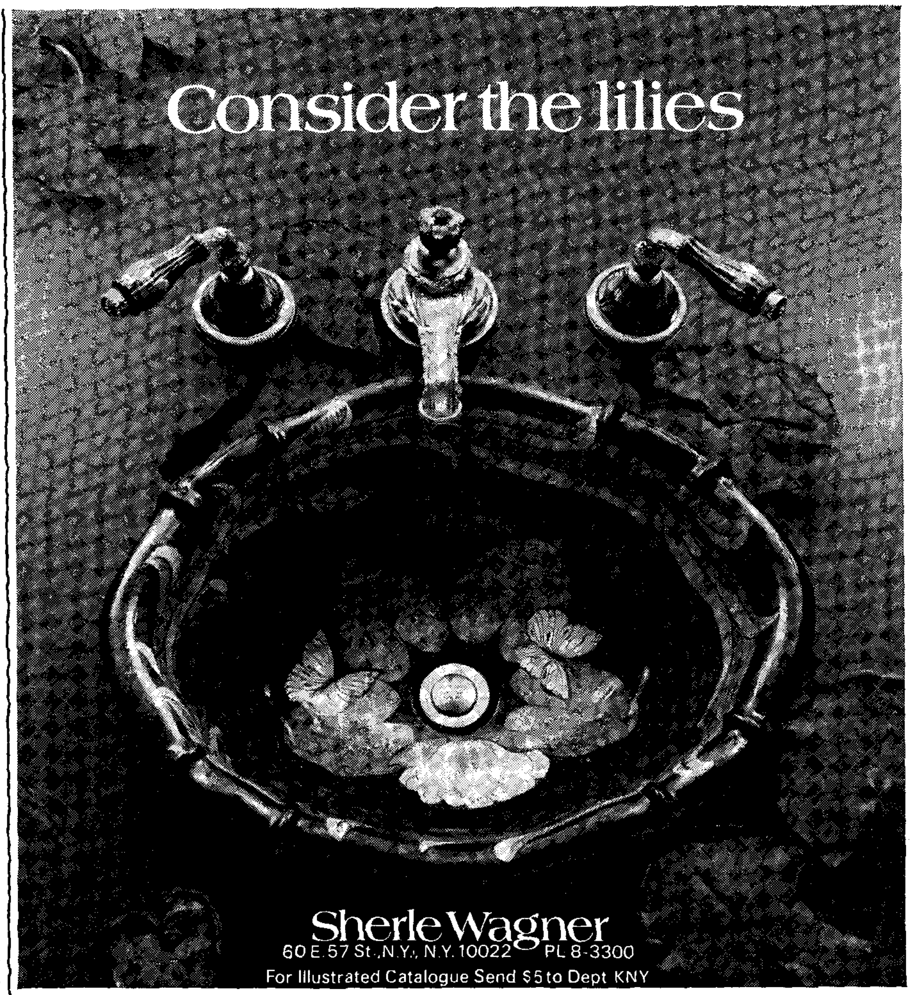
the energy question, inflation, embattled farmers, Brother Billy, and, of course, the Middle East, Mr. Carter has found time to meet at the White House with Koch, Carey, State Senate Minority Leader Manfred Ohrenstein, of Manhattan, and State Assembly Speaker Stanley Fink, of Brooklyn. Joel McCleary, a Carter political aide who seems to be assigned almost full time to polishing the New York connection, said of Fink's visit that it was "important for Stanley to feel that he can deal directly with the White House." The President has conferred as well with Meade Esposito, Stanley Friedman, and Donald Manes, the Democratic bosses of Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens, respectively. Manes, who is not only the Democratic chairman of his county but the Queens borough president, has met with Carter three times since the beginning of the year, and the President has also talked with Howard Golden, the borough president of Brooklyn, and Stanley Simon, the borough president of the Bronx. Abraham Beame, Carter's favorite New York mayor—a fact that he has made no secret of—stopped by for a visit with the President last month, when he happened to be in Washington. "*We* never had any trouble communicating," Carter said last year to Beame, presumably thinking of the morning in October, 1977, when Koch felt it necessary to take advantage of the ceremony at which Carter had planned to endorse the entire New York City Democratic ticket in the upcoming municipal election to reach out as the cameras moved in and hand the President a letter denouncing the Administration's Middle East policy. In a city where almost no charge is more damaging politically, the letter from Koch, who may have been trying to make absolutely sure of the local Jewish vote, accused Carter of advocating the dissolution of Israel. By this time, Carter is no doubt even less sympathetic to those who take a wholly intransigent stand on the Middle East question. In recent weeks, besides consulting with politicians from the city, the President has met at the White House with several upstate Democratic leaders, including Joseph Crangle, of Erie County, who is a former state chairman, and with Dominic Baranello, of Suffolk County, on Long Island, who is the present state chairman.

In addition to receiving invitations to chat with the President, Manes, with his wife, attended the state reception for Chinese Vice-Premier Deng Xiaoping. The Queens Democratic boss has not contradicted recent press descriptions of him as "an early Carter supporter in 1976." To those who count on the electorate not to remember a year from November, it seems reasonable that voters (and reporters) won't remember way back to 1976. In that year, Manes was state campaign manager for Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington. After the April Presidential primary here, Manes was widely congratulated for having taken every single Queens district for his chosen candidate. However, Jackson's first-place total came to only thirty-eight per cent of the vote, and the Senator had rashly predicted a landslide in the state. ("It was a landslide but not a majority," a Jackson staff member later explained.) On May 1st, Jackson dropped out of the race. Representative Morris Udall, of Arizona, took twenty-five and a half per cent of the vote in the New York primary, and nearly twenty-four per cent went to a slate labelled "Uncommitted" but considered to be leaning toward Hubert Humphrey. In fourth place, behind "Uncommitted," and with slightly less than thirteen per cent, came the next President of the United States, who was not supported by a single major New York Democrat. Curiously, those local politicians who had the foresight to get behind Carter—such as Howard J. Samuels, who had been Under Secretary of Commerce during the Johnson Administration, and Theodore Sorensen, who had been one of John Kennedy's speech writers—have not flourished politically as a result; indeed, they have virtually dropped out of political sight. William vanden Heuvel, who ran Carter's primary campaign in the state and was his state co-chairman in the general election, was given an appointment as chief of the United States Mission to the European office of the United Nations, in Geneva, from which he has found no compelling reason to return. Matthew Troy, a city councilman and former Queens County boss, who was probably the best known of the early Carter supporters in New York ("The boat is leaving and the gangplank is going up," Troy kept warning other local politicians that spring), was overtaken by private legal troubles, lost his bid for reëlection to the City Council, and is out of political life.

In the weeks after the 1976 primary here, some New York State Democrats joined the Anybody But

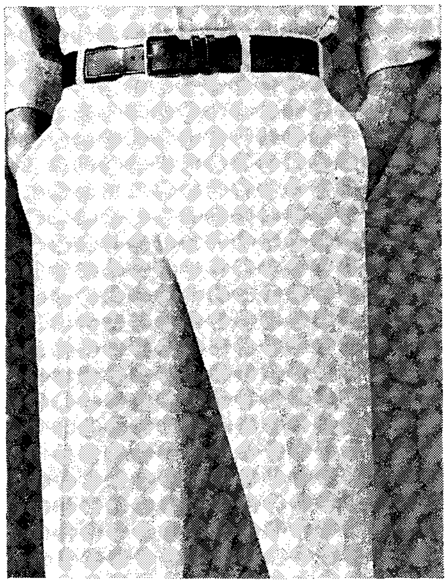
Carter movement. Joseph Crangle opened up an office for a Hubert Humphrey for President committee, insisting that the Carter drive would fail and the former Vice-President would soon take his rightful place at the head of the national ticket. Most of the other New York Democratic leaders followed the example of Manes, who said late in May that the large local delegation pledged to Jackson was just "going to sit and wait." In a *Times* article last month that referred to Manes as "an early Carter supporter," Hugh Carey was described as "a late supporter of Mr. Carter in 1976." In fact, Carey endorsed Carter on June 12th, four days after the final primary, when the Carter nomination was a certainty. Two days later, some two dozen of the city's leading Democrats lined up at the Statler Hilton and declared their support in a mass ceremony, some of them audibly gritting their teeth as they did so. "It's all over," Manes said sadly on that occasion. He did not join the lineup for the Georgia Governor that day, although he was in the Carter camp by the July 12th opening of the Democratic Convention. A New York politician in the crowd who had endorsed Carter some time before the Statler Hilton meeting was Mayor Beame. But even Beame, to whom the President has often expressed his gratitude for this gesture (last December, the Carters were starring guests at a twenty-five-hundred-dollar-a-couple party to help Beame pay off the three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar debt left over from his bid for reëlection, which he lost in the primary), did not declare for Carter until May 26th, when everything was just about settled. It is often suggested that Carter appreciated the Beame endorsement because it was the first to come from a big-city mayor. Actually, Mayor Coleman Young, of Detroit, had come out for Carter almost two months earlier. ("The train has left the station. But I do have some tickets," Young kept saying.) Carter may have calculated, perhaps correctly, that the support of New York's first Jewish mayor would help him in the general election with urban Jewish voters, to many of whom the born-again Southerner was then, as he is now, an alien sort.

As the 1980 Presidential campaign gets prematurely under way, important New York Democratic leaders are once again demonstrating that, despite all the White House rush they have been getting, their support for Carter, if it comes, may be given grudgingly. Earlier this month, State Chairman



Sherle Wagner
60 E. 57 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 PL 8-3300
For Illustrated Catalogue Send $5 to Dept KNY

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Soft Summer-weight Flannel Travel Slacks $35

The revival of a 1920's classic, our handsome tennis slacks of soft, long-wearing Orlon/Avril/polyester lightweight flannel are a traditional favourite with blazers for warm-season travel, leisure, resort wear. Comfortable, fully cut model, proportioned for easy fit, with straight legs slightly tapered from knee to bottom. Belt loops; convenient watch pocket. Cream colour. Available in waist sizes 29 to 46; specify inseam.
☐ Please send catalog.

TELEPHONE (415) 397-7733

Flannel Slacks(85104): Size______ Inseam______ Pairs______
Name______ ☐ Check ☐ M/O ☐ Cable Car Charge
Address______ Charge: ☐ B/A ☐ M/C Expir.______
______ Zip______ Card #______
Mail orders: Add $2.50 shipping and handling; California delivery add sales tax.
No. 150, Post St., San Francisco, Calif., 94108
A1C269

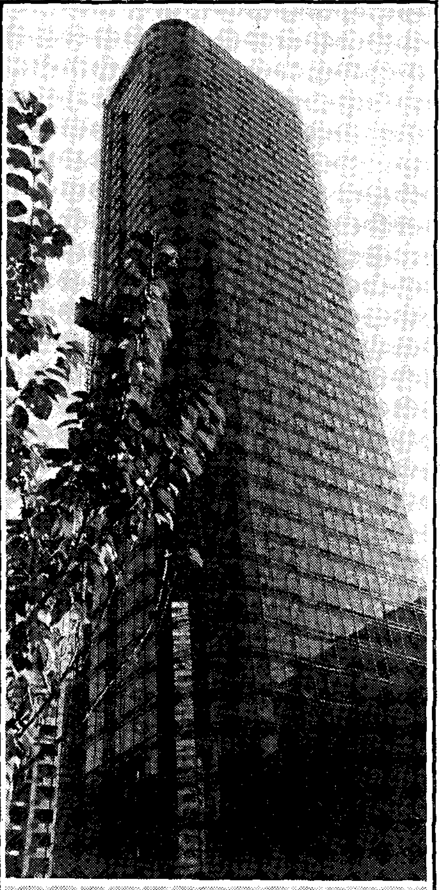
The shape of springs to come.
A silky Trevira® polyester Weatherbee that buttons up to there (great with or without a scarf), sashes, goes out day, night, rain or shine. **ZePel*** treated to repel rain and stain. Pretty spring colors. Sizes 6-18. (petites 6-16), about $130. Higher far west. *DuPont Reg. T.M.

Weatherbee®
512 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018

At these stores, their branches & other fine stores:
Wallachs, New York; O'Neil's, Akron; Jenss, Buffalo; Pogue's, Cincinnati; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Lazarus, Columbus; Elder-Beerman, Dayton; Hudson's, Detroit; Frances Brewster, Florida; Stewart's, Kentucky; Jacobson's, Michigan-Ohio; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Sibley's, Rochester; Lion's, San Diego; Montaldo's, All Stores.

Baranello met with Democratic chairmen from the city and Long Island, a band whose combined constituents account for a majority of the Party's vote in the state. They resolved to arrange things so that New York's two hundred and eighty-two delegates would go to the 1980 Democratic Convention uncommitted to any candidate. Baranello told a reporter that he had not mentioned this plan during his meeting with the President a few days before. It was Crangle, the former Anybody But Carter man, who later protested that the smart way to assure more federal help for New York was not to affront the President by publicizing such intentions but to support him at a time when his popularity was low and he would especially appreciate political reassurance. It would be, said Crangle, "for our own self-interest." Baranello then announced that the decision to send only uncommitted delegates to the Convention was not a firm one. The Bronx County organization has not so far changed its mind about the invitation it had extended late in January to Jerry Brown to be the main speaker at its annual dinner in May—a move that was described in a local headline as "A BRONX CHEER FOR CARTER." An aide to Bronx chairman Friedman observed of the President, "The only thing he hasn't walked away from is Billy Carter"—a reminder, perhaps, that the chosen guest didn't have a brother who went around the country making anti-Semitic remarks.

During his visit to the city a few weeks ago, Brown, who insisted he was still "mulling over" an entry into the 1980 Presidential race, met with prominent Jewish and black leaders. He also addressed a dinner attended by a group of the city's major business and financial figures, in order, he said, to get their thoughts on the proposed constitutional amendment that would require a balanced federal budget, which he supports, and also, perhaps, to test local fund-raising possibilities. At every opportunity, he described the President as "small-minded"—small in this case not being considered beautiful. On his one night in town, he dined at Gracie Mansion with Mayor Koch, where the Mayor reported that they had got on wonderfully well. Koch was surely not happy to learn later that when the California Governor addressed the businessmen's group, he had, as he told reporters, tried "to interest them in the investment climate of California"—that is, to rob New York of industries that it is desperately trying to keep from moving elsewhere. The President, whom Koch frequently refers to as "my

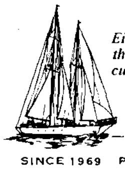


265E66
47 story glass tower.
Central air conditioning.
Studio, one and two bedroom apartments.
Membership rooftop pool club.
Underground garage.
Douglas Elliman-Gibbons & Ives,
Rental Agent. New York City (212) 628-7600.
Sheldon H. Solow, Owner Builder.

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565

WINE TOUR The great vineyards and restaurants of France. Deluxe gourmet tour personally conducted by Australia's international wine expert Douglas Lamb. 16 or 23 days. Departures May 26, August 25, September 22. Brochure available. Contemporary Tours (516) 883-6700.

DISCOVER THE 'MAGIC' VIRGINS UNDER SAIL!!
Perfect vacation climate year-round



Eighty crewed yachts from 37' to 112' with the finest accommodations, itineraries and cuisine for 2 to 12 guests. Windjammers, too.
FLYAWAY
CHARTERS
SINCE 1969 P.O. BOX 2713 NY, ST. THOMAS, USVI 00801

friend," could not have been happy at news stories that during their meeting Brown and his friend Koch reportedly discussed how Brown "could best organize a New York primary campaign."

BROWN'S meetings with the press took place on the same day as a press conference that was called by Andrew Stein, the borough president of Manhattan, who had declined several recent invitations to the White House. The Stein meeting was not to announce that he planned to run for the United States Senate seat that is at stake in 1980. Everybody already knew that. The early start that candidates are insisting upon for the next Presidential campaign has candidates rushing things in this other 1980 contest. The winner of the 1976 race for senator from New York, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, declared his intentions in mid-June of that year, and the announcement of the runner-up in that year's primary, Bella Abzug, came in May. Now, well over a year earlier in the timetable, there are, by a rough estimate, at least a dozen senatorial candidates, Democrat and Republican (although the latter candidates, of course, have the awkward problem that Javits has not indicated that there will be a Republican vacancy), who are already at work tentatively lining up funds and endorsements and, in some cases, roving the state from one end to the other, as if the campaign were in full swing. Some of the contenders, being out of office, are more free to rove. They include former Mayor John Lindsay, who, when he was asked what he was doing as he worked the halls of the Albany Legislature last month, said, "Scheming." Another local resident, the Secretary of State under Presidents Nixon and Ford—whom a *Times* editorial last month referred to in not entirely respectful tones as "Ayatollah Kissinger"—is believed to be scheming more discreetly and in higher circles but scheming nonetheless. "Can you imagine Henry pumping hands at subway stops?" Barbara Walters asked the other day. Would-be candidates who already have government responsibilities at one level or another may have trouble keeping their minds on their work as they try to follow the bobbing and weaving of all the rest of the candidates and, in this technically non-election year, try to build up a record of their own that will look good in block letters on their campaign literature, which some of them may have ordered by now. This kind of thing could painfully affect, for example, the city's pros-

Pick and choose. Pick a style from Henredon's wide selection of distinctive designs, contemporary and traditional. Choose a cover from our comprehensive collection of the finest fabrics available. The result is upholstered furniture in the best of taste—yours. For a complete Upholstered Furniture catalogue, send $2.00 to Henredon, Dept. N-49, Morganton, N.C. 28655.

Henredon

In Tokyo...

More than a matter of taste.

The Okura—patterns of nature, classical expressions of things Japanese woven subtly into a spacious, modern architectural reality.

Feelings of well-being—a blend of Okura care, comfort and cuisine.

A world also of functional business care. The Okura Executive Service Salon, offering guests a full range of secretarial and business services.

The Okura—a hotel to be visited over and over again.

See your travel agent or our hotel representatives:
Hotel Representative Inc. Tel: 212-838-3110 Collect, 800-223-6800 Toll Free
Robert F. Warner,Inc. Tel: 212-687-5750, 800-223-6625 Toll Free
John A. Tetley Co. Tel: 213-388-1151, 800-252-0211 Toll Free

Hotel Okura Tokyo, Japan
In a class by itself
Iwajiro Noda, Chairman

pects for filling the gap in its next budget with extra money from Albany. Manfred Ohrenstein, the State Senate minority leader, declared an interest early this month in running for the United States Senate seat. In a recent speech, which he made in central Long Island, a long way from his familiar Manhattan constituency, his message seemed designed to dampen local optimism, although in the past Ohrenstein had usually led the fight for more state funds for the city. Since the New York financial crisis, Ohrenstein explained to the Long Islanders, he had become a "passionate conservative" in fiscal matters. In the campaigns of next year (and this), austerity is clearly the way to go.

The announcement that Manhattan Borough President Stein made at the press conference he called last month not only had nothing to do with the senatorial campaign but also had nothing to do with politics on the borough level. He called for the rejection of the President of the United States as the nominee of the 1980 Democratic Convention. The stands taken by the brash-mannered thirty-four-year-old Stein (even his often expressed desire to be the first Jewish President) are regarded more seriously than they might be if it were not known that, whatever he does, he has at hand vast financial backing from his father, the multimillionaire New York publisher Jerry Finkelstein. Stein's ultimatums have been received with particular respect since last fall, when, going after an old political enemy, he led a successful drive to oust State Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut from his assembly seat in the Brooklyn district he had represented for twenty-six years. To move from having brought down an assemblyman in an election in which about nine thousand votes were cast to bringing down the President of the United States may be seen elsewhere as characteristic New York arrogance. Stein said that he opposed Carter because of the President's "one-sided Middle East policy," because he had balanced the federal budget on the backs of the poor, and because he was "unelectable." His first choice as Carter's successor, the Manhattan Borough President said, was Senator Kennedy, and after that he rather liked Jerry Brown. As a courtesy, said Stein, he would formally notify the White House of his plan to organize a drive to prevent the President's renomination. Stein identified himself as the city's first elected Democrat to publicly oppose Carter's reëlection. However, in December a local out-of-office

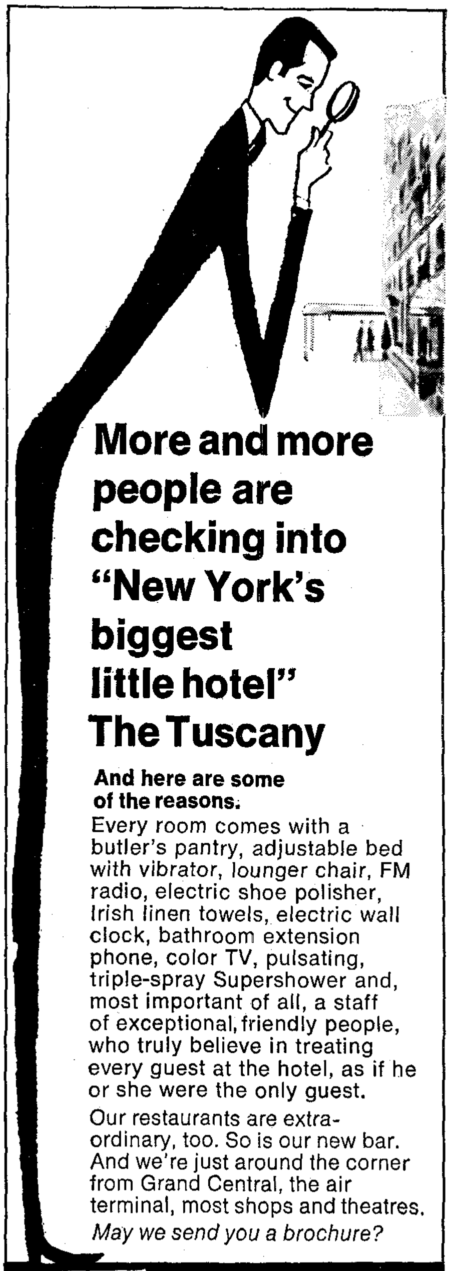
Robert Arthur

Beautiful! It must be Robert Arthur. Sizes 4 to 16. From about $48 to about $138.

A division of Dalton.

Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West. Also makers of James Kenrob and Hadley Active Sportswear. Dalton Industries, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

We recommend Woolite® cold water wash



More and more people are checking into "New York's biggest little hotel" The Tuscany

And here are some of the reasons.

Every room comes with a butler's pantry, adjustable bed with vibrator, lounger chair, FM radio, electric shoe polisher, Irish linen towels, electric wall clock, bathroom extension phone, color TV, pulsating, triple-spray Supershower and, most important of all, a staff of exceptional, friendly people, who truly believe in treating every guest at the hotel, as if he or she were the only guest.

Our restaurants are extra-ordinary, too. So is our new bar. And we're just around the corner from Grand Central, the air terminal, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

A DORAL HOTEL

39th St., just east of Park Ave., New York 10016
For reservations, call toll-free
800-223-5823.
(From New York State, call (212) 686-1600)

What is British, has a smile and only your interests at heart?

The answer to this—and how to see the REAL Europe—is a Take-A-Guide driver-guide. An experienced and knowledgeable team of College graduates with their private cars are at your service in Britain and Western Europe. We plan itineraries, book theaters, hotels, etc. Rates are from $45 to $199 per car and not per person.

Established 1960

Please write for 32-page illustrated color brochure to:
Take-A-Guide
63 East 79th Street
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 628-4823 and (800) 223-6450

Democrat, former City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, had announced a drive of his own to prevent Carter's being renominated, as a protest against the President's insistence on raising the military budget at the expense of social programs. O'Dwyer likes to point out that in 1968 he was involved in a successful effort to bring down another Southern President; in that year, of course, the issue was the war in Vietnam. Although O'Dwyer did play a role in that 1968 effort, its instigator and the leader of the campaign was another New Yorker, Allard Lowenstein. In recent years, Lowenstein has been best known here as a perennial political loser. Elected to the House of Representatives from a Long Island district in 1968, he was defeated in 1970. In subsequent attempts to return to the House, he failed to win in another congressional district on Long Island as well as in districts in Brooklyn and Manhattan. In 1976, however, he was involved in still another campaign—one that, while it also was technically a failure, has had long-range political results. He directed Jerry Brown's late-in-the-day drive to take the nomination away from Carter in the final series of Presidential primaries; at the time, Brown called him his "secret weapon" and implied that there might have been no such campaign if it hadn't been for Lowenstein. As the California Governor has not let Carter forget, he won each primary in which his name was on the ballot—a record that undoubtedly explains why, with Lowenstein perhaps again part of his campaign staff, Brown seems certain to be in the next race, this time almost before the gangplank is in place. Even if the new effort fails, however, Lowenstein will have a niche in national history because of his successful campaign to see that Lyndon Johnson did not continue as President. At the beginning, the revolution was hardly more than a one-man affair, conducted out of Lowenstein's Manhattan apartment, and was considered a preposterous upper-West Side grotesquerie. Of course, nothing like that could happen. Naturally, some local politicians who are still mistrustful of Carter despite his apparent new Middle East triumph, are convinced that he will ignore the latest moves of weirdo New Yorkers at his peril.

—Andy Logan

•

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal*]

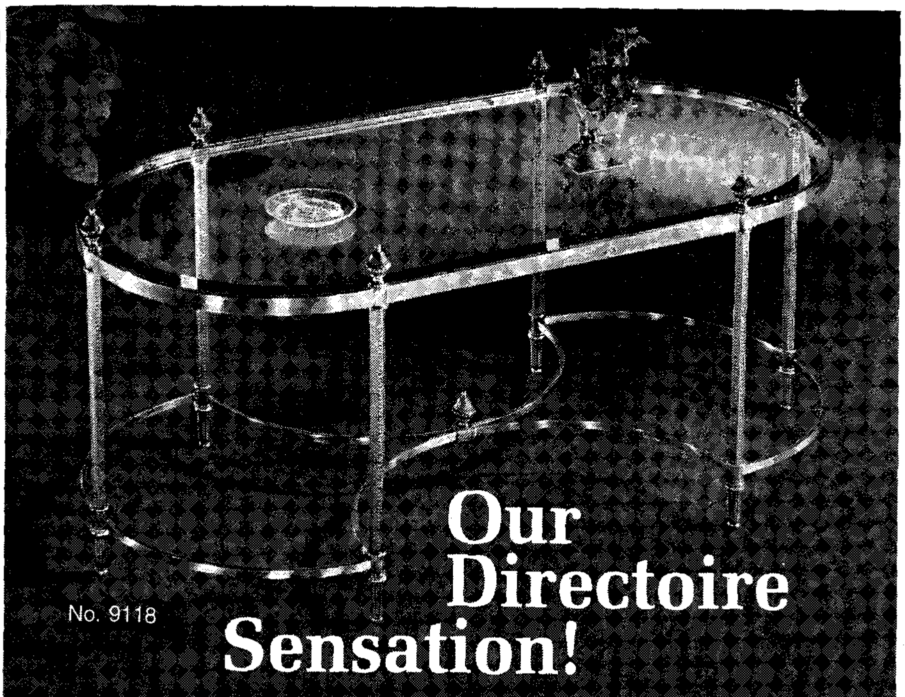
Beautiful Antique Brass andirons, nearly new.

This month the world famous Christie's Auction House establishes a new division on the East Side, Christie's East. You'll find collectibles here from all over the world, at prices as accessible as our location.

Specialized auctions begin on April 6th, starting with Jewelry, followed by Art Nouveau and Deco on April 18th, Paintings, Prints and Drawings on April 25th and 26th. Weekly general auctions start on April 14th. Whether you're buying or selling, you are welcome to take advantage of our considerable experience and free advice. For information, please call (212) 570-4141. Or come visit us at the new Christie's East. After all, it's where the auction is.

On March 31st, Christie's East will be on the block.
(67th St. between 2nd and 3rd)

219 East 67th St.
New York, NY 10021



No. 9118

Our Directoire Sensation!

This oval table is one of our most popular Directoire offerings and with good reason. The smart Directoire design adapts beautifully to any decorating taste and the brass and glass duo really strikes up the band! Table measures 22" x 42" x 17" high. See it all at your LaBarge dealer's. His name and 4-color table/mirror brochure available on request.

LaBarge
Holland, Michigan 49423

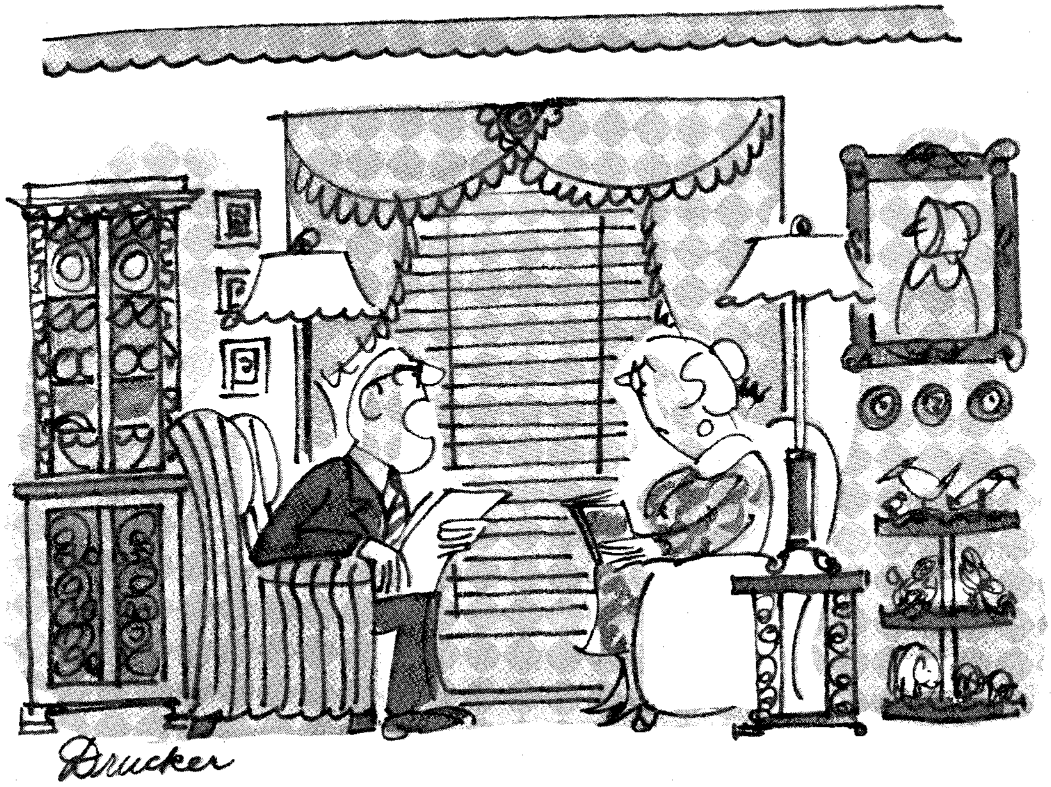
DANCING

Nureyev as Nijinsky, Babilée as Babilée

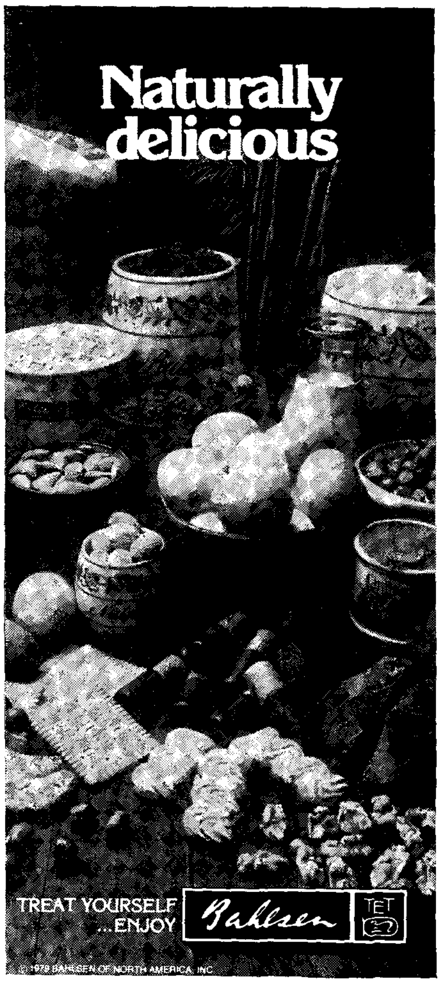
IN the Ken Russell film "Valentino," Nijinsky kept popping up, almost as if the casting of Rudolf Nureyev as Valentino had thrown Russell into a dreamy quandary over which legendary male star he really wanted to make a film about. In the first reel, Valentino teaches Nijinsky to tango, and in another scene Valentino is posing as the Faun for what it is hinted are lascivious photographs taken with his wife, Natacha Rambova, at the instigation of her friend Alla Nazimova. With a few changes in character and circumstance, Russell's fantasy could have centered on Nijinsky; poor Nazimova appears to be playing Russell's conception of Diaghilev. On the face of it, Nureyev as Nijinsky would seem to be good casting (Anthony Dowell played Nijinsky in "Valentino"); in his Faun costume, he looked more at ease than he did in Valentino's sheikh or gaucho gear, and the glimpses we got of him in Faun plastique were tantalizing. Surprisingly, when Nureyev made the film he still hadn't danced the role; he is dancing it for the first time in his current season at the Mark Hellinger, where, with the Joffrey Ballet, he is performing a program of Diaghilev revivals. His Faun is as pictorially attractive as it was in the movie. With his wide shoulders, tapering waist, and low-slung hips, he is able to make the planar oppositions in the role clear without strain. But the performance is too heavily anchored in static oppositions, and their delicate, fluid force is retracted as soon as the Faun changes his pose. Nureyev moves from pose to pose as if from one living picture to another; the sense of the choreography as one long unbroken gesture is imperfectly sustained. And the sense, too, of the Faun as the depiction of adolescent sexuality. Nureyev doesn't luxuriate in the movement; when he lies on the rock or tenses his prone body in the air, he doesn't give us a feeling of blood-heat steeping his vitals. To judge from the photographs, Nijinsky had a thickness and grossness in this role which the elegant Nureyev doesn't have. But critics have often compared the two dancers, and there is a creaturely warmth that exists like a bond between them. Nureyev's power in slow motion, which he displayed so lavishly in his younger days, was his strongest link to the Faun. It was this extraordinary power—Nureyev could even jump slowly—that made people use Nijinskyesque language about him ("animal magnetism," "elemental force," "pantherine"). The Faun is cast in slow motion but not broadly cast in space. Nureyev's dancing years ago lost its broad arc and separated into dozens of small peaks. But that doesn't explain why it still cannot recover its span when circumference is not a problem. What does explain that, I think, is Nureyev's deficiencies as an actor.

A generation ago, the Faun was danced perhaps too much as a mime role, but when a dancer as gifted as Nureyev fails to make obvious connections between continuity of phrase and dramatic motive we can see how large a part pantomimic skill played in Nijinsky's conception. Because he doesn't grasp the "why" of the Faun's movements, Nureyev turns the plastique into something arbitrary, to be dropped or caught up as a token reference to another age. Nureyev's dance instinct tells him that Nijinsky didn't hold himself perpetually twisted between profile and en face—he's free enough with that overprized aspect of the role. But the Faun's responses (to the Nymphs, to the veil) and the graphic sense they gradually make within the total ritual of self-absorption which those famous flat poses enclose—these aspects slip through the cracks that are literally breaks in a regimen of poses.

Nureyev stays on the surface in his two other Nijinsky roles, too. In "Le Spectre de la Rose," he dances with something like his old power but without the poetic perception that would have enriched the meaning of the dance. And he is a truly terrible Petrushka—waggling, flapping, hunching like a small boy in need of a bathroom, and turning up a piteous little face. It takes something for Rudolf Nureyev to become as a little child, and his effortful bad acting is inflamed by pathos—he's a sob-sister Petrushka. Perhaps because he's so lamentably miscast, you want to see him bring something original to the role, something no one else would have thought of. And he does: he thumbs his nose at the Old Showman at the end of the ballet. This only confirmed that Nureyev hadn't understood Petrushka's "speech" of protest earlier in the ballet, hadn't been able to project it with the requisite force, and hadn't seen how Fokine drew upon it for the end. Not all Russian dancers of Nureyev's generation are as far from Nijinsky and Fokine as Nureyev is. It happens that the finest Petrushkas I've seen—Gary

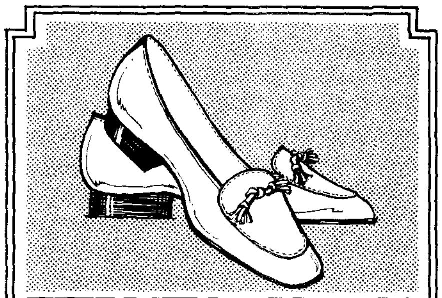


"This is Shangri-la, baby. Right here!"


Naturally delicious

TREAT YOURSELF ...ENJOY Bahlsen

© 1979 BAHLSEN OF NORTH AMERICA, INC.


Dolly — perhaps America's most comfortable shoe.

In luscious resort colors: Soft kid: White, Yellow, Green, Bone, Light Navy, Medium Brown.
Patent: Bright Red, Bone, Navy and White.
Sizes 4½ - 10, slender, narrow, medium.
$48.00 including postage and handling.

Harold Grant OF PALM BEACH

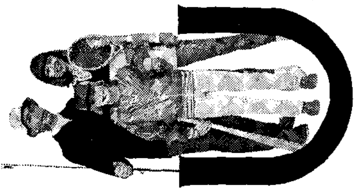
Mail Checks to:
333 WORTH AVENUE, Dept. A
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA 33480
(Fla. residents add 4% sales tax.)

FOR MUSICIANS . . .
Early Music Stands is proud to present the traditional elegance of fine *wooden music stands* and accessories. Send for your *free* copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog today.
Early Music Stands
Drawer 1200, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Chryst, Michael Smuin, George de la Pena—were not only Americans but good actors. They also *danced* the part of a spineless rag doll with bobbling head and sightless eyes; acting and dancing were not for them separable phases of the role. Although American ballet hardly bothers with such distinctions, these dancers are character dancers. Nureyev appears to have been categorized early in his career as a danseur noble, and the Russians, with their insistence on categories, would never have expected him to act any role but that of the Prince. Nijinsky did do Prince roles, but, as his biographer Richard Buckle tells us, "the straightforward princely role, romantic or heroic, was not really in his line":

> Whereas most male dancers spent their lives being just that and nothing more—cavaliers always at hand to lift the ballerina and take a secondary place—he had begun to specialize in roles that were more fantastic.

Born into an age of resurgent male dancing, Nureyev, the cavalier, demands Nijinsky roles as his rightful legacy. But Nureyev is as out of place in Nijinsky's repertory as Nijinsky would have been in his—not because of their differing relation to the ballerina but because their talents projected them into different spheres. Nureyev's career may be understood in part as an attempt to gain and hold center stage without a repertory that places him there. So he has become the usurper, encroaching on the ballerina's territory with extensions of the Prince's role or taking over "roles that were more fantastic." In "Le Spectre de la Rose," he dances a part that Nijinsky himself came to loathe as "too pretty." Apart from its exotic aspect, "Spectre" is a danseur-noble role carried to an extreme of virtuosity and endurance—virtually a non-stop allegro solo, offset but hardly interrupted by passages of doublework. The Spectre guides and shadows the ballerina; it's too much to say that he partners her. Yet from the moment he jumps in through the window until he jumps out again, it is implicitly a partnering role. The evening I saw him, Nureyev did his most vigorous and sustained dancing in this. His energy was higher than it had been for some time; he connected his phrases; he didn't sag in a landing or reprop himself after a finish. In an effective costume by Toer van Schayk—a modified petalled cap à la Nijinsky and a unitard of dark rose red tapering to flame points of greens and grays—he looked slim and handsome. Yet his port de bras was sketchy, and he danced


MASSACHUSETTS™
We have a special place for you.

NYR-326
For a free 1979 Vacation Planning Kit, clip and send to Massachusetts, Box 1775, Boston, MA 02105.
Name
Address
Town
State Zip

FIVE STAR GRENADINES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mustique, Palm Island, Petit St. Vincent, Bequia, Young Island

The Quintessence Of The Caribbean

Soft White Sands, Crystal-Clear Sea, Warmth, Utter Relaxation, Peace.

For details please contact:
Caribbean Tourism Association, 20 East 46th St., NY, NY 10017 or, East Caribbean Tourism Association, 220 East 42nd St., NY, NY 10017 or Department of Tourism, St. Vincent, West Indies.

Cotton House
Mustique Island

Forty-five minutes from Barbados or eight from St. Vincent, it lies in the Grenadines. The Island's single inn — The Cotton House — exemplifies the cool comfort of the finest plantation architecture in the Caribbean. High-ceilinged rooms and shaded verandas. Elegance, sophistication, complete calm and privacy. A cuisine that blends the best of native traditional with classic international. There's horseback riding, tennis, scuba diving, water-skiing, sailing in a turquoise sea or lazing on soft white sand.

For further information, call or write: I.O. Engebretson, Deer Run, Wallkill, NY 12589, (914)895-2045/(212)980-3810.

Palm Island

Palm Island: A quality, informal tropical inn. . . on a remote islet. Complete peace and quiet, abounding in sea, sand, sun and sailing, tennis, scuba, fishing. Five beaches and four yachts to collapse on. Try our week ashore, week afloat Package.

Write John Caldwell, Cable PALM, phone 88222, or see your travel agent.

FRIENDSHIP BAY HOTEL
ISLAND OF BEQUIA
ST. VINCENT, WEST INDIES
Bali Hai — Shangri-La — Bequia
The Dream Is The Same

It is waiting for you in the breath-taking isolated beauty of this tiny Island in the Grenadines. Sailing, Swimming, Snorkeling, Sand and Solitude. Full American Plan with the Owner's own Chef from Copenhagen's TIVOLI. Not just another hotel experience, but a way of life of two hundred years ago, amongst a gentle and gracious people whom you will never forget.

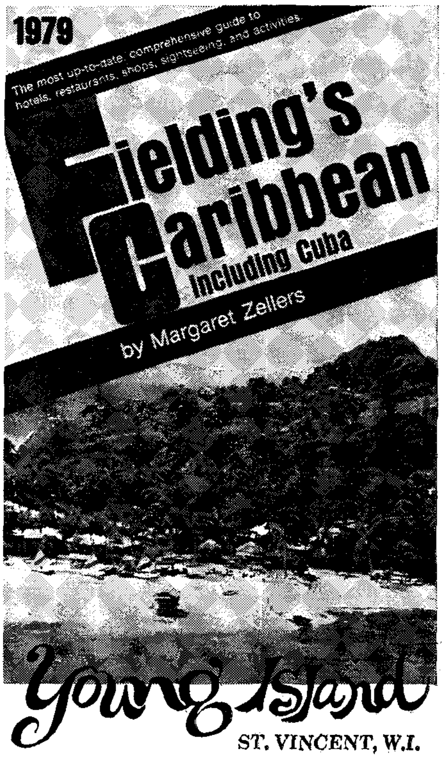
Sailing to other Grenadine Islands in the Owner's 56-foot yawl is included.

For color Brochure and Reservations, contact Selective Hotel Services, Inc., 301 E. 48th St., NY, NY 10017 (212)758-4375 or 1-800-223-6764 (toll free).

almost totally without reference to the girl. The lack of arms—those enveloping Art Nouveau arms which it is hardly possible to exaggerate—is less crippling to the role than the notion that the Spectre, supplicant, imploring, seductive in every move, could be dancing by and for himself. Nureyev's insularity reached its peak when, while Denise Jackson waltzed around the stage, he held a high relevé in fifth with his gaze fixed on her empty chair. But that was no worse than the moments in the other ballets—Petrushka's nose-thumb, or the Faun's stopping to adjust the veil with a shatteringly brusque practical gesture seconds before the climax of the ballet—which showed a Nureyev fundamentally out of sympathy with the artist and the era he celebrates.

The evening's credentials are otherwise in order. "Petrushka" is the Joffrey's well-staged production, with Gary Chryst appearing this time as the Old Showman. I saw Miss Jackson as the Doll and Christian Holder as the Moor. "Spectre," staged by Nicholas Beriozoff and designed after Bakst by Geoffrey Guy, is on loan from the London Festival Ballet, and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" is reconstructed from the production by Ballet Rambert. Rouben Ter-Arutunian supervised the washy version of Bakst's original backcloth. "Parade" was also on the program—another noteworthy Joffrey revival, lethargically conducted by Allan Lewis. The rest of the performance was in the capable hands of Seymour Lipkin.

IN dance encyclopedias, the "B"s begin with Babilée, Jean, b. Paris, 1923. Never having seen Babilée dance and never expecting to know first hand how he looked at the height of his fame, which was in the late forties and early fifties, I went to see what, on the opening night of the Maurice Béjart company's run at the Minskoff, had been unveiled as "*une surprise*"—a new ballet starring Babilée. A personal appearance made by an aging dancer was all I hoped for; with any luck, it would be no more damaging to Babilée's reputation than the silly "Isadora" vehicle fashioned by Béjart for Maya Plisetskaya a few years ago. Well, the curtain went up on a semi-darkened stage, and there, behind a box-shaped jungle gym, stood Babilée, a shortish, compactly muscled man in a sweatshirt and baggy jeans. Stepping inside the box and grasping its supports, he began a few elementary exercises in which one saw the speed and econ-


1979
The most up-to-date, comprehensive guide to hotels, restaurants, shops, sightseeing, and activities
Fielding's Caribbean
Including Cuba
by Margaret Zellers
Young Island

ST. VINCENT, W.I.

"is about as close as I can find to Robinson Crusoe's dream" ***Margaret Zellers***

An impossibly romantic island resort, pictured on the cover of "Fielding's Caribbean 1979 by Margaret Zellers."
(Available at most book stores.)

Read all about this private island resort, then send for your Young Island brochure to:

Ralph Locke, (212) 628-8149
315 E. 72 St., New York, NY 10021

Petit St. Vincent Resort
The Grenadines. St. Vincent. West Indies

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL!

Tranquil . . . Secluded . . . Protected Privately owned out-island, crystal clear waters, superb white beaches. 22 widely separated luxurious villas, full hotel services, continental cuisine. Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, tennis. Serene relaxation. Simply beautiful! Open Nov. 1 thru June 1. ***See your Travel Agent.***

HRI or Robert Reid Associates, Reps. New York
PSV U.S. Office, Box 12506, Dept. 1
Cincinnati, Ohio 45212 • (513) 242-1333
Member-The Leading Hotels of the World

$6.00 ppd.

toy lambs from Co. Mayo
for children of all ages
7" head to tail ($30 for a flock of 6)

IRISH IMPORTS LTD.
1735 massachusetts ave. cambridge mass. 02138

omy of motion of a perfectly conditioned athlete. Then, quite suddenly, with no handhold to speak of and no sign of exertion, he rose up the side of the box and hung in space, and one saw Babilée. And went on seeing him—not only the Babilée of the complex acrobatic feats in "Le Jeune Homme et la Mort" (one of which simulated death by hanging) but also the galvanic Babilée who could flash from stillness to violence in "Til Eulenspiegel," and even the classical Babilée who danced a fabled Bluebird. And (the lights having brightened) one saw the commanding head, with its noble aquiline face so like that of an American Indian, and the silky shock of hair—a slightly creased Cocteau drawing come to life. It was, of course, a Babilée whose spectacular powers are operating now on a diminished scale. Yet they are no less vivid for that. Babilée makes not one false move, nor one that is hasty or incomplete. His aura is tragic but equanimous—not intense, like a young man's. Most miraculously, among all his qualities the one he was loved for—his reposeful violence—is still there; we can see it. In the midst of a spasm, his center is always calm. And in the midst of calm he appears ready to explode.

Béjart calls the ballet "Life." It seems to be about an isolated man of middle years who may not want to end his isolation. Babilée is partnered by a young beauty, Catherine Dethy. Her comings and goings are keyed to his moods, and with her last entrance, from far upstage and behind him, comes the moment of decision. Babilée makes their sudden exit together inevitable yet impulsive. I saw two performances: he took her hand two different ways; both ways were enigmatic. But Babilée is an enigmatic artist, and he performs as if the heart of his mystery were at stake. Because of him, one could watch the whole ballet attentively and have something to ponder when the curtain went down. What is a star for, if not to shed light? I imagine that many in Béjart's audience had never heard of Babilée. But whether you watched the ballet to see Babilée or Babilée to see the ballet, you had a real experience.

The rest of the Béjart programs were polyester. People speak of Béjart as if he were a choreographer. He is, rather, a purveyor of sensation, like the movie directors Russell and Fellini, and ballet is just one of the glutting effects he uses. And, yes, he *uses* dancers—hollows them out and consumes them. Every time I see the Béjart dancers, they've lost more muscle tone

Vogue 1993

RUSS FISCHELLA

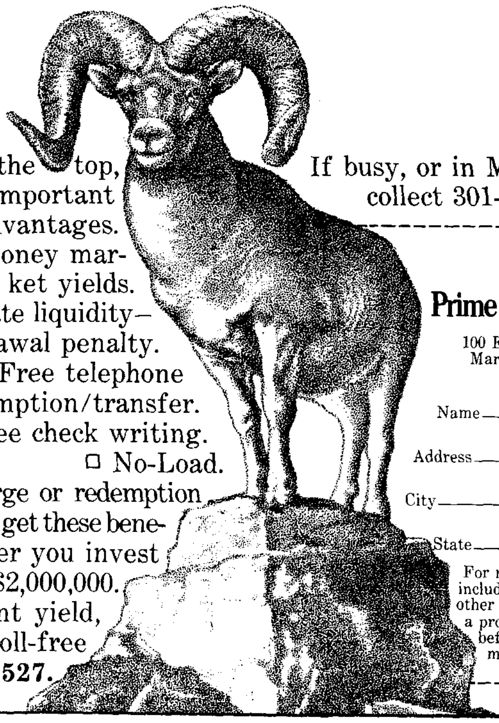
BRITEX-BY-MAIL flirts with menswear foulards in frankly feminine silk. Haberdasher paisleys pattern our sensuous silk crepe de Chine imported from Italy. Hunter green/red, royal blue/gold, butterscotch/chocolate, red/navy, 45" wide. A specially priced splurge at $24.99 yard.

Order from Dept. NY-3. Please include $3.50 handling and postage; California residents please add sales tax. Use your VISA, Master Charge, or American Express (please give acct. # and exp. date). Order early as quantities are limited. Ask about our BRITEX-BY-MAIL personalized swatch service.

Britex Fabrics / 146 Geary St. / San Francisco 94108

BRITEX FABRICS FABRICS FABRICS FABRICS

Get peak yields plus daily liquidity with only $2,000.



Here at the top, you'll find important advantages.
☐ High money market yields.
☐ Immediate liquidity—no withdrawal penalty.
☐ Toll-Free telephone redemption/transfer.
☐ Free check writing.
☐ No-Load.

No sales charge or redemption penalty. You get these benefits whether you invest $2,000 or $2,000,000.

For current yield, phone toll-free 1-800-638-1527.

If busy, or in Maryland, call collect 301-547-2136.

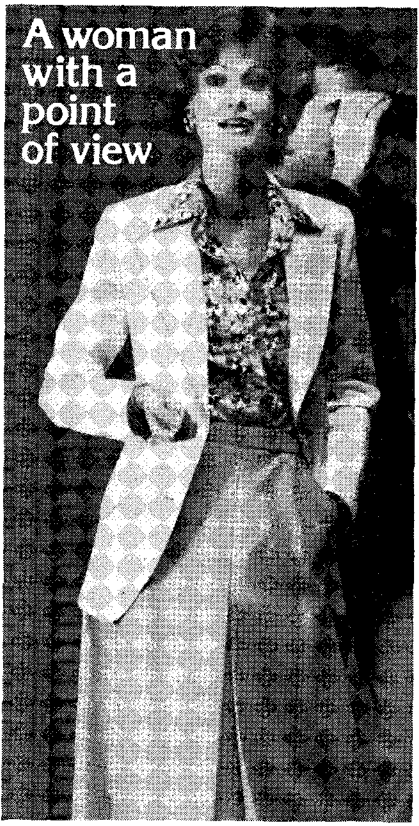
C-7

Rowe Price
Prime Reserve Fund, Inc.

100 E. Pratt Street, Baltimore,
Maryland 21202.

Name
Address
City
State Zip Code

For more complete information, including management fee and other charges and expenses, obtain a prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.


A woman with a point of view

…a point of view about her active and happy life. She selects clothing that mirrors the style and joy—which is a part of her life. She prefers to spend more for Point of View's fine fabrics, meticulous tailoring and dedication to detail knowing that we will not compromise. Neither will she.

Blazer: about $120
Skirt: about $43
Shirt: about $30

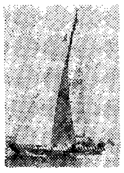
POINT of VIEW

at fine stores or write: Point of View, Inc.
1410 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

BRING ART AND HISTORY INTO YOUR OWN HOME.

Collect and enjoy intellectually stimulating CODICES—facsimiles of hand-illuminated Middle-Age manuscripts faithfully reproduced by old-world craftsmen in Graz, Austria. Send $1.00 for 34-page full-color-plus-gold CODICES CATALOGUE.

the current company
P.O. Box 46, Dept. 12
Bristol, RI 02809



March 26 to April 27 — Licensed captain, gourmet cook and exquisite 45' yacht at special discounts for cruises in the Carribbean during these last unreserved weeks. Then available for Coast-of-Maine cruises June through October. A truly refreshing vacation by any standard. Color brochure available. Call (207) 326-8525.

and added more makeup. The company these days is more openly a drag show than it used to be. As W. C. Fields says of the city (in "The Fatal Glass of Beer"), "it ain't no place for women, but pretty boys go there." Béjart's other guest artist this season is Judith Jamison, who goes right along with the bitchy-cute leering and wiggling. Béjart has put her to work in his version of "Le Spectre de la Rose," one of a number of pieces (others are "Gaîté Parisienne" and "Petrushka") that take famous ballet scores and substitute phantasmagorical effusions for the original choreography. Another formula has the phantasmagoria set to "shocking" collage scores—Schumann lieder, say, alternating with bits of Nino Rota, or Bach alternating with tangos. Those who can't defend Béjart's choreography will still praise his theatricality. But what Béjart's sense of theatre comes down to is an addiction to greasepaint, flashy costumes, masks, boys cast as girls, dual and triple identities, and silences broken by hideous bursts of laughter. The same chunks of leaden diablerie churn senselessly through one ballet after another, usually with some young man at the center pressing his fists to his temples. True, the continuity is always jarring, but it's so deliberately, preeningly inconsequential that after five minutes it has no punch. Béjart shapes his ballets with a channel selector, and he's learned to be derisive toward seriousness. The solemnity of the hippie-ritual ballets of the sixties has been displaced by the cynicism of the seventies. When a genuine event happens on his stage, it's almost as if he weren't responsible. "Life" has the silences, the jagged discontinuities (Bach and bongos), and Babilée gets a migraine at one point. But it also has a performer in whom grandeur of style is so much a personal attribute that it shows itself helplessly. In such surroundings, after so many years, *c'est vraiment une surprise.*

—ARLENE CROCE

•

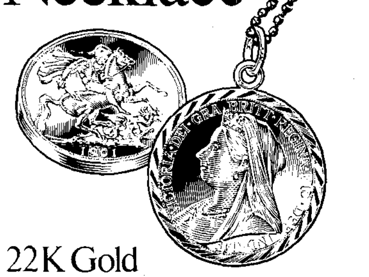
To celebrate not only the Chinese New Year (it's the Year of the Goat for those who don't know), which begins on Sunday . . . —*The Post.*

The arrival of Hollywood movies and Coca-Cola coincided with the celebration of the Lunar New Year of 4676, the Year of the Ram . . . —*The Times.*

Many Chinese restaurants will be offering special menus beginning Sunday, which marks the start of the Chinese New Year—4677, the Year of the Sheep. —*The Post.*

Actually, it's the Year of the Meat Stew.

The Queen's Gold Necklace



22K Gold
Queen Victoria Sovereign
with 18K frame & chain

These beautiful gold sovereigns are original coins, minted 78 or more years ago in Royal Australian Mints—and are today worth more than 25 times their original value. Framed in gleaming 18K gold, with an 18" chain of 18K gold, it is an heirloom of worth and beauty. In velvet case.

$245. plus $4.50 shipping insurance. In Calif., add 6% sales tax.

For fast delivery, order with credit card. Call (213) 479-4148 collect. Two week return privilege assures satisfaction.

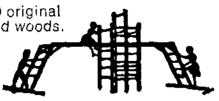
Australian Bullion Co.
Investment Gold & Silver
20th floor, Westwood Center Bldg.
1100 Glendon Ave., Los Angeles 90024

THE FAMOUS
Belleview Biltmore
HOTEL

Presents its Family Spring Vacation Package
March 15 through April 20, 1979
54 Holes of Golf, Tennis,
Private Gulf Beach and Pool,
Supervised Children's Activities

Write or Call for Details Debbie Wheless
(813) 442-6171 Belleair, Florida 33517

Outdoor-Indoor Play Equipment
Swings • Jungle Gyms • Space Trolley • Play Houses



Free catalog shows over 50 original designs in durable, selected woods. Made to last, made to be enjoyed throughout the growing years of your active family.

Child Life Play Specialties, Inc.
95 Whitney Street • Holliston, Mass. 01746

English Westcountry Hotel

Lew Trenchard is a former manor house in an unspoiled and exceptionally lovely part of Devonshire. Family home of the hymn writer and folklorist Sabine Baring-Gould and still under family ownership and management.
Trekking on Dartmoor, fishing, riding, well-known National Trust properties within easy reach.
For information: Ann Baring-Gould Almond, Box 7-221, West Hartford, Conn. 06107.

THE AIR

The Prisoner of the Golden Dream

EVER since Alex Haley's best-selling documentary novel (or "faction," as he described it) "Roots" first appeared, in 1974, and then reappeared, on television, in 1977, still as "Roots" (or "Roots I"), before an audience of roughly a hundred and thirty million, and then reappeared again a few weeks ago, as "Roots: The Next Generations" (or "Roots II"), before an audience of roughly a hundred and ten million, the story of Mr. Haley's efforts to retrace his lineage to its African beginnings has been talked about in terms of power. To "Roots" in its various forms, though perhaps especially to its television dramatizations, have been attributed the power to uplift the pride of American blacks, the power to raise the racial consciousness of American whites, the power to affect the emotions of all races through its powerful narrative, and the power to teach.

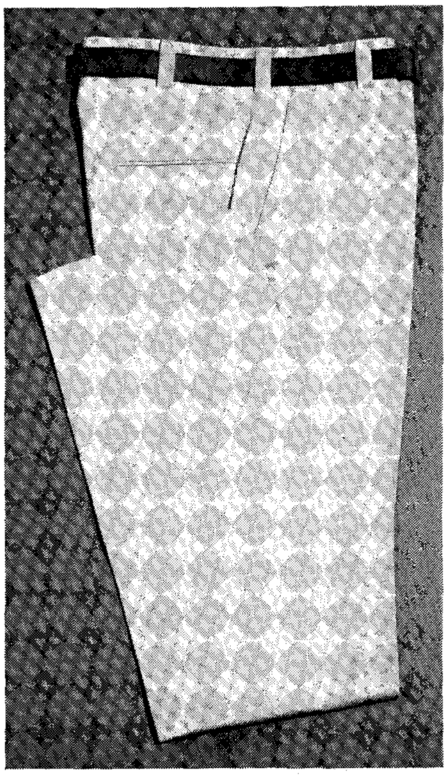
There is obviously no denying the power of a popular story that persistently attracts such huge audiences, although, considering the several weaknesses, dramatic and otherwise, of "Roots II," it is worth speculating about where the real power of the over-all drama resides. For example, it surely does not lie in an enormous respect for historical accuracy, since, despite Haley's much-touted labors of research, the dimensions of the several plagiarism lawsuits brought against him, and of one settlement, indicate that there was at times some more than modest confusion in his mind as to his sources; also, a 1977 challenge by a reporter of the London *Sunday Times* to the plausibility of Haley's *griot*-obtained information about his remote African ancestor Kunta Kinte has cast at least a little doubt on the factual, or detective-story, basis of his adventure. Nor has "Roots II" treated its parent, the original "Roots," with all-embracing fidelity, being content, perhaps, to subject the sacred text to the same poetic process that the author sometimes employed upon his earlier research. To mention only one of the numerous liberties taken in "Roots II" with the already fairly liberated material, there is a scene in the final episode in which Haley's father, who has been shown to have been consistently disapproving of his son's writing career, comes to the airport to see Alex off to Africa, and while both men are at a newsstand the father spies a paperback copy of a book Haley has written (or collaborated on), "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," and Haley buys the book and inscribes it, "To my dad—I no longer need his approval but I will always need his love." It is a touching scene of reconciliation, nicely acted by James Earl Jones as Haley and by Dorian Harewood as Haley's father, but, alas, in Haley's book there is no indication that his father ever saw him off at the airport or anywhere else, so one must assume that the scene whose actuality we were asked to be touched by never took place.

On the one hand, this seems more like tricky manipulation than like powerful dramatization; on the other hand, perhaps if this sort of thing doesn't bother Haley it shouldn't bother us. But there are some more substantial problems concerning "Roots II." Chief among these, I suppose, is the extraordinarily lopsided nature of Haley's story—a lopsidedness that existed in Haley's book and has only been magnified in both television versions—wherein the black characters are almost uniformly depicted in terms of dignity and moral courage, while the white characters, with but few exceptions, are generally portrayed as loutish and mean-spirited when poor, or weak and corrupt, though superficially genteel, when rich. Thus, in the town of Henning, Tennessee, where most of the first half of "Roots II" takes place (and which was reconstructed at the usual great expense by the television producers), one gets not so much a sense of real drama or interplay between the blacks and the whites—of the two peoples' being really involved with one another—as a sort of old-fashioned, static morality play, reminiscent in part of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and also, in some ways, of those movies about life in the trenches in the First World War, where Allied soldiers are shown in one set of trenches and the

SUCCESS
Stan Hunt

"That's enough, Foster. It's time to go now."

Orvis Chinos



The Basic Pant

Nothing fancy, no gimmicks, no flashy colors . . . just all natural cotton and superior craftsmanship. 100% long staple Egyptian cotton, a tightly woven durable fabric . . . it washes beautifully, getting softer and more comfortable as it ages. Full 2" belt loops, front quarter top pockets, two rear pockets, and tailored 19½" at the knee and hem . . . straight all the way down. Double stitched and bar tacked at all stress points. Regular rise (12") in even waist sizes 30 - 44, up to 38" inseam.

Also available are long rise Chinos . . . tailored with 13" rise and slightly fuller cut. Even waist sizes 34 - 44, up to 38" inseam. Inseam finished to your specifications. Khaki only.

[ ] B4018 - Regular Rise Chinos. Waist size [ ], Inseam [ ] @ $27.95 pair.
[ ] B4017 - Long Rise Chinos. Waist size [ ], Inseam [ ] @ $28.50 pair.
[ ] FREE Orvis 1979 Spring Catalog.
Total Enclosed $ . . . .

Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . Zip . . . .
[ ] Check Enclosed [ ] Master Charge
[ ] Visa [ ] American Express
Card No . . . .
Expiration . . . .
Issuing Bank No. . . . .
Signature. . . . .
NY3

ORVIS
Manchester, Vermont 05254

Germans are shown in another set of trenches, and the point of the drama seems to be to wait for some captain's whistle to periodically signal an offensive. In "Roots I," the propaganda element was rarely absent, although, perhaps because of the more substantial texture of the story, the racial messages seemed less obtrusive. In "Roots II," there are extended periods when propaganda seems to have been substituted for story—as in the Henning episodes, in which the drama seems to come to life only at those carefully structured intervals when the coarse and violent whites are sent off to brutalize the stoic and philosophic blacks.

The men in "Roots II" are for the most part close to racial caricature; the women are not much better. Black women in "Roots II" tend to be wise, sexual, philosophic, and invariably in touch with basic human emotions; white women are usually superficial and unsexual—or, if sexual, slightly whorish. But there are a couple of exceptions to the general rule of caricature—or, at least, there are attempts at exceptions. For instance, Colonel Frederick Warner (played by Henry Fonda, with what seems to be an eccentric Nebraska variation of a Tennessee accent), Henning's superficially well-mannered but morally bankrupt aristocrat, has two sons. Andy, the older, is drawn from the same Hollywood stewpot as the Colonel himself—a hard-drinking wastrel, slyly ambitious. The younger, Jim, however, is clearly intended as a sort of bridge between the races, or trenches, for he marries a black girl (naturally, a college-educated black girl of great sensitivity and good looks) and goes to live on the black side of town. But there is something off-key about the role. On the surface, Jim (played by Richard Thomas) seems to be a decent sort of white American boy, at least by "Roots II" standards, being relatively nonalcoholic, non-corrupt, and non-loutish, but he is also a kind of freak: poetic, sensitive, literary—almost, to use an archaic word, something of a sissy. Thus, while striking a blow for brotherhood in the "plot," the underlying quality of Jim's role suggests, first, that the only way for a white man to escape the inherent wickedness of his nature is by surrendering a large part of his masculinity, and, second, that the surest way to achieve goodness is for him to marry a black girl. "Roots II" also suggests a couple of other options open to a white man wishing to achieve some measure of salvation—or, at least, dignity—in Henning, Tennessee, in

SQUIRREL FOUNTAIN

Watch your favorite feathered friends as they flock to bathe and shower in this delightful Squirrel fountain complete with its own re-circulating pump.

Made of lead, 37" high, available in old lead color or Pompeian green.
Price: $485.00.
FOB New York

Send for, 60 page Illust. Catalog $2.00

florentine craftsmen inc.
654 First Ave. (37th St.) • New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 532-3926

DANISH SOUPERBAG™

Our classic carry-all features a wonderous zipper that allows this many-pocketed, 15" x 11" bag to expand to double its normal width—to a full 8"—so there's always a place to stuff one more thing. Perfect carry-on flight bag, practical gift. In squashy grey, cinnamon brown, smokey black or bright Danish blue waterproof canvas that wears like iron. Adjustable shoulder strap. $35.50, plus $2 shipping. (Canada add $5.) NY res. add tax.

THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th, New York 10021

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND TASIS

. . . campuses in Lugano, Switzerland and Surrey, England • American college preparation with international dimension • Co-ed, grades 7–12 and post graduate year • Outstanding faculty-student ratio of 1:8 • College testing and guidance • Extensive travel throughout Europe • Diverse activities, sports •

Contact: US Rep., 127 Esplanade, Irvine, Ca. 92715, Tel: (714) 552 4184 or TASIS, Dept. P, 6926 Montagnola, Switz. Tel: (091) 546471, Tlx: 79317

the late nineteenth century. One of these is to be a sound, progressive, forward-thinking, liberal-minded small businessman. Not just an ordinary businessman, mind you, for, although business is clearly an occupation that attracts a better sort of person than the white trash who commonly engage in rural activities in the South, it nonetheless often brings out the devil in the white soul by driving such a person to drink on the job and become shiftless; as in the case of poor, weak Mr. Campbell (played by Harry Morgan)—non-progressive and therefore drunk all the time—whose lumberyard is taken over by Haley's sober and hardworking ancestor Will Palmer (Stan Shaw), with the financial assistance of a presumably sober white banker who has demonstrated his sound, progressive, forward-thinking, etc., qualities mostly by having been nice to Haley's kinsman. Another option for a white man aspiring to decency is to be Jewish. According to "Roots II," there has rarely been as deep and affecting a fondness between two peoples as that which existed in Henning, Tennessee, in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties between black Americans and Jewish Americans. In fact, except for the forward-looking banker who sets Mr. Palmer up in the lumber business, just about the only decent adult white man anywhere near Henning is a cultivated gentleman called Mr. Goldstein, who runs a small drygoods store in town. When we first see Goldstein, he is trying to be dignified and philosophic toward a member of local rural redneck society who is loutishly trying on a suit; in due course, Palmer comes in seeking a dress for his daughter, and he and Goldstein hit it off immediately, perhaps recognizing the bond that comes from being the only two grown men in Henning, Tennessee, who are neither corrupt nor violent.

Even when one wants to like "Roots II," it seems to require some effort to peer through the curious racial propaganda, and something of a further effort to care very deeply—beyond the purely reflexive response of not wanting to see helpless people beaten up onscreen—about characters, white or black, whose personalities contain so few ambiguities and no surprises and who are mainly sent off, like freight cars, on their tracks of nobility (for the blacks) and meanness (for the whites) while we wait for them to collide.

There is also another fairly important weakness in the story. For, though

SPORTO® REVAMPS THE CLOG.

Our new clog has gone sultry to bring out the vamp in the Sporto Woman. Wishbone dressing she can savor right down to her toes, with a cigarette heel to set it up.

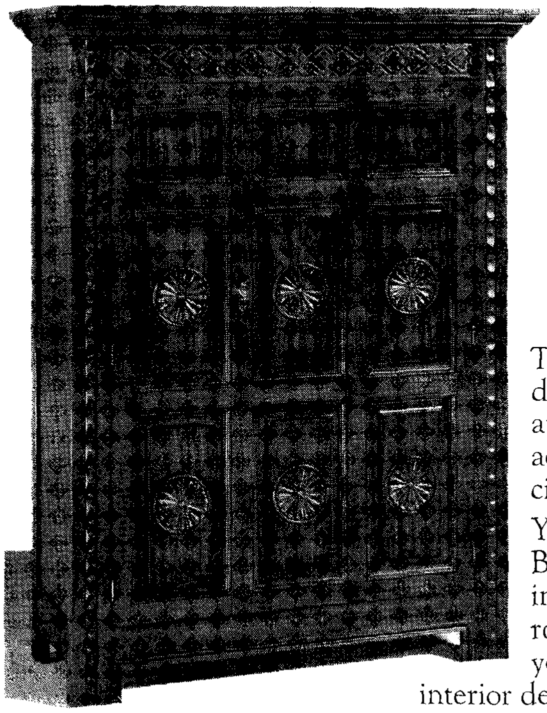
Other revamped clogs are high, medium or low heeled. With bowknots, cutouts and ankle wraps. It's the end of the square foot.

Available at Abraham & Straus, G. Fox, Higbee's and other fine stores.

SPORTO® by Gold Seal

®Sporto is a registered trademark of the Gold Seal Rubber Company, Boston, MA 02137

Baker Furniture 17th Century English Collection


The sunflower carving in the door panels of this armoire and the frieze-rail are characteristic of Welch furniture circa 1615.

You are invited to see all the Baker Furniture collections in our showrooms through your architect, interior designer or furniture retailer.

Baker Knapp & Tubbs

Distinguished manufacturer and distributor with showrooms in Atlanta, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Grand Rapids, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

the two "Roots" dramatizations have been described or appraised in epic terms, in "Roots II" (which is supposedly based on the last section of Haley's book together with "one thousand pages of notes" that he provided for the project) the television writers seem to have reduced the potentially epic dimensions of the story of Haley's ancestors in this country since the Civil War to a generation-by-generation series of boy-meets-girl encounters. Obviously, there's a place for romance and sexual relationships in a long family narrative, but in much of "Roots II" the problems of young love seem to be the real focus of the drama—and in some cases the only focus. At the center of the stage, girl flirts with boy, or boy flirts with girl; girl runs after boy, or boy runs after girl. Around these perpetually romancing kinfolk stand, on one side, the older generation of black men and women, persistently displaying wisdom and dignity, and, on another side, the hostile white people, brandishing clubs and displaying a general air of menace. And behind them, hazily sketched on a backdrop, or sometimes only hinted at, are the larger events of the times that Haley and his ancestors lived through. It seems a strangely condescending view of black history, or of the part played in it by Haley's ancestors—as if the major moments worth rendering were youthfully romantic ones. In the later episodes, where Haley himself enters the drama, there is some attempt to set the epic in a wider historical context, as with Haley's much-publicized interview of the American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell (much-publicized because Marlon Brando plays Rockwell). But the interview doesn't really belong in the story of Haley's ancestral quest. It's mostly a diversion, thrown in for effect, and it comes across that way, though it serves to affirm once again the gratuitous notion (perhaps added by the screenwriters for reasons best known to themselves) of the historical affinity or "racial bonding" between blacks and Jews.

And so, on the surface, the power of the "Roots" stories remains something of a mystery or a paradox. Their audience-drawing power is evident: if "Roots II" drew a somewhat smaller mass of viewers than "Roots I," its appeal was still enormous, and audience size in certain basic ways speaks for itself. But the nature of this power is not so clear. For example, the dramas are alleged to be uplifting to blacks, and so they are, but they are also in many instances subtly and not so subtly

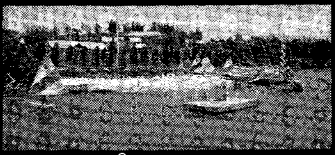
incomparable
ALL 3 are YOUNG RESORTS.

SUGARBUSH INN
WARREN, VERMONT

A resort for all seasons. John Gardiner Tennis Clinics. 16 tennis courts. Robert Trent Jones 18-hole championship course. Sauna, heated outdoor pool, riding, skiing, cross country skiing. Inclusive Plans for all sports and family. Tel. 802-583-2301.

Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS JAMAICA, W.I.

A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service: 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.



Lantana
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE • BERMUDA

The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 777 Third Ave., N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323

True Dutch Wax Batik

BORDERED SHIRTWAIST DRESS

A dress for all seasons in 100% fine smooth cotton. Ink and wine on beige, border trim. Fitted bodice has band collar, real pearl buttons to waist. Softly shirred full skirt, long sleeves, stiffened obi sash. Gently machine wash.
Sizes 8-16 $54.95 ppd.

Our Own Exclusive Designs

Write for New
Spring Color Catalog

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-326
Stockbridge Rd
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

QUESTERS WORLD OF NATURE TOURS

"Nature tour" has a special meaning when you travel with Questers. We are the *only* professional travel company specializing exclusively in nature tours.

Our approach in planning Worldwide Nature Tours is to provide you with the broadest possible opportunity of experiencing for yourself the natural history and culture of each area we explore. With the leadership of an accompanying naturalist, we search out the plants and animals, birds and flowers . . . rain forests, mountains, and tundra . . . seashore, lakes, and swamps of the regions we visit. We also study the architecture, archaeology, museum collections, temples, and customs of the people.

The current Directory of Worldwide Nature Tours describes 29 tours varying in length from 9 to 36 days and going to virtually every part of the world. Included are Mexico, Peru, Hawaii, Alaska, Ladakh, Sri Lanka, Galapagos, Patagonia, Iceland, Scotland, and Switzerland. Tour parties are small, the pace leisurely, and itineraries unusual.

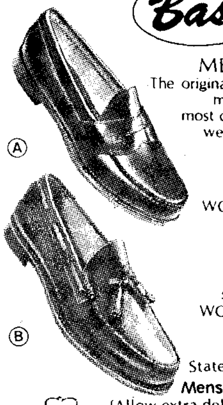
Call or write Questers or see your Travel Agent *today* for your free copy of the Directory of Worldwide Nature Tours.

Questers Tours
AND TRAVEL, INC.
DEPT. NYK326, 257 PARK AVENUE SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 • (212) 673-3120

Bass® WEEJUNS®

MENS & WOMENS
The original, Bass hand-sewn classic, moc-toe penny loafers. The most comfortable loafers you can wear. Finest calfskin leather.
Ⓐ MEN'S Penny Loafer, cordovan brown or black sizes 6 to 15, A to E width
WOMEN'S - cordovan brown sizes 5 to 10 in AAA, sizes 4 to 10 AA & A to C,
Ⓑ MEN'S Tassel loafer, cordovan brown or black sizes 6 to 13, B to E width
WOMEN'S - cordovan brown, sizes 5 to 10 AAA, sizes 4 to 10 AA & A to C,
State style, color, size & width
Mens $51.00, Womens $38.00
(Allow extra delivery time for some sizes.)
Mail & Phone orders add $2 plus tax
Mastercharge, BankAmericard, Am. Ex.

THE SQUIRE SHOP
4548 MAIN ST., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14226
Phone (716) 839-4242



Cafe Chauveron
(Originally New York)
9561 East Bay Harbor Drive
Miami, Florida 305-866-8779

WYOMING RANCH VACATION
The West's finest family ranch. Famous for over sixty years. Spectacular scenery. Great food, fishing, riding, relaxing.
VALLEY RANCH
South Fork Star Rt. Y
Cody, Wyoming 82414
Write for brochure or call us collect (307) 587-4661

condescending toward them. Or they are supposed to be instructive to whites, but in fact the instruction is often inept, implausible, and inaccurate. More important for a popular melodrama, the "Roots" episodes, while they are described as a richly dramatic narrative releasing powerful emotions, are for the most part strangely static, with characters not so much acting out tragic patterns as merely being set in their ways, often imprisoned in stereotype, and with the supposed dramatic focus being directed unusually often to the relatively soft and formulaic problems of young love. So where does this power of "Roots" come from?

It comes, I suspect, from a most familiar source: from fantasy—or, to be a bit more specific, from family fantasies, those "remembrances" of a golden past or golden youth that most of us have dreamed for ourselves at some point or other, and that we apparently still dream at moments when we feel too naked or alone in the world to deal with cold reality. In "Roots I," this element of fantasy was less noticeable, for the first television series was based fairly specifically on events in Haley's book (whether researched, reconstructed, or made up, as the case may be in "faction"); yet, even beneath Haley's stolid, journalist's prose and his gruesome scenes of slave whippings, the softer, golden colors of his dreaming could be glimpsed. For instance, one of the most vivid sequences in the long drama were those scenes, right at the beginning, when we were shown Haley's real or imagined African ancestors: strong, handsome black warriors and fine-looking black women living harmoniously together in a sunny African Arcadia until the time inevitably came when their harmony was shattered and Arcadia destroyed by the arrival of the white man in his slave ships. Did such a graceful, happy, Polynesian Arcadia actually exist in western Africa in the eighteenth century, with its poverty and its tribal wars and its predatory black slavers? Was there ever such a race of noble ancestors? There is little point in putting this sort of question to historical archives or record books—as if one might prove anything one way or the other by the answer—for, though the facts of the drama may here and there correspond with history, the "poetry" of the storytelling is in the extraordinary energy of dream. One should instead put the question to a child, or anyone who can still hazily remember that most cherished childhood vision of "the happy place," of the golden summer of long ago in which

New York's liveliest people buy at PB Eighty-Four

"My clients love the wonderful pieces I find for them at PB Eighty-Four. And, at the auction they really enjoy the excitement of bidding and the feeling of getting a good value."

Mario Buatta
Celebrated Interior Designer

And so does everyone. At PB Eighty-Four there are weekly auction sales of furniture, decorative objects, paintings and prints, tableware, carpets, collectibles galore...and special sales of Victorian International...buys of real and lasting value. For a sample catalogue, write Dept. YR...or better yet, come visit us this week.

PB Eighty-Four
a division of Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc
171 East 84th Street New York 10028 (212) 472-3583

E.F. DELMOD
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR
STEVENSON

A title on the door...rates a **Bigelow** on the floor.

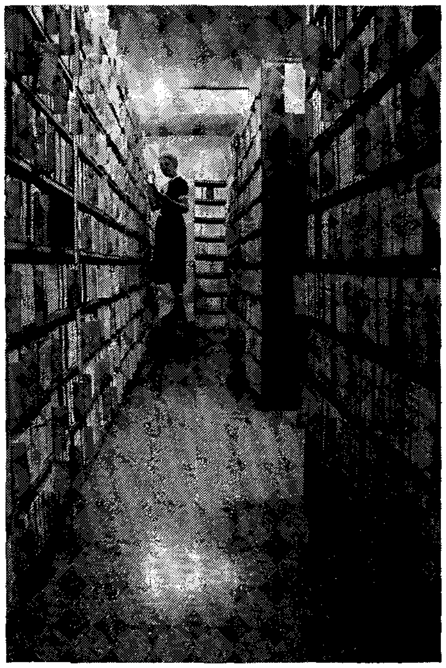
Whether it's a title on the door, or taking title on a house, be sure it's a Bigelow Carpet on *your* floor. For Residential Carpet information: send for our "Great Beginnings" Booklet. For Contract Carpet information: send for our "Proven Performers" Booklet. Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., P.O. Box 3089, Greenville, SC 29602.
A SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY.

We want you to talk in our library.

Ours is a living library of spoken words. A library of roughly 40,000 textbooks on tape, available free of charge to blind students. Eligible students also include the visually impaired, the learning disabled, and the physically handicapped who cannot handle printed material.

These students continually require new texts. And to fill this need, volunteer readers make tapes in our 29 recording studios across the country.

We urgently need readers with technical or professional backgrounds, and native speakers of foreign languages. If you can spare two hours a week, please volunteer. We are a non-profit organization supported by contributions from the public.



Recording for the Blind

an educational lifeline

215 East 58th St.,
New York, NY 10022.

everyone's ancestors were, at least briefly, wise, noble, and benign.

If Haley's private fantasies were subterranean in "Roots I," glowing from underneath the dark tales of slavery, in "Roots II" they seem to be much closer to the surface. There is one scene in particular, it seems to me, that expresses the underlying fantasy of the whole narrative. It is a pointed moment in the drama (one that was only suggested by the last section of Haley's book and so was deliberately written and rendered for the TV version), and we are clearly meant to regard it as such, for the short scene, which occurs in the final episode, was shown on all six of the preceding evenings as part of the montage at the start of each installment. What one saw in the scene was this: Haley has recently arrived in Gambia, on the coast of western Africa, in order to seek out traces of his ancestors. Earlier, he has met with some Gambians, who have directed him inland and upriver. Now Haley, holding notebook and pencil, has reached his apparent destination. The sun is shining. There are sand and palm trees. (Arcadia returning!) And a crowd of friendly, smiling Africans approaches across the sand. Haley stands watching them, and then, with mounting excitement, begins to cry, "I've *found* you! I've *found* you! Kunta Kinte, *I've found you!*" On the television screen, it is a triumphant moment, and one that is given almost heroic dimensions by the stature and the voice of James Earl Jones, though I suspect that it would be an emotionally stirring scene if it had been played by Haley himself or almost anyone else, for both the triumph and the emotions are mainly derived from fantasy.

Certainly it is not a fantasy unique to Haley; probably most people have indulged in it at one time or another, and that, I suspect, accounts for its power. Call it the fantasy or dream of Going Home. There are old, folkloric sayings that seem to speak to this dream—or, rather, to some hidden danger or difficulty within the dream. For instance, "You can't go home again." The traditional phrase implies a mysterious obstacle to Going Home, ambiguously suggests either prohibition or impossibility, though in fact the experience of increasing numbers of people—whether they are flying to Greece or Africa to discover roots or driving back to Worcester, Massachusetts, for Thanksgiving dinner—seems on the surface to demonstrate the triumphant ability of modern men and women, assisted by advanced methods of transportation and by the high motives of

This is the eighth year in which we operate our extremely successful cruises in privately chartered ships to the Galapagos Islands off Ecuador; and we continue to offer leisurely cruises designed for the discerning traveler who is interested in ecology, wildlife and photography.

For budget minded travelers we repeat our popular

Discover® Galapagos

cruise in the 60-passenger mv *Iguana**, accompanied by our own cruising staff including a physician and an eminent naturalist leader who gives talks and leads us in the field:

OCTOBER 28 TO NOVEMBER 13, 1979
with Dr. Jack L. Throp
Director of the Honolulu Zoo, Hawaii

We consider a few days insufficient at these unique islands and provide ten full days there, with ample time for daily shore expeditions under expert guidance and including visits to Tower island with its frigatebird colonies, *not reached on any cruises other than ours this year.*

Before the cruise we spend three days in Quito, Ecuador's lovely capital, with excursions in the Andes, and then make *the spectacular road journey to the coast.*

We also offer intimate cruises for fourteen hardy travelers in the yacht *Isabela**, accompanied by a naturalist guide and our outdoor leader:

The Great Galapagos Hiking Adventure

AUGUST 27 TO SEPTEMBER 12, 1979
NOVEMBER 26 TO DECEMBER 12, 1979

These cruises provide two weeks at the islands and are unique in including hiking and camping expeditions to Alcedo crater and other remote areas where tortoises can be seen roaming free *as nowhere else.*

Please send for the descriptive brochures of both these cruise programs, and details of our sensibly priced DISCOVER GALAPAGOS cruises in April and October, 1980, aboard the new 80-passenger mv *Santa Cruz** are now also available, as well as of next year's six GREAT GALAPAGOS HIKING ADVENTURE cruises.

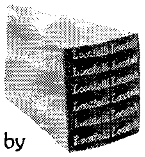
** Registered in Ecuador*

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354 6634

Locatelli®
The Grate Cheese

Capture the true Italian delight of freshly grated cheese. Genuine Locatelli Pecorino Romano, made from sheep's milk, has a piquant flavor that is perfect for soups, salads, egg and pasta dishes.

You know it's fresh because you grate it yourself. Locatelli.



Imported from Italy by
The Ambriola Co., Inc.
New York, N.Y. 10013

WE ARE VENICE

Your Venice.

Its treasures, tempo, golden fantasy
captured in six legendary hotels, including:

Hotel Gritti Palace • Hotel Danieli

ASOLO (TREVISO)
Hotel Villa Cipriani
CORTINA D'AMPEZZO
Hotel Cristallo
FLORENCE
Hotel Excelsior
GENOA
Hotel Colombia
MILAN
Hotel Palace
Hotel Principe & Savoia
NAPLES
Hotel Excelsior
PISA
Hotel Cavalieri
ROME
Hotel Excelsior
Le Grand Hotel

SIENA
Park Hotel
STRESA (LAKE MAGGIORE)
Hotel des Iles Borromées
VENICE
Hotel Danieli
Hotel Gritti Palace
Hotel Europa & Regina
Palazzo del Giglio
VENICE LIDO
Hotel des Bains
Hotel Excelsior
TOKYO, JAPAN
Palace Hotel (Associate)

For reservations, contact your travel agent or corporate travel office. For information about our hotels throughout Italy, write CIGAHOTELS, Inc., 745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Or call collect (212) 935-9540.

CIGA
HOTELS

The name behind
the grandest hotels in Italy.
And the world.

Some men are seen,
some men are appreciated.

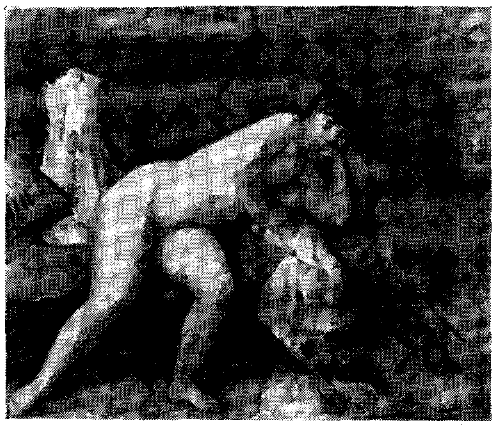
Three-button soft shoulder suit of 55% Dacron® polyester and 45% wool.

CRICKETEER®

1290 Ave. of The Americas, N.Y. 10019. A Division of Phillips Van Heusen Corp.

genealogical self-consciousness, to surmount such obstacles as lie in their way and reach their destinations. Even so, one fancies that the spirit of the old wisdom still has the last laugh, for the mysterious difficulty in Going Home, it keeps turning out, is rarely from obstacles along the road but in what one experiences upon arrival. Once the returning voyager is "home again," amid his kinfolk, with the ancient doors creaking shut behind him, the danger, real or imagined, is usually to himself—to his sense of self. This is apparently one of the most secret—or, at least, most private—areas of human psychology, and surely a sort of reverse testament to the real hazards of the experience can be found in the myths and popular fables that have grown up through the centuries to reinforce the dreamlike, or protective, version of what takes place. Consider the fantasies that surround most family holidays, especially when members of different generations have not seen each other often and have travelled from afar; frequently the "holiday" period is rent by an almost visible tide rip that exists between the fantasies of the returning voyagers and the actuality of what they find. How many people, surrounded by their real rather than their imagined relatives, have ever experienced a Norman Rockwell Thanksgiving? Or consider a prototypical modern version of the returning-voyager myth: the Irish-American senator, say, who "returns" to Ireland, and makes his way perhaps to County Cork, where his forebears came from, and to a little town where a band is present to welcome him at the station, and the mayor is on hand to greet him, and so he sets off, accompanied now by the band and the mayor and some television cameras, through the back streets of town, through the humbler quarters, until at last he comes to a dilapidated, weather-beaten little shack on whose crooked steps stands a very small and very wrinkled old man, with five days of stubble on his chin and with bloodshot eyes. If a strange expression flits across the senator's countenance, it is not caught by the TV cameras. "Grandpa Groggins!" the senator cries, with apparent delight, bounding up the steps to embrace his ancient kinsman. After which he turns to the gathered crowd and declares, "It's good to be home!" *Home?* On that ghastly, mud-soaked, sour-smelling street, with that decrepit and whiskey-laden ancestor? The senator is no fool. He is not taking up residence there; in fact, he allows the mayor to push him inside the gloomy

IMPORTANT OLD MASTER,
19th AND EARLY 20th CENTURY
AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PAINTINGS
AUCTION
Wednesday, April 4, at 7 p.m.



Leon Kroll (American b. 1884)
"The Napping Model"
Signed Leon Kroll
Oil on canvas 15 x 18 inches
Provenance: The Estate of the Artist

Illustrated catalogue, including postage — $7 in U.S., $9 in Europe

EXHIBITIONS
Sunday, April 1: Noon-5 p.m.
Monday, April 2: 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.
Tuesday, April 3: 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

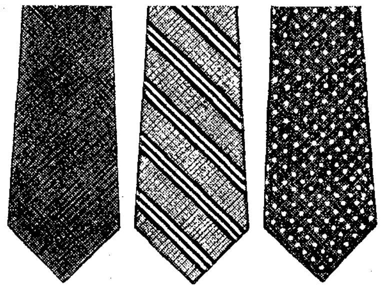
William Doyle Galleries
175 EAST 87th STREET, NEW YORK (212) 427-2730

The most civilized hotel in New York. Maybe the world.

The Regency Hotel
Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100

100% silk luxury at $8.50

Nothing ties silk for neckwear comfort and luxury. We offer traditionally crafted solid and striped silk repps at $8.50 Also, English silks with white dots at $9.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.



0221

JoS. A. Bank Clothiers
25 S. Charles St./Balto. Md. 21201/(301) 837-1700

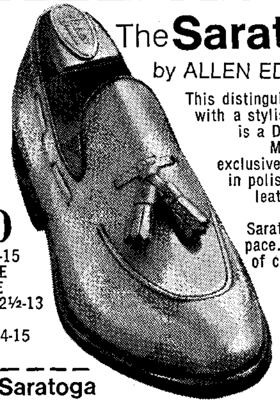
Please send me 100% silk ties as follows:
(Add 75¢ for shipping, insurance, handling)
Check shape desired: ☐ Standard ☐ Narrow

SOLID REPPS @ $8.50
☐ Navy ☐ Burgundy ☐ Hunter Green ☐ Brown
Qty. Qty. Qty. Qty.

STRIPED REPPS @ $8.50
☐ Navy/white on burgundy ☐ Burgundy/white on navy
☐ Rust/yellow on hunter green
Qty. Qty. Qty.

WHITE DOT ENGLISH SILK @ $9.00
☐ Navy ☐ Burgundy ☐ Hunter Green ☐ Brown
Qty. Qty. Qty. Qty.

☐ Pers. check ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA
Card #
Expiration Date
☐ Send FREE COLOR CATALOG
Name
Address
City State Zip



The Saratoga
by ALLEN EDMONDS

This distinguished slip-on with a stylish toe-tassel is a Derby winner. Made over our exclusive custom last in polished calf and leather lined for comfort. The Saratoga sets the pace. Your choice of custom Black, or Brown Heather.

$80
Sizes 6-15
AAA to E
and EEE
Sizes 12½-13
add $3
Sizes 14-15
add $5

The Saratoga
SIZE WIDTH COLOR
☐ CHECK ENCL. ☐ B/A ☐ A/E ☐ M/C
CARD # EXP. DATE
☐ SEND FREE BROCHURE
Please ship postpaid. (Add Applicable N.Y. State Sales Tax)
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

Tom Austin SHOES
339 Madison Ave., New York City 10017
In New York's Famous Biltmore Hotel

shack for no more than seven minutes, during which he sits on an old bedspring and sips from a glass that appears to contain seaweed and hot water, and then takes his leave. So where was the danger in the encounter? It was where it always is in such encounters—inside the mind, where our unspoken thoughts are spoken. For instance, "Can I really be descended from *you*?" And "Am I, then, really like *you*?" And, finally, "Grandpa Groggins, are you really *me*?" So great, apparently, is the element of fear in such transactions of recognition that folklore and popular literature have combined to place a wall around the unspoken part of the encounter, often shielding the truth from even the returning voyager's eyes and creating a protective response of sentiment and fantasy. The dark shadow or strange expression evoked by the actuality of Grandpa Groggins swiftly disappears, and once the voyager is safely back by his own hearth he develops a narrative more pleasing both to himself and to his listeners. "Children," the senator may declaim of a winter's evening, "long ago, in sunny County Cork, there was once a mighty race of warriors. Their name was Groggins." Indeed, Grandpa Groggins himself has disappeared, surrendering his perhaps charmless, though undeniably human, actuality in the service of his reincarnation as a character in the senator's dream of a nobler past, doubtless as Grandpa Groggins' hoary ancestors had themselves done for others, equally unwittingly, over the generations, and as the senator's grandchildren will find themselves doing decades hence.

Thus, in print and on television, and especially in the more recent television version, "Roots II," Haley's work seems to be only incidentally a drama of the progress and the tribulations of black people in America. This is the overlay of the story: the plot; the journalistic message that people tell themselves they are responding to. The deeper energy of the story, and its real strength in terms of audience appeal, proceeds from Haley's own fantasies about Going Home, and above all from his apparent willingness to leave the fantasies intact and unchallenged in much the same way that his audience does. One could almost say that the power of "Roots" lies in its weakness, albeit a most human weakness, for nearly all of us seem prey to fears that our ancestors were *not*—at least, at some point in the remote and golden past—mighty warriors, noble, sexual, and brave; and, worse, that if one of

White Water adventures fit for the President.

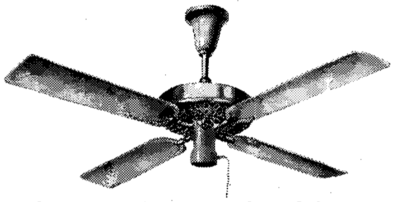
Float Idaho's Salmon — the "River of No Return". The river of the Carters, the Kennedys, and families the world over. Float it yourself.

Salmon River Float
Main or Middle Fork
Everything is furnished for an unforgettable family vacation. 6 days.

Wilderness Option
Combine a 3 day river trip with a 2 day pack trip in the wilderness. Then, 2 days at the lodge.

Call (208) 344-1881
or write for free color brochure.

MACKAY BAR CORPORATION
3190 Airport Way Room E
Boise, Idaho 83705



A FAN FOR ALL SEASONS!

Standard of excellence for old fashioned ceiling fans since 1886. The "In" way to cool a room naturally. Adaptable to all ceiling heights.

52" fan with Adaptair $299
52" fan without Adaptair $259
36" fan $179
Light Adapter Kit $16

Send 50¢ for brochure
THE CEILING FAN GALLERY
14 Indian Neck Lane • Peconic, N.Y. 11958

Betsy's Loaf, moist fudgy chocolate Brownies, flaky mouthwatering Rugulach . . . in a large silver tin. Gaily giftwrapped for every special occasion and special person.
ALL HOMEMADE
UPSTAIRS AT BETSY'S PLACE.
check or mastercharge
$25.00 postpaid
call or write for illustrated brochure.
mmm
144 East 74 St. N.Y., N.Y. 10021 (212) 734-1855
BETSY'S PLACE

HIKE AN ALP.

Follow American mountaineer/author/executive Fred Jacobson through the Matterhorn region of the Swiss Alps. Saas Fee and Zermatt. Varied trails, gourmet dining, country inns. Write Jacobson, Swissair, Tour Dept. NY, JFK Airport, Bldg. 15, Jamaica, NY 11430

our kinfolk should now come before us, having travelled from a distant century or a far-off county, he would only let us down and make us look bad. "Kunta Kinte, at last I've found you, and I sure hope you make me *look good!*" Of course, if Haley had bitten the bullet and broken through the dream he was so movingly trapped in, he would have had to write a different, braver, and almost certainly much less popular book; but then he might have given his people, and also other peoples, a truer Kunta Kinte, clothed, however dangerously, in his real humanity, and who knows but that in the long run this might have turned out to be the greater gift?

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

SNOW

A stirring as among
cattle that lift their heads
through darkness to the scent
of water, horses snuffing

at thunder in the grass.
And nothing today will keep them
quiet or still
in the pinewood desks or summon

their eyes to reflect
figures and cold facts
from the blackboard. They brim
with light, a window-square

where trees writhe, sky glows greenish-
bronze and staggers white
like surf. Their senses catch it
from far off, something moves

toward them, edging closer
even than lead pencils,
cats, chalk, or the salty
creases in clothes,

an excitement whose crystals
fall through their veins,
the spaces of their skulls,
wavering toward them

(animal eyes, the nostrils
flared) like the feathers
of owls, angel sky-flakes
blessing the dull cobbles

and slant black roofs, bare playground,
pond. On their hands the taste
of stars, a foreign coldness,
color of distances

and all that is farther off
than flesh. Falling light
strikes upward. Its brightness
creaks under our shoes.

—DAVID MALOUF

The truth about George Washington's false teeth.

The real truth may never be known, but one legend has it that the Father of Our Country's infamous wooden dentures were fashioned right here in Rhode Island.

An authentic replica of the pharmacy where Washington's teeth may have been made is a part of the picturesque scene in Newport.

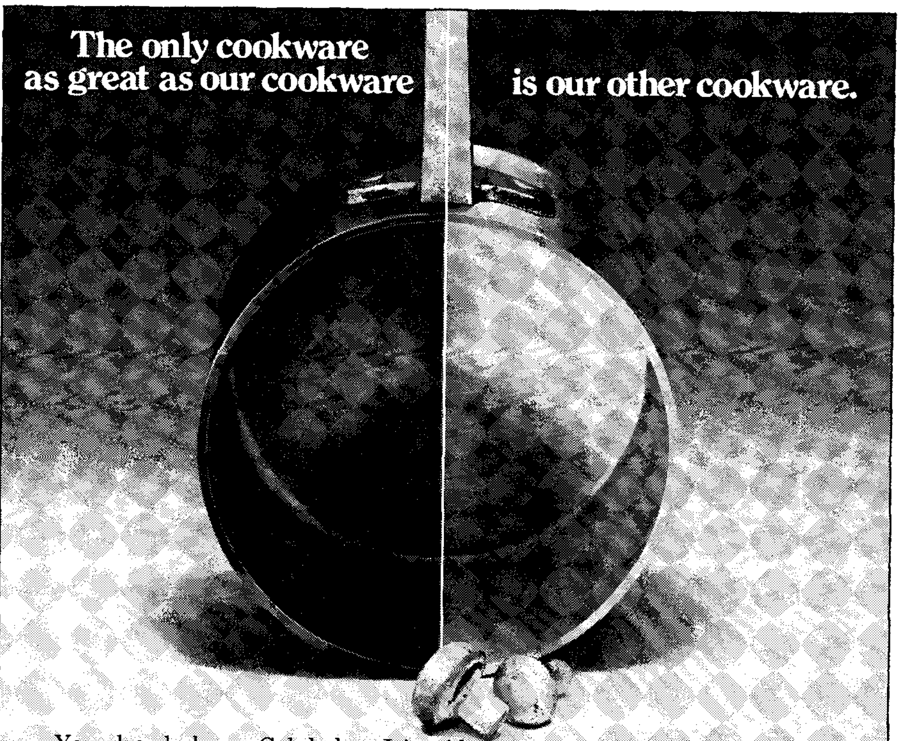
Here you can buy today's remedies as well as such old fashioned notions as beeswax earplugs, or boar-bristle bath brushes.

In Rhode Island, our colonial heritage is very much alive. You'll see it in the many restored homes of Providence and Watch Hill. In the cobblestone streets of Newport. And in the timeless tranquility of our small town commons.

For a free Rhode Island Vacation Kit, call toll-free: 800-556-2484. Or write R.I. Tourist Promotion Division, Dept.NYK, One Weybosset Hill, Providence, R.I. 02903.

Rhode Island

If you haven't seen R.I. you haven't seen New England.



You already know Calphalon. It's widely regarded as the world's finest cookware. But you may not be familiar with our natural aluminum, which is equally impressive, but has been kept discreetly hidden under chef's hats for years. Now it's available generally. And like Calphalon, it's hand crafted and hand inspected. Which makes it the best cookware you can buy. Apart from our other cookware that is.

COMMERCIAL ALUMINUM COOKWARE P.O. BOX 583, TOLEDO, OHIO 43693

Built to be the last cookware you'll ever buy.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

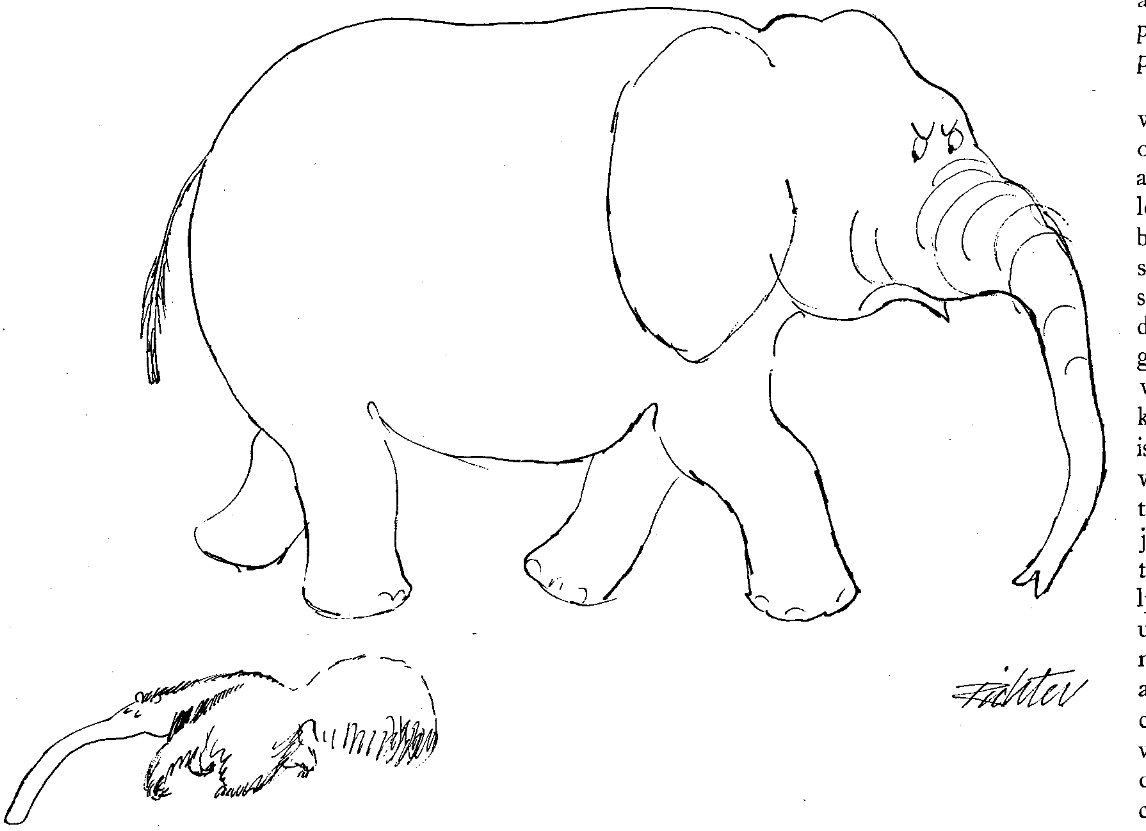
WHILE our literature abounds in plays that use music, the one form or the other seems inevitably to edge out its companion, even in closely knit music dramas. Choosing arbitrarily, and not necessarily as an ideal balancing act, one might say that Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" and Marvin David Levy's "Mourning Becomes Electra" could perch on opposite ends of the seesaw. But "Every Good Boy Deserves Favour" (RCA ABL 1-2855), an amusingly clever and at the same time chillingly cautionary frisson of a piece consuming about an hour on a single disc, deliberately strikes what amounts to an exact balance between the two, making it a highly unusual and perhaps even unique composition. The play, by Tom Stoppard, and the orchestral score, by André Previn, seem, especially in the recorded version, to coexist in such a way as to allow each other breathing periods—sounding forth, as they do, almost always separately—and yet to be interdependent.

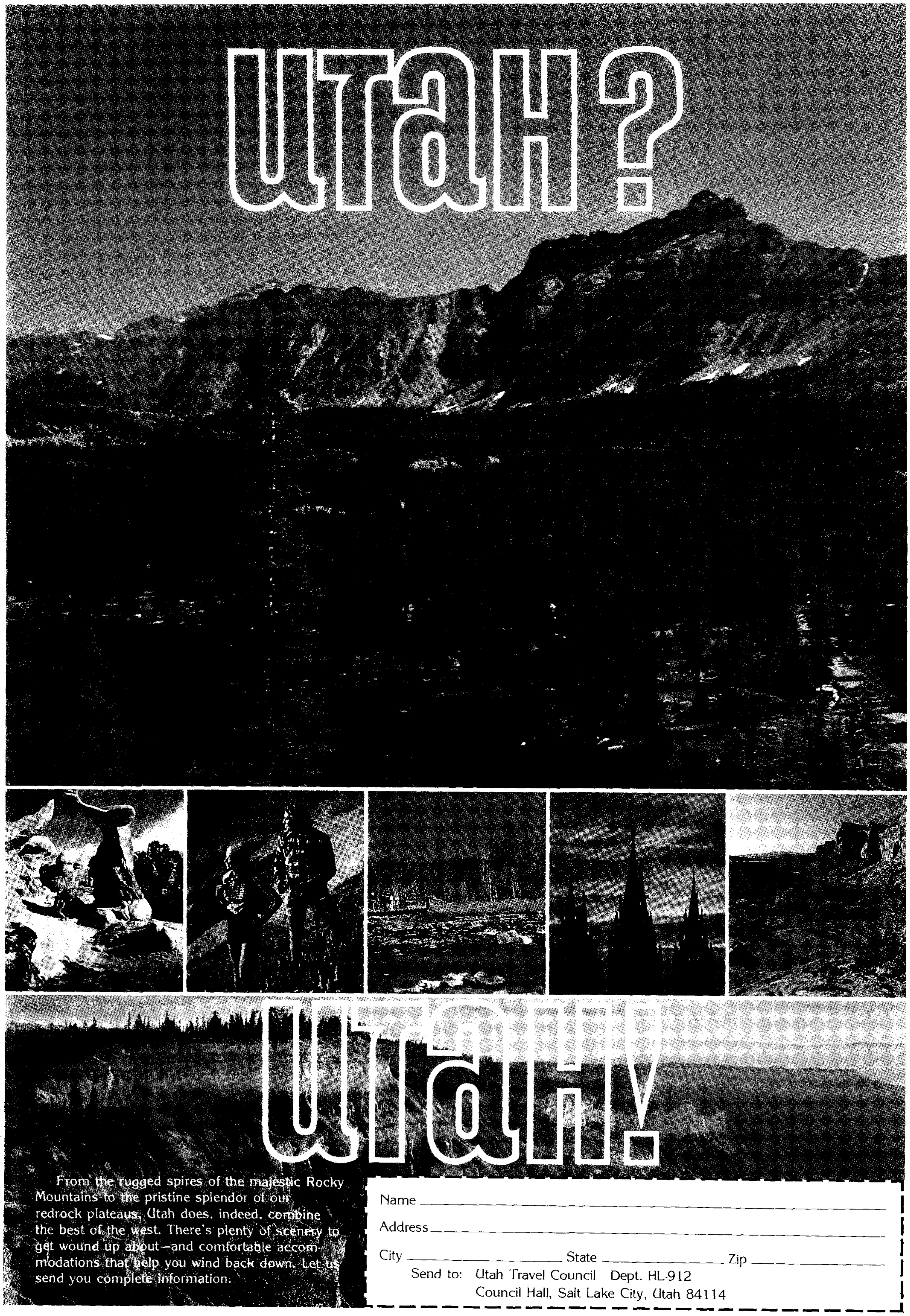
For those who may be unfamiliar with this work, "Every Good Boy Deserves Favour" (the capital letters represent the five lines of the treble staff) was conceived as a structure in which play and music would meet on equal terms without ever trespassing on one another's territory. The play deals primarily with two men—one a lunatic and the other a political dissident—who share a cell in a Soviet mental hospital, presumably because they have identical names, both first and last. The one with the swimmingly disordered mind imagines he has a symphony orchestra at his beck and call, whereas his sane but sad cellmate is of an unmusical nature. In the end, both men are released after brief questioning, during which their identities are confused in a way that makes their replies seem perfectly normal.

The recording stems from the original performance of the work, two summers ago, in London's Royal Festival Hall. (It was subsequently presented for a run, twice nightly, with a cut-down orchestra and a different cast, at London's Mermaid Theatre, where the musicians were spread about among the platforms on which the play was performed.) And since there appears to be no rush to do the piece in New York (last summer a production made brief appearances in Philadelphia, Washington, and Pittsburgh), the recording is most welcome. The voices of Ian Richardson and Ian McKellen, two of Britain's most accomplished actors, are nicely contrasted in the roles of the lunatic and the dissident, respectively, and Previn's score—an engaging pastiche deriving from leading Soviet composers of the Stalinist period—is performed here by the London Symphony Orchestra, with the composer conducting, and complements the story astutely.

"SPECIAL OCCASIONS" (DRG 6102) consists of three ballet pieces composed by Harold Arlen, Cole Porter, and Richard Rodgers, three writers identified with the Broadway musical-comedy theatre (though Arlen's contributions to films probably outweigh his stage work, at least in popularity). All the music, originally for orchestra, has been transcribed for two pianos by Richard Rodney Bennett, who has also supplied the four hands, thanks to the ease with which such things are managed in recording studios. Two of the scores—Porter's "Within the Quota" and Rodgers' "Ghost Town"—were actually written for ballet companies, while Arlen's (the briefest of the three), entitled "Civil War Ballet," is made up mostly of snatches of tunes the composer set down for the songs in the Broadway musical "Bloomer Girl," of which the ballet was a part. Arlen's dance sequences were joined together, with variations, by Trude Rittmann, who, along with Geneviève Pitot, practically dominated this specialized but fertile field during the forties and fifties. In no case did the composer do the orchestration, and, since all three were pianists, what we are listening to here—in "Ghost Town" and "Within the Quota," anyway—probably comes reasonably close to what the composers provided in the first place.

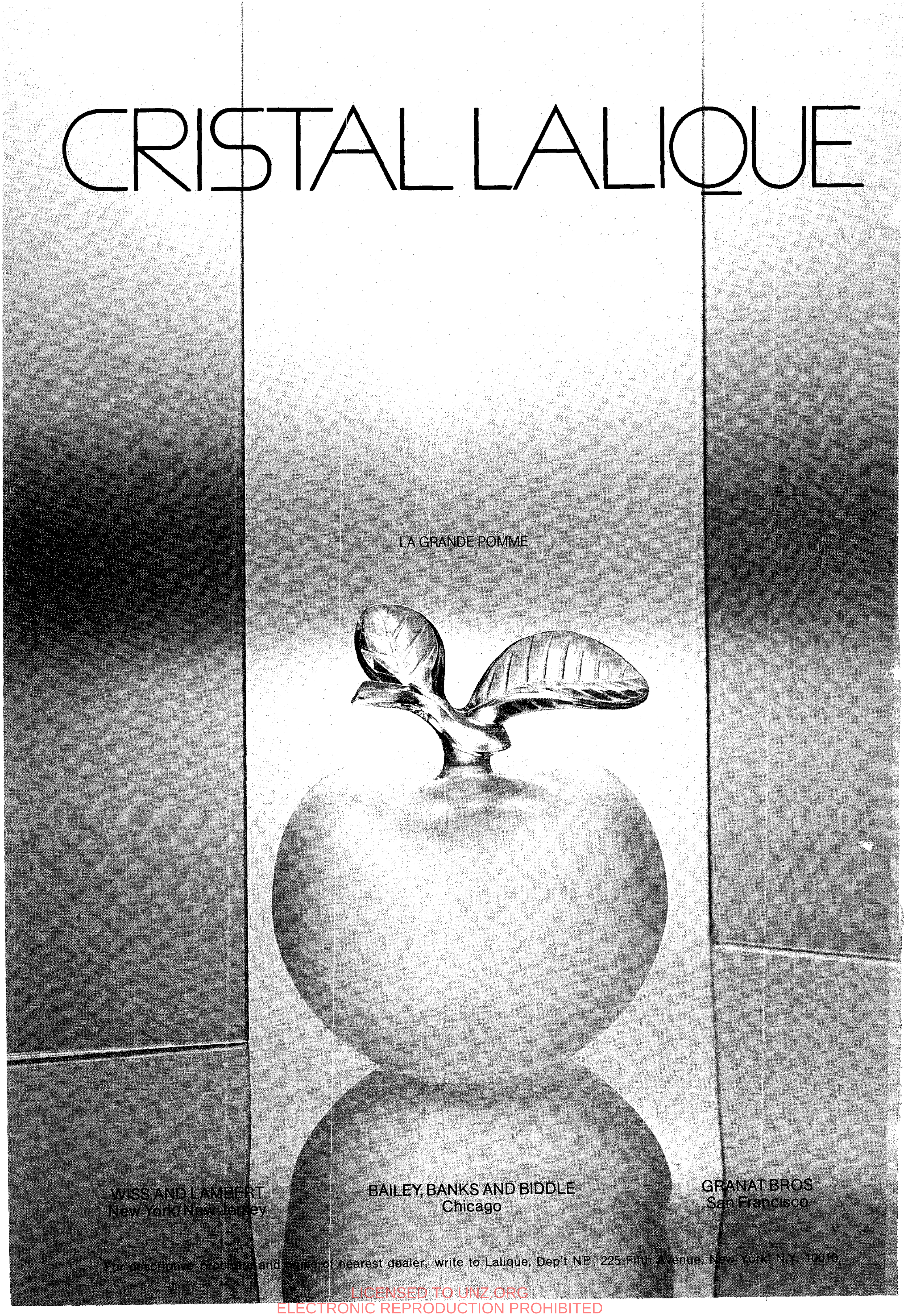
"Within the Quota," which fills out the first side of the record, its eleven and a half minutes following the less than seven consumed by the Arlen construction, sounds more like a ballet score than the two others do; that is, it is more integrated and rhythmically varied—though, heaven knows, the dance literature is made up of scores so diverse in nature and origin that it might be difficult to justify the use of such criteria. Perhaps it's the brightly syncopated, saucy, kick-up-your-heels nature of the music at the very start (and at intervals thereafter) that creates this impression. The work, rediscovered only a dozen years or so back, was commissioned by the Swed-





From the rugged spires of the majestic Rocky Mountains to the pristine splendor of our redrock plateaus, Utah does, indeed, combine the best of the west. There's plenty of scenery to get wound up about—and comfortable accommodations that help you wind back down. Let us send you complete information.

Name ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________
Send to: Utah Travel Council Dept. HL-912
Council Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah 84114



CRISTAL LALIQUE

LA GRANDE POMME

WISS AND LAMBERT
New York/New Jersey

BAILEY, BANKS AND BIDDLE
Chicago

GRANAT BROS
San Francisco

For descriptive brochure and name of nearest dealer, write to Lalique, Dep't NP, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

ish Ballet for an American tour, but it had a Paris première, in 1923, on the same bill as Milhaud's "La Création du Monde." Interestingly, its story outline—a satire on American mores of the day—and its scenery and costumes were provided by the artist Gerald Murphy, who, many years later, was to be partly responsible for the choice of Rodgers to compose a ballet ("Ghost Town") for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, which gave it its première, with the composer conducting, in 1939, at the Metropolitan Opera House. (F. Scott Fitzgerald used Murphy as a model for Dick Diver in "Tender Is the Night.")

We can pass over the Arlen-Rittmann concoction as merely another example, though perhaps a superior one, of the extended dance sequences that were dropped into Broadway musicals of the period, much as the almost obligatory ballets were furnished for Paris Opéra productions during the nineteenth century. Mainly, it whets one's interest in hearing again such songs as "Right as the Rain" and "The Eagle and Me," both referred to in the piece.

Though I wouldn't hesitate to label "Within the Quota" and "Ghost Town" curios, and anything but indispensable, it is amusing, and probably inescapable, that, as the products of men who were essentially popular songwriters, they build toward and find their apotheosis in what would be (except for the absence of lyrics) attractive ballads characteristic of each composer. Rodgers' main theme, which almost but never quite resolves itself in song form, though it undergoes several transformations, is one of his most gorgeous tunes, whereas Porter's work, sometimes jazzy in nature and at one point evolving into a French music-hall waltz in manner, is more ordinary. Rodgers' score is the more noticeably blocky, being composed principally of set pieces that, though the tempos may vary, have more or less the same foursquare rhythmic impulse. If it weren't for that tantalizing central theme, it would be pretty dull stuff.

Quibbling aside, though, Bennett has provided a distinct service—especially in the case of "Within the Quota," Porter's only known attempt to exceed the boundaries of musical comedy—by resuscitating these works and presenting them so engagingly.

WITH a new revival of "Hit the Deck" being planned for Broadway next season, it is probably time for a Vincent Youmans retrospective, and Monmouth/Evergreen points the way with a reissue (MES/7086-87) of the

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ One year: $24 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $40 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada & Mexico $4.00 per year; other foreign $8.00 per year.

☐ My check for $ ______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express ☐ Visa

Account # ______

Signature ______
4139

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $24 ☐ Two years: $40

To ______

Address

City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ______"

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)

label's first release, in 1964, when the firm was called simply Evergreen. "Through the Years," a two-record set, is a fairly comprehensive investigation of the work of a composer (come to think of it, he figured in "Tender Is the Night," too) whose published output consists of less than a hundred songs.

Here can be found excerpts from, among others, the Broadway musicals "Great Day," "No, No, Nanette," "Smiles," the aforementioned "Hit the Deck," and the show that gives the collection its title, as well as the four songs from one of Youmans' last public efforts as a composer, the movie "Flying Down to Rio." (He composed countless tunes—mostly unpublished—after his retirement to Denver, a few of which have been provided with words.) Millie Slavin, Nolan Van Way, Ellie Quint, and Bob Quint sing them straightforwardly, for the most part, and tellingly, and the two-piano accompaniments, by Paul Trueblood and Rita Segree, are admirable. There are thirty-six pieces here, most of them charming and alive, and possessed of that special lyricism characteristic of Youmans.

Youmans has the reputation of having been a difficult fellow, and this is probably why—unlike, say, Rodgers or Gershwin—he had such a wide variety of collaborators, many of inferior quality and thus contributing little to some of his choicest melodies, such as "I've Confessed to the Breeze" or "I Want to Be with You." But it is also instructive that two of the silliest, however professional, lyrics were also associated with two of Youmans' biggest, most enduring successes—"Tea for Two" and "I Want to Be Happy"—and are indelibly associated with him. Irving Caesar, who wrote them both when he and Youmans had to provide a handful of fresh songs practically overnight for "No, No, Nanette" to save it from ending its career in Detroit, is fond of saying that if, instead of "Tea for two and two for tea," the line had been "I love you and you love me," or something equally less—well, arresting, I suppose—the song would probably have passed unnoticed. And I daresay he's right. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

The shutdown of the Uranian oil fields was apparently only one reason for the shortage, though Braniff International president Harding Lawrence optimistically predicted a return to normalcy as soon as they opened up again.—*Boston Globe.*

And we stop fooling around with Jupiter.

William Wharton's astonishing first novel

1st printing sold out
2nd printing sold out
3rd going fast
4th on press

Birdy

"It soars!" says the lead review in TIME magazine

The magnificent novel that carries us wholly into the life and the inspired obsession of a boy whose entire being is focussed on his desire for flight, on his fascination with birds.

NEWSWEEK calls the author "an alchemist ...he compels belief."
—Peter S. Prescott

"This extraordinary novel flies first class all the way."
—Library Journal

Toni Morrison calls it "A writer's triumph and a reader's delight."

"Provocative and appealing"
—The Atlantic

Anne Tyler hails "An absolutely original novel...I found myself believing I'd made friends with a real person."

"An amazement! enchanting...electrifying"
—John Leonard, N.Y. Times

"A marvel! The novel of the year."
—Eliot Fremont-Smith, Village Voice

"An extraordinary achievement"
—Doris Grumbach, Washington Post

John Fowles says "One of the strangest and most memorable stories to come out of America in many years. Wharton is quite exceptionally gifted."

"It commands immediate fascination and it may become a classic for readers not yet born."
—Larry Swindell, Philadelphia Inquirer

"Contains passages of almost incandescent beauty."
—Robert Towers, New York Review

"An amazing work of real art!" —Kirkus Reviews

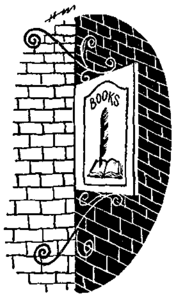
"The pleasure is astonishing!" says People Magazine

"To read Birdy is to fly!"

$8.95 • Published by Knopf

BOOKS

Crime and Punishment



IN "Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice" (Random House; $15), Charles E. Silberman differentiates himself from those writers on crime who are called conservative but often agrees with them about the deficiencies of our present system of criminal justice. He is not as fanciful as Ernest van den Haag, who, in "Punishing Criminals," suggested several kinds of (to Americans) new sentences—such as banishment—but he wishes that we had more choices than incarceration or liberty. And although he scornfully comments that James Q. Wilson, in "Thinking About Crime," distinguishes between the "deserving" and the "undeserving" poor, he himself makes similar distinctions, using other pairs of words. He specifically agrees with Wilson that the medical metaphor—the notion of crime as an illness that can be treated—must be abandoned. When I reviewed Wilson's book, some years ago, I remarked on his aggressive style; he wrote as if he were trying to prove himself the toughest professor on the block. Silberman, by contrast, writes to stress his kindliness and compassion—to emphasize that his revulsion at the increasing viciousness of crime has not made him vindictive. Where their subjects coincide—Silberman's book is much more exhaustive than Wilson's—the two writers, despite their divergent literary personalities, often rely upon the same studies.

There has been infinitely more opining than research about crime in this country. Silberman, however, has done a lot of new work, and much of what he says is news, at least to me. For example, he tells us that it is true, as critics of police work allege, that most thefts are not solved, but it is also true that most thieves spend between a quarter and three-quarters of their adult lives in prison, because they squander their takings so fast and are forced to steal so often that statistically they guarantee their own apprehension. Their punishment, Silberman finds, is quite severe. Our prisons are probably crueller than we might wish, for several reasons—the most discouraging being that reforms intended to make them less harsh have permitted the inmates to prey upon one another. Another subject to which Silberman brings new clarity is that of disparate sentences. Critics complain that judges allot disparate sentences for identical crimes, and indeed they do, but Silberman found that primarily such disparity is not judicial but geographical in origin. For instance, urban and rural communities feel differently about juvenile crime. For another instance, Charlotte, North Carolina, treats shoplifting as a serious crime, while Albuquerque, New Mexico, regards it as a peccadillo. On this matter, as on almost every topic where it seems at all possible, Silberman makes a number of excellent concrete suggestions. I think that some sections of the book, however, are mistaken. The essay arguing the peculiarly violent nature of American society from the seventeenth century to the present is ahistorical, for almost every kind of violence the author cites as American has been duplicated or worsened by other peoples. War on indigenous populations has been waged by Russians from the Caucasus through Siberia as well as by Australians and Zulus. Where we had one civil war that lasted four years, Iberia and Latin America have existed in a state of civil war punctuated by periods of truce or exhaustion. Banditry? Try the Ottoman, Russian, and Chinese empires. Piracy existed in Oriental waters until the nineteenth century; and slavery as well as religious persecution was common the world around. For political savagery, we have nothing to match the Commune and the suppression of the Commune. The British were extirpating the Thugs of India while the English city and country alike were filled with violence in the era of the Luddites, Captain Swing, and the Peterloo Massacre. We are no more entitled to exaggerate our wickedness than to exaggerate our virtue. Nonetheless, I think that Silberman has written an exceptional book. Where it is good, it is very good indeed. I do not know of any other so thorough, or so illuminating for the non-specialist.

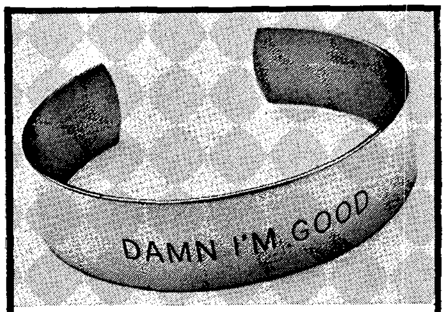
Two kinds of people emerge as the most serious sufferers from our present legal/criminal system. The first are those who become entangled with the law solely because of their age. Silberman reports that under such labels as "help" or "supervision" minors may receive abominable treatment for misdeeds that are not even theirs: a child may be confined in unspeakable circumstances for an indefinite period if he has run away from parents who are

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L.L.Bean®
Summer 1979
Bean's Two Eyelet Boating Moc

FREE Summer Circular
Fully illustrated, featuring quality apparel and footwear for the outdoors man or woman. Gear for camping, canoeing, fishing, biking and backpacking. Attractive and practical sportswear, furnishings for camp or cottage. Many items of our own manufacture. All guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory. Our 67th year of providing dependable high-grade sporting specialties.

SEND FREE 64 PAGE CIRCULAR
Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____ Zip ____
L. L. Bean, Inc.
817 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033



BOOST YOUR CONFIDENCE
(Or his). Put this reminder on your wrist. Golden hand-polished brass $10 including postage & handling. Send check or money order to . . .
Creative Products
Dept. M, Box #34, Lodi, N.J. 07644
Please send ____ bracelets to:
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
N.J. res. add tax.
by Dionne Cole
Copyright 1978 by Damn I'm Good Inc.

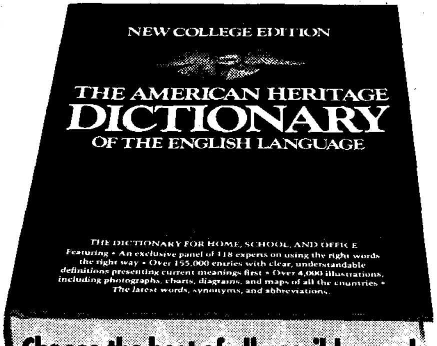
Read a good book lately?
Now, read a giant of modern literature and earn college credits at the same time through a new correspondence series from the University of Wisconsin—Extension. In this program, each one-credit course focuses on an author's life and work. You read three works by a single author and submit three short papers for credit—working at your own pace.
For information contact: Adviser to Students, Box NJ10, 432 N. Lake St., Madison, WI 53706.

abusive alcoholics. On the other hand, juvenile felons are often treated with undue lenience. Silberman quotes a social worker speaking of juvenile court: "If you want to get locked up, run away from home. If you want to be returned home, commit a burglary." In juvenile court, judges' whims have undue weight, although legally they no longer should. Silberman tells us that in 1967 the Supreme Court decided that minors have the right to due process, but by relying upon non-legal language state juvenile courts have been ignoring that decision. Apparently, we need, along with better placement for unhappy youngsters, more test cases. The second group of acute sufferers are law-abiding blacks—the victims, disproportionately, of black young men who, also in disproportionate numbers, commit violent crimes. Silberman tells us a lot about black folklore that expresses the rage of slaves and freedmen. But most blacks, whatever folklore they may learn, are not criminals, and a complex of racisms frequently denies black victims equal protection of the law.

While Silberman offers, as I have said, excellent suggestions for immediate use, he feels that in the long run we can reduce crime only by reducing poverty and racism. On this subject, he disagrees with Wilson, who pointed out that prosperity and the crime rate soared simultaneously in the nineteen-sixties. I do not think either man is exactly right; when several things happen at once, it is hard to say which causes which. And I am not really happy with any of the theories about the correlation between poverty and crime that Silberman's experts put forward, partly because they do not take into account that middle- and upper-class people are often destructive and self-destructive; the rich may rarely indulge in armed robbery, but alcoholism, gambling, and familial mistreatment or disorganization are not unknown among the well-to-do.

Reading has persuaded me that the post-Second World War culture of the advanced industrial nations has been noteworthy for eliciting resentfulness. Our publics seem to take pleasure in expressions of anger, bitterness, and violence. During the briefer and shallower prosperity of the nineteen-twenties, the dominant popular culture demanded jazz, jokes, and optimism. It may be ironic, and it is certainly curious, that the material mass uplift that has occurred in the last thirty years—on a scale so grand that it suggests a geological event (the upthrust

Finalizing a schedule? Edwin Newman isn't.
Edwin Newman and 90% of the other members of The American Heritage Dictionary Usage Panel believe that anything can be completed, or put in final form, without resorting to bureaucratic jargon such as *finalize*. You'll find their advice on new words and effective usage only in America's complete contemporary dictionary. From $10.95



Choose the best of all possible words.
Published by Houghton Mifflin Company • Two Park Street • Boston, Mass. 02107

"The only reliable guide for the tourist in Great Britain and Ireland. And you can quote me."—RAYMOND SOKOLOV
Egon Ronay's Lucas Guide 1979
Hotels, Restaurants & Inns
Great Britain & Ireland
$8.95 at your bookstore
PENGUIN BOOKS

EUROPE IN A SUITCASE
World travelers know *Europe In A Suitcase* is the best book to read before going abroad. Its packing lists tell how to travel light, its Get-Ready-Schedule makes preparation easy. Male or female, learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in this fact-packed book . . . they'll save you headaches, heartaches, time, money, energy! Send today for the new 18th edition .. it's just $3 ($3.50 by fast first class mail). Order from:
Mrs. Muriel Scudder, Box 155-N, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458

A Summer Camp For Boys
On two Maine islands, freshwater and salt. Emphasis on worthwhile outdoor activities, mountain and canoe trips. Tent living without electricity. Established 1902. 85 boys, ages 9-15. June 23-August 16. $1200. PINE ISLAND CAMP, Belgrade Lakes, Maine. For brochure, write R.D. Box 135, Athens, Maine 04912; or call (207) 654-3923.

of a mountain range, say)—has been accompanied everywhere by an equally remarkable rise in bitterness and aggressiveness. (Think, for example, of the roles for non-U speakers in English movies and plays before and after the Second World War: funny or subservient throughout depression and war, and defiant with the coming of the welfare state.) Perhaps this pleasure in anger helps to account for the minority of youngsters everywhere who commit what appear to us to be pointlessly cruel acts. Pointlessness, apparently, is the key issue in our present crime problem. We may be morally distressed by white-collar criminals who have betrayed a trust, but we find the random infliction of injury or death terrifying. Before the First World War, to be sure, André Gide played with the idea of gratuitous crime in his novel "Les Caves du Vatican," in which his young Lafcadio kills a stranger on impulse, not for profit. But the reader has watched the youth dutifully practice an amoral *ascesis*, of which the "gratuitous" murder is the climax; in that sense, the killing had meaning. Yet, unlike Dostoevski, who in "Crime and Punishment" insisted that Raskolnikov renounce his ideal of the superman (and of himself as one), Gide's young hero remains triumphantly amoral to the end: superboy, outside any group norms. Did these earlier philosophical preoccupations foretell twentieth-century crime? Are our streets bedevilled by mass-market editions of Nietzschean supermen, beyond good and evil?

It is clear, at least, that despite its immense benefits, the Industrial Revolution bred immense dissatisfaction right from the start. I am not certain whether our species has yet wholly adapted to the tempo of power machinery, the rhythm of non-living entities. Though we are taught that *Homo sapiens* has been distinguished for adaptability, we still find bands of hunter-gatherers who cannot adapt to the discipline of agriculture; the spasmodic work patterns of criminals recall those of archaic hunters. Then, too, the technological transformation has made increasingly visible the dominion of some men over others. Preindustrial societies knew wicked lords and bad kings but were more disturbed by acts of God, or of the gods, or of nature. It is easier—perhaps safer—to resent men than to resent gods, and we are probably more enraged by a blackout than our ancestors were by the destruction of their herds by an epidemic of rinderpest.

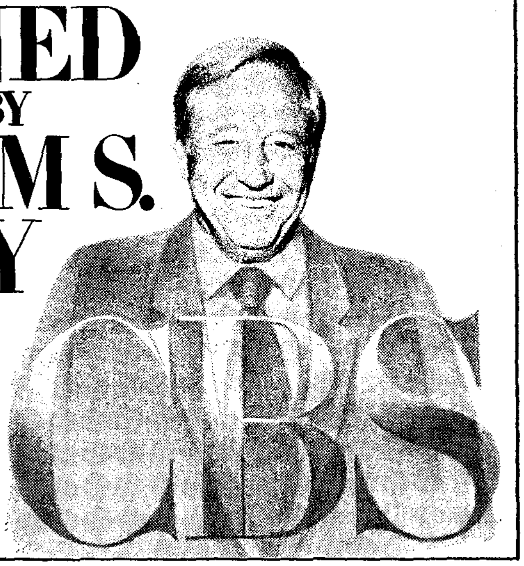
Post-Second World War prosper-

"This book spans an age of extraordinary achievement...

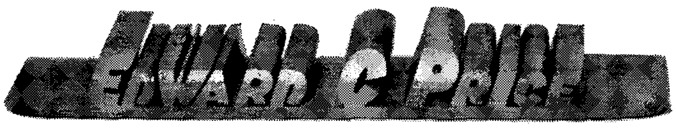
"The man who transformed a failing radio company into the CBS giant and later guided his network into the television era has written a candid, information-filled, interesting and significant memoir...Inside stories about aggressive programing (how he lured Jack Benny away from NBC); news coverage (he gave Edward R. Murrow a free hand); technological invention (Columbia pioneered the LP record); creative ideas that revolutionized the industry...He emerges as a brilliant analyst and businessman, an individual of energy and vision, good taste, integrity and judgment."—from the first advance review, in *Publishers Weekly*

AS IT HAPPENED
A MEMOIR BY
WILLIAM S. PALEY

With 64 pages of photographs
$14.95 at all booksellers
A Literary Guild Alternate
DOUBLEDAY



If you've made a name for yourself, flaunt it...



A sculptured desk top name plaque, handcrafted from a solid block of beautiful walnut, polished and hand rubbed to enhance the rich, warm, natural wood grain. Letters approximately 1¾" high, 2½" deep. Up to 15 letters $42.50, each additional letter $2.50. New Jersey residents add sales tax. Delivery 4-6 weeks. Please specify name to appear.

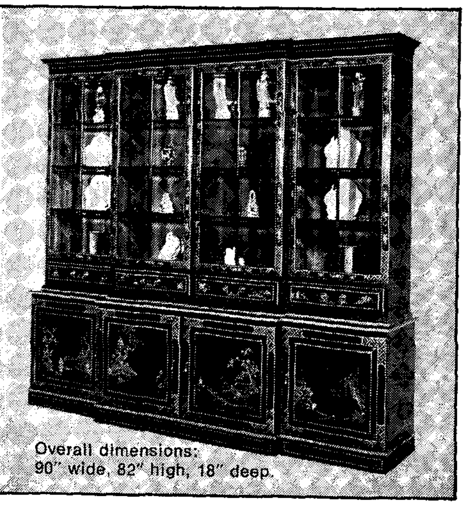
Dolin's Curios
P.O. Box 432
Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey 07423

UNION-NATIONAL
Since 1901
fine bedroom, dining room and occasional furniture

From our distinguished group of breakfronts

Send $2.00 to Department N for brochure "Furniture for Gracious Living"

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N.Y. 14701

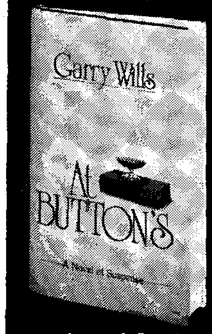

Overall dimensions: 90" wide, 82" high, 18" deep.

"...it's a thriller..."
— BALTIMORE SUN

"...cerebral and thrilling..."
— PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

Garry Wills, winner of the 1978 National Book Critics Circle Award, is back with his first work of fiction, "*At Button's.*"

Garry Wills, the author of the best-selling Nixon Agonistes, uses the same brilliance of style in his first venture into fiction. At Button's is a sinister tale of deception and deceit written with the same mastery of prose that critics acclaimed in Wills' study of Richard Nixon.

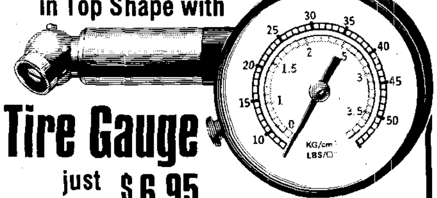


$8.95
(cloth)

Now Available at Your Bookseller or Order Direct

Andrews and McMeel, Inc. 6700 Squibb Road, Mission, Kansas 66202
A Universal Press Syndicate Company

Save Gas and Keep Tires in Top Shape with



Tire Gauge
just $6.95

Just about the greatest disaster that can befall you on the road is sudden tire failure—BLOWOUT! In the great majority of cases, these failures can be prevented by good tire care and, most importantly, by maintaining proper tire pressure. And, of course, improperly inflated tires waste gas by the gallon. Do not rely on haphazard checking by filling station attendants. Put the control of tire pressure, gas economy, your safety and that of your family into your own hands! **Automotive Tire Gauge** is a precise professional tool, with pound-by-pound readout on its 2" dial — for pressures up to 55 lbs. Black/chrome instrument, with rotating stub to adjust to any valve position. Be safe: if you put miles on your car. **Automotive Tire Gauge** belongs in your glove compartment. Order yours today!

henniker's
779 Bush St. Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Henniker's. 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120
Yes, subject to your 2-week return privilege and one-year guarantee, please send me **YN0326**
____**Automotive Tire Gauges** at $6.95 each.
☐ My check for this amount, plus $1 for postage & insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery) is enclosed.
☐ Please charge my BA/MC account.
#______________________exp.____
My name is______________________
I live at______________________
In______________State______Zip______

ity—another round of industrial revolution—has again created stress for those newly drawn into the modern economy and for those left out, and once again our moral theory seems inadequate to our facts. I do not know why the triumph of the first industrial revolution was everywhere accompanied by a wave of repression—a pogrom, you might say—against human sexuality. Perhaps the parallel feature of our latest technical transformation will turn out to be violent children. One hopes not. Silberman's book, however, shows that the past has given us more than troubles. It has given us some solutions. Some things work: indeed, whenever we apply common law and common sense, the Ten Commandments and the first ten amendments, justice can be done. Silberman points out where that does and does not happen, and his diagnosis is necessary, keen, and adroit. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KING OF THE JEWS, by Leslie Epstein (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $10.95). The Nazis knew what they were doing when they offered the Jewish ghettos of Poland and Hungary the illusion of self-government—persuading each one to incorporate its leading citizens into a Judenrat, or Jewish Council, that would administer the ghetto's work force, distribute payment and mete out punishment, and draw up lists of deportees (destination unstated) in accordance with orders from "the Others." In Mr. Epstein's devastating tale of one Polish ghetto's annihilation, the focus is on the Judenrat's leader, a onetime swindler named Dr. Trumpelman (although he has no medical license), who has been virtually sanctified for his miraculous cures and his reform of the local orphanage. Trumpelman convinces the unhappy Judenrat that cooperation with the Nazis is the only way to stave off wholesale slaughter, but his own merciless zeal—which contrasts oddly with displays of profound affection for the ghetto's children—suggests that he relishes his omnipotence. A small band of Jews makes a brave attempt to rebel, but the ending is not a happy one. The narrator, whose voice crackles with a manic blend of glee and lamentation, conveys most persuasively his chilling realization: if the Jews of the Holocaust were a tragically hopeful and forgiving

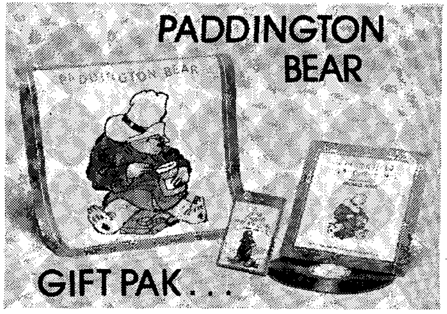
C.S. Lewis
J.R.R. Tolkien
and Charles Williams...
a literary fellowship

"A triumph . . . there is not one dull or slack sentence."
— KINGSLEY AMIS,
New Statesman

Illustrated.

The Inklings

by HUMPHREY CARPENTER
author of *Tolkien: A Biography*
$10.95, now at your bookstore
Houghton Mifflin Company
2 Park St., Boston, Mass. 02107



. . . contains a complete book, cassette or 12" LP of Michael Bond reading his stories, and a big bright poster . . . welcome, worthwhile, and just $9.95 for everything!

At fine book and record shops **CAEDMON**
1995 Broadway • New York 10023

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 PM daily
Sunday 12 noon to 9 PM
1601 Simpson St.
Phone GR 5-8686
or BR 3-3344
Evanston, Ill.

PAINTING IN PROVENCE
AVIGNON, FRANCE

Summer course and workshop for adults, six or four weeks—mid-June to end-July. Tuition $665. Includes tuition, registration, insurance, field trips to Arles, Nimes, Aix and Marseille. Group travel extra.

Write Airmail:
Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27, place de l'Université, 13625 Aix-en-Provence, France
Tel. (42) 23.39.35

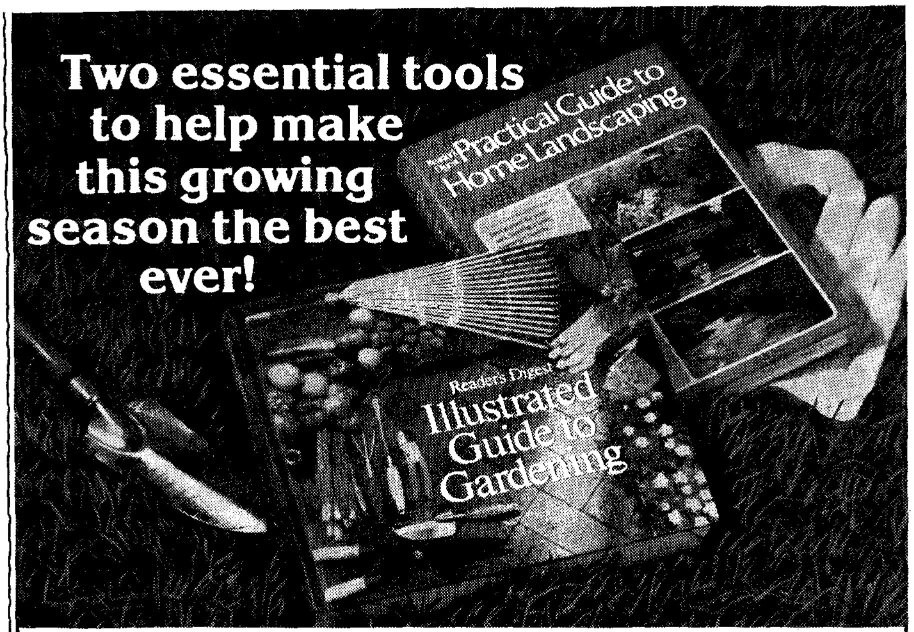
All levels of painting and sketching with recognized artists in the region made famous by Cézanne, Van Gogh and Picasso. Studio an ancient chapel in Avignon, site of summer Art, Music, Drama and Cinema Festivals.

people, they were also, and more significantly, victims of a cunning act of psychological manipulation that might be used against any people, at any time.

GENERAL

EINSTEIN: A CENTENARY VOLUME, edited by A. P. French (Harvard; $20). This year, the hundredth anniversary of Einstein's birth, several new books have been published about his life and work, and several more are in the process of being prepared. This one, edited by an M.I.T. physics professor who has made a significant study of Einstein's work on the relativity theory, is a fitting tribute to him. Everything about the book is attractive—from the photographs, which are some of the best ever taken of Einstein, at various stages of his life, to the writing. There are several historical essays, which give the reader (who needs some knowledge of physics and mathematics to get everything out of all of them) a solid context in which to place Einstein's work in connection with that of his contemporaries. There are biographical essays (a moving one by J. Robert Oppenheimer stands out among them), and there are unusual selections from Einstein's letters and papers. This is far and away the best book about Einstein to have appeared for quite some time.

THE CEVENNES JOURNAL: NOTES ON A JOURNEY THROUGH THE FRENCH HIGHLANDS, by Robert Louis Stevenson, edited by Gordon Golding (Taplinger; $11.95). We know this book, in somewhat different form, as "Travels with a Donkey." What is presented here is the journal (accompanied by an early expansion and revision with an eye to publication) kept by Stevenson during his twelve-day walk, in late September and early October, 1878, across the Cevennes Mountains, in south-central France. Mr. Golding's purpose, he tells us, is to celebrate the centennial of Stevenson's journey, which he made with the generally disgusted and always strong-minded Modestine. "Travels" is one of Stevenson's earliest and most pleasing narratives, and it is possible that Mr. Golding's interest in its genesis may introduce new readers to its charms. It must be also said that Mr. Golding's work, though admirable as homage, seems hardly worth the trouble as scholarship. For the most interesting revelation it makes is that Stevenson was an enviably natural


Two essential tools to help make this growing season the best ever!
Practical Guide to Home Landscaping
Reader's Digest Illustrated Guide to Gardening

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO GARDENING
Here is the ultimate manual for all gardeners. Over 3,500 illustrations—picture strips, drawings, diagrams and full-color photographs and illustrations—demonstrate everything you ever need to know about sowing seeds, planting and raising trees and shrubs, growing flowers and vegetables, indoor gardening, greenhouses, pest and weed control, and much, much more. 9⅞" x 8⅜". 672 pages. $19.95

PRACTICAL GUIDE TO HOME LANDSCAPING
From a row house in the city to a place in the country, this book shows how to get the most from your land, how to achieve more beauty and usefulness, even in a small space and on a limited budget. With more information on contemporary landscaping than any other single volume, it offers inspiring ideas and practical solutions for every part of your property. Filled with clear drawings, diagrams, photos —100 in full color. 7¾" x 10⅛". 480 pages. $16.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
Reader's Digest
DISTRIBUTED BY W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.

National Best Seller
The Culture of Narcissism
American Life in an Age of Diminishing Expectations
By CHRISTOPHER LASCH
"A civilized hellfire sermon on the decay permeating modern American life."
—N.Y. Times Book Review
$11.95 at all bookstores

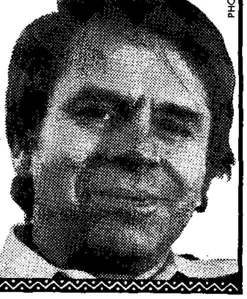



PHOTO: ROGER B. SMITH
Norton
W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

J. KRISHNAMURTI
Offers us his brilliant, inconoclastic
Commentaries on Living
Futuristic Philosopher
Revered Revolutionary
One of the great thinkers of our time dares to transcend our preconceived notions about life. He shocks. He delights. He writes about our hopes, our fears, our illusions, our beliefs. He pierces to the root cause of our reactions to life. He writes about wealth - love - dreams - chastity - loneliness - anger - boredom - mediocrity - jealousy - self-pity - security - hope - the pursuit of power - death.
"The sheer simplicity is breathtaking." - Ann Morrow Lindbergh.
"The insight, spiritual and poetic . . . is simply expressed as it is searching in demand." - Time Literary Supplement (London)
Series I: 254p. $2.25. Series II: 242p. $2.95. Series III: 312p. $3.25
At bookstores or from Quest Books, NY., 306 W. Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187

"NICHOLAS MONSARRAT, the master of the sea story, has returned to his first love ... a book of devastating excitement and readability. A rich, rare and noble feast .... This novel is superb."
—*The Times*, London

THE MASTER MARINER
Running Proud
—A Novel—
by the author of *The Cruel Sea*
SELECTED BY TWO MAJOR BOOK CLUBS!
ALREADY A #1 BESTSELLER IN ENGLAND!
$12.95
WILLIAM MORROW

THE COMMON SEAL $56.
Each animal is an investment in art. Write for colourful booklet, entitled "Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds." Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave., New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

SCROLLS hand Lettered
Scrolls & Certificates for Appreciations, Retirements and other Awards
Call or write for free brochure.
AMES & ROLLINSON, INC.
215 Park Ave. So., Dept. K5 N.Y.C. 10003 ☎ 473-7000

GOOD USED BOOKS
Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, Literature, Fiction, Sports, Military, Science, Art, many other subjects. Send a dollar for classified listings of 20,000 titles and prices.
Editions, Desk Y, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412

writer: there is surprisingly little important difference between the writing in the journal and that in the final version of "Travels." Illustrated with drawings by Stevenson.

HENRY MOORE: SCULPTURES IN LANDSCAPE, photographs by Geoffrey Shakerley, text by Stephen Spender (Clarkson N. Potter; $25). A handsome addition to the store of biographies, analyses, and picture books which now exists on the subject of the most famous English artist since Turner. In these eighty color photographs, the air almost always has a golden crispness, and the sculptures—seen in parks, in fields, on stretches of lawn, or beside an occasional pond—are softly and clearly lit. Yet, because the photographer feels he must pull back to give us as unhampered and four-square a view of these works as possible, he misses the element of dramatic unexpectedness. These shots keep too respectful and static a distance, though there are some exceptions—especially an informal series, taken on the grounds of the sculptor's house, showing sheep huddling in and around and rubbing up against the 1971-72 bronze "Sheep Piece." In the lengthy introduction, written in his most relaxed, let-the-ideas-fall-where-they-may manner, Stephen Spender talks about his friendship with Moore, looks into Moore's background and childhood, compares the sculptor's upbringing and art with D. H. Lawrence's, and makes reference to Rodin, Michelangelo, and W. H. Auden. It's a wide-ranging and knowledgeable essay, but it could stand a little fervor.

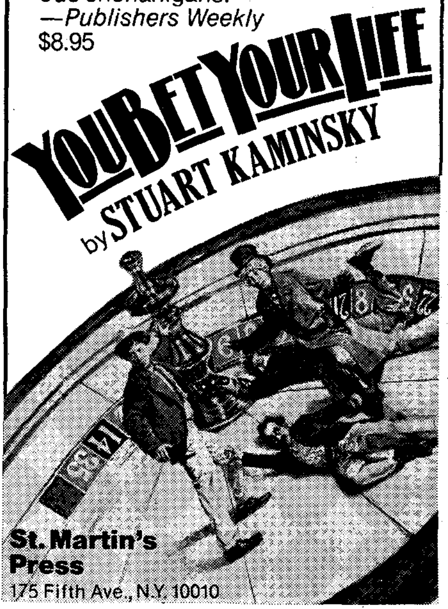
NOTE: "A Backward Look: Germans Remember," Daniel Lang's report on how a group of German schoolboys and their elders view Nazi Germany from a distance of three decades, has been published by McGraw-Hill ($8.95). Nearly all the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

A striking effect for this appealing breakfast area is achieved with simple furnishings and a lot of imagination. A bright color scheme of butter yellow, red and white helps create the lively mood, while a built-in banquette topped with pillows supplies a place to languish even between meals.—*Picture caption in the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.*

And decline while you eat.

The Marx Brothers threatened by the Mafia?
You bet your life! Toby Peters, the unflappable MGM detective who saved Errol Flynn in *Bullet for a Star* and solved the mystery of the dead Munchkin for Judy Garland in *Murder on the Yellow Brick Road,* triumphs again—with help from Ian Fleming—when Chico's gambling debts lead the brothers into duck soup with Al Capone. "Riotous shenanigans."
—*Publishers Weekly*
$8.95

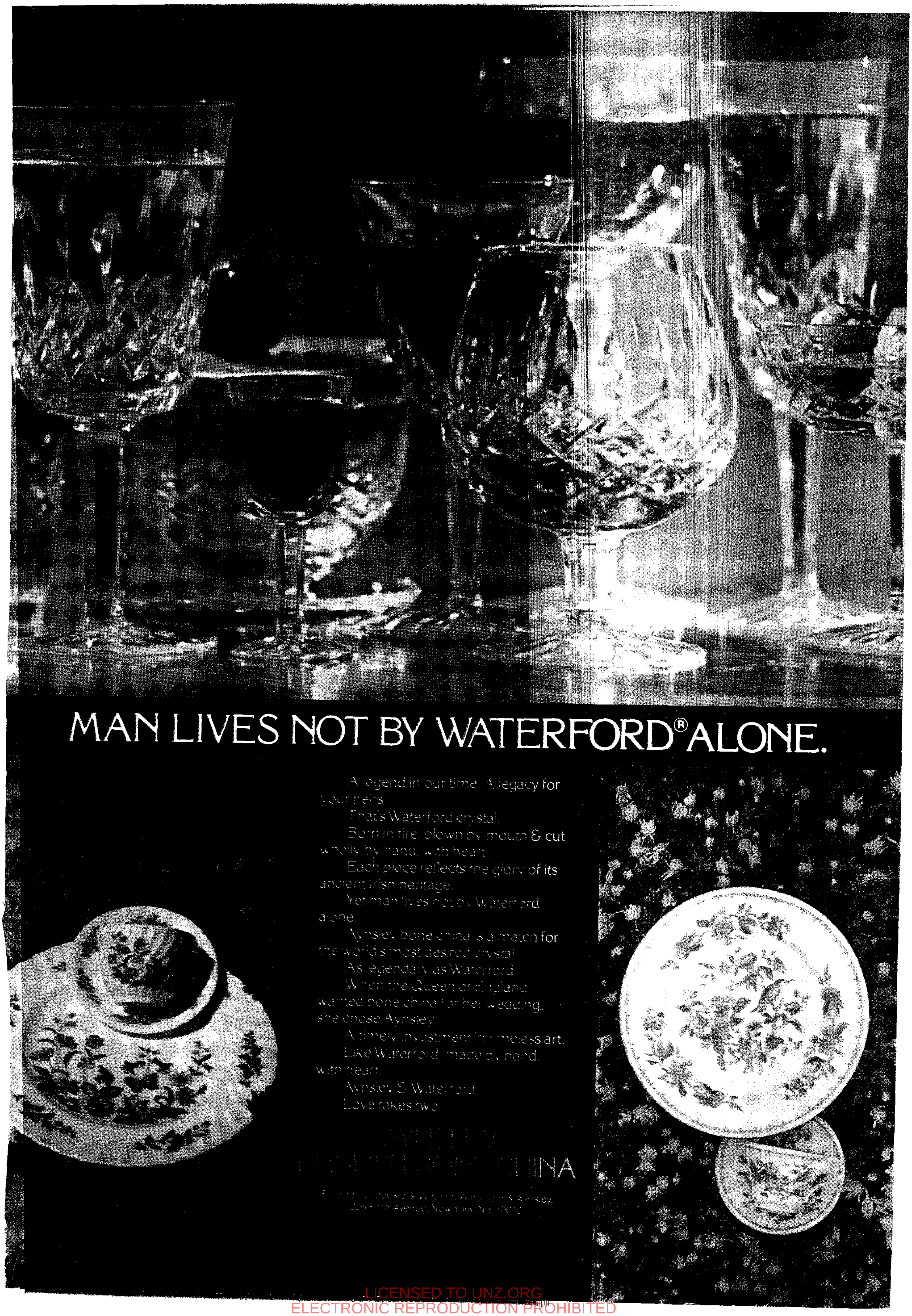


St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10010

GREEK FISHERMAN SWEATER natural wool which softens and whitens with machine washing. S,M,L. $18 plus $1.50 shipping.
DOROTHY TRACEY SKIRT wrap-around, straight line with mutton chop pockets in khaki chino. S,M,L. $28 plus $1.50 shipping. VISA, MC
COUNTRY LIVING
Y-3,320 King Street, Alexandria Virginia 22314 (703) 549-4424.

YOUR SOILED TIES CLEANED
Skilled tie crafters refinish ties like brand new. Restore brightness. $2.00 ea/min. 3 ties.
MAIL ORDERS
Add $1.50 for UPS, insurance, handling.
YOUR WIDE TIES SLIMMED
It pays to refashion favorites. Like buying new ties — for a lot less! $4.00
WE SHORTEN OR LENGTHEN, TOO!
Allow two weeks.
Free folder 'Tips on Ties.'
(212) 867-7676
tiecrafters
116 East 27th St. N.Y. 10016

If You Love Words,
you'll love VERBATIM, The Language Quarterly dealing with all aspects of language. Send $5.00 (U.S.) or $5.50 (elsewhere) for a 1-year subscription, starting with the current issue. Money back if not pleased. Allow 6 weeks.
VERBATIM POST OFFICE BOX 668QX ESSEX, CT. 06426 U.S.A.

MAN LIVES NOT BY WATERFORD® ALONE.

A legend in our time. A legacy for your heirs.

That's Waterford crystal.

Born in fire, blown by mouth & cut wholly by hand, with heart.

Each piece reflects the glory of its ancient Irish heritage.

Yet man lives not by Waterford alone.

Aynsley bone china is a match for the world's most desired crystal.

As legendary as Waterford.

When the Queen of England wanted bone china for her wedding, she chose Aynsley.

A timely investment in timeless art.

Like Waterford, made by hand, with heart.

Aynsley & Waterford.

Love takes two.

AYNSLEY
[illegible] CHINA

[illegible] Waterford & Aynsley,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA

Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain · 80 and 100 proof · Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.